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THE SERGEANT'S STRATAGEM.

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WHEN Karl Peffer joined his regiment, which was under marching orders for—he knew not where,—he took a very fond and affectionate leave of his darling Neophine (a pretty black-eyed Italian girl), who loved him very devotedly. Karl had no idea when he would return to her, if ever!—so dubious were the prospects of the poor soldier at the period of which we are writing, though he talked very flatteringly, and really hoped to greet his love again, at farthest, within a twelvemonth.

Karl was of German extraction, but was attached to the French army, which at this period had possession of the petty states of Italy, where a wretched tyranny had been rampant for a long time among the smaller representatives of papal power. The conflict had assumed the characteristics of bandit oppression, and the hand of every man in authority seemed turned against his neighbor, until the great Napoleon thrust his army into their midst, and gave the people—for a time, at least—a respectable constitution and government.

"I will return, dear Nephly," said Karl, embracing the fair girl, at last; "and when the tyrants, who have so long robbed and desolated your fair land, shall have been entirely subdued, I will marry you; and we will be very happy, to be sure."

"Nephly," as he called her, was in doubt, and she shook her head as she alluded to the horrors of war, and the chances that the young sergeant might be left somewhere with a bullet in his head, perhaps! Besides, the said men were uncertain, and more especially French-men, and ambitious young officers. Still, there was no

present help for her. Peffer's regiment must march next day, and whatever her secret plans might be, for the future, she saw that it was requisite she must not only be adroit, but expeditious in carrying them into operation. Perhaps she had previously arranged them, and was prepared for the present emergency—who knows? Be that as it might, the lovers embraced again; Karl kissed her bright, warm lips for the twentieth time, and they parted—she to her home duties, and he to prepare to start on the following morning for—nobody knows where.

In one of the extreme southerly departments of the Italian provinces, at this time, there was a notoriously offensive and lawless scoundrel, who had for years enjoyed the privilege of robbing and oppressing the defenceless peasants and poor people of the region around him, and who had always been favored by those in power (under the pope's sway), for two reasons, namely—he entertained a mortal enmity against a Frenchman, and he was too powerful, when backed by his confederates and hirelings, for the local authorities around him to cope with successfully. So, though this chief of a bandit-tribe, this rascal, Robino, did pretty much as he pleased, he was tolerated by those who should have crushed him.

The day before Karl's regiment started, there came tripping up to the colonel's tent a youthful stripling, desirous to join the French forces.

"*Mon dieu!*" exclaimed the commander, as soon as this youth had found his way before him, and he had glanced at his slender appearance, "what can you do? Have you ever served in military life?"

"No," was the reply, "not in the French army. I am an Italian, though, as you see, I can speak your language indifferently. All your soldiers are not French born, and I have been ill-treated, like thousands of my countrymen. I ask for the opportunity to be avenged, and the French army will be triumphant."

"But, you are very slight in form, and you know nothing of the fatigue and hardships of military life. What could you do, pray?"

"Place me where you will. I will not disgrace your goodness. I prefer to join the rear of your regiment. Will you enroll me?"

"What is your name?"

"Florento Decinni."

"Yes. You speak well, and we will give you the opportunity to show what you are made up of."

And half an hour afterwards, young Florento answered with the rest to his name at the roll-call. He was a spirited, brave-looking youth, and declared that he would be promoted above the common ranks very shortly, if the chance were afforded him to exhibit his prowess; a boast which greatly amused the hardy and rough old veterans, who overheard it. But Florento returned their good-natured jibes, and said:

"Wait, and we shall see!"

The regiment got off the next day, and as it moved away down the valley outside of the town where it had been quartered for some months, a young girl stood at the side of the way, upon a small hill, beyond the line of their march, in the act of waving a snowy handkerchief as the soldiers passed. Karl could not distinguish this person's features at so great a distance, but he thought he knew the dress, and he had no doubt that it was his charming Nephew, who was there to bid him a final good-by. So he gazed long at the form of the fair creature, and mentally exclaimed as his regiment filed down the ravine, and were out of sight: "God bless my dear Nephew, and return us in safety!"

The soldiers moved briskly on, and while Karl, as sergeant, accompanied the van, young Florento kept his place in the last section of the company in the extreme rear. Much of the time the several commands of the regiment were separated, occasionally for a mile or a league, as they journeyed on, and the young Italian did not get much acquainted, for a while, with any one out of his own immediate mess.

Thus matters went on, and for two months the march was kept up, by slow degrees, and without much serious interference, until it reached the vicinity (in the south of Italy) of a small town, then known as Bothne, where they halted

to await further orders from the commanding general in that section.

The country within five or six leagues of this rather insignificant place, had long been the theatre of Robino's operations, and the people there gladly hailed the presence of the French army, at least for a time, believing that they would thus be temporarily relieved from the impositions and oppressions of this bandit-tyrant, whose nefarious schemes had been so constantly winked at by the civil authorities. Robino was at this time absent, forty miles distant from Bothne, however, and knew nothing of the arrival of the French regiment within reach of what he had long nominally aggrandized to himself as his precincts. The tents were pitched, however, and a season of rest and leisure was afforded the soldiers after their long march.

A few days after their arrival here, a young French artist, who had travelled through Italy, and was now *en route* for Marseilles, chanced to fall in with Karl, and finding him a very companionable fellow and a countryman, he treated him with considerable civility. He invited him one day to go with him a couple of leagues out of the town where the camp was located, for the purpose of examining some ancient ruins there, which were described to him by a friend who had preceded him, some years before, in a tour of study and observation through Italy.

To this the sergeant assented, and obtaining leave of absence, they set out upon their expedition on foot, calculating to return before sunset. As they passed the sentinel at the outer post, young Florento observed them, as he was standing at the moment near by when they gave the pass-word.

"Who are those?" inquired Florento, as the two young men moved away.

"One is Sergeant Pepper; the other a civilian, a friend of his."

"Where do they journey?"

"That I can't tell, boy. On a lark, probably; there's many a pretty-eyed *demoiselle* in the hills here, whom they can find out and frolic with when they will."

At this remark, the eyes of Florento sparkled a moment, and his cheek flushed; but the sentry did not notice it. The youth moved away, and soon after skulked quietly down behind the hill, and fell upon the track of the two travellers all unawares to them, however. They jogged on, and after two hours' walking, came to a sparsely-settled town, where they halted for refreshment; after which they turned aside from the more public way, and passed up to the north-west in search of the spot to which they had

been directed. They wandered on till after noon considerably, and Florento dogged their tracks closely, scarcely losing sight of them for a moment, and never exciting their suspicions by exposing himself to them; but still they did not find the place they sought. As night was approaching, they began to retrace their steps, disappointed with the result of their day's unsuccessful jaunt; but instead of falling into the path by which they had come, they struck upon another, which, after a few windings, turned off to the southwest, and led them every step they moved still farther from the camp! Before sunset, they had entirely lost their reckoning, and were forced to look about them for some place where they could tarry for the night.

By this time Florento had got to be rather weary, and desperately hungered, for he had fasted since morning. But a small inn soon hove in sight, and the two young adventurers—followed stealthily by Florento—entered the hotel for the night, glad enough to meet with any place that would afford them temporary shelter, and a prospect of something to eat and drink. Florento did not wait for compliments; but, being a native, and speaking the language readily, was soon supplied with a good supper of *maccheroni*, fruit and white wine; after the disposal of which, he felt very valiant and immensely refreshed.

There occurred soon after their arrival at this inn, considerable stir about the premises, and four or five forbidding-looking rascals thrust their noses into the different rooms, as if their owners were in search of some party who had given them, or somebody else, offence. Florento observed this movement, especially, but the other two strangers—Karl and his friend—did not. They were too busy in discussing their wine to notice the business of other people, and they knew nothing of what seemed to be going on, until, on a sudden, the door of their room opened rashly, and a dark-visaged, rough-featured Italian entered, and said:

"Monsieur Ronge, I believe?"

The artist sprang up, and said:

"And what now?"

"Nothing; only I see that you recollect me. There is a little account, monsieur, as yet unsettled between us, you may also remember—eh?" added the rude stranger.

"This is not the place for you to assail me, and I will answer no questions *here*," said the artist.

"We shall see, monsieur! I have dogged you, as I told you I would, for seven weeks. I have found you where your friends are not so

plenty as they were when last we met, and you will now pay for your mistake on that occasion with your head, monsieur!"

"The laws—"

"Pshaw!" said the other, quickly, "save your breath; you will want it before to-morrow night. You must now go with me."

"Whither?"

"Before the *duke*. He will conclude your business at once. I arrest you as a spy. If your friend here interferes, he shall join you directly. You will be shot, or strangled, within four and twenty hours after I prefer my charges against you! How do you like that? Come, monsieur, move!"

Six or eight strong, well-armed men entered at the stamp of the ruffian's foot, and the artist was instantly pinioned. Karl was astounded, and did not know how to act. His newly made friend had plainly been guilty of some overt act that had thus brought such sudden vengeance upon his head, and he could scarcely believe that aught but merited punishment could possibly have prompted this apparent minion of the law to have acted thus summarily. Poor Karl did not then know who this man was, and he was but imperfectly acquainted with the habits and the iniquity that then prevailed in southern Italy.

Felix Ronge was torn away rudely, before a word could be spoken in his behalf, and Karl was left behind to discharge the inn bill. When he came out into the public room, he learned from the host that this pretended "official," who had thus ruthlessly seized upon his artist-acquaintance, was the redoubtable *Robino*, who, it afterwards turned out, had robbed the French painter some months before, and who, in return, had caused the bandit's arrest, subsequently. On that occasion, however, *Robino* brought fifteen men—all his own hirelings—to swear that the signor *Robino* was with them (at the time of the assault upon the artist) sixty miles away from the spot where he had been robbed! Of course, he was instantly cleared; but he swore vengeance on poor Ronge, for thus placing him in temporary peril. When the artist was found unwittingly within the precincts of *Robino*, the latter instantly resolved upon his destruction, for he could not forget an imaginary wrong against himself, and he could not forgive.

Might was right in that section of the country, at the period we write of. *Robino* had no character, no strength, no office, no power whatever, except what he caused to be accorded to him, directly or indirectly, through the fear he created among the weak by means of his villany

and known heartlessness. So, when poor Ronge was brought before the nominal agent of the pope, in the district where he was found and arrested by Robino, his trial and condemnation as a French spy was very summarily conducted. The bandit brought half a dozen of his own gang to swear to all the requisite facts for his conviction, and the artist was ordered to be shot on the following day. In vain were his protestations of innocence of any political knowledge of the state of affairs between the belligerent governments. In vain did he declare that he was but an humble artist, in search of certain ruins, which he described as well as he could. Drawings and outlines of various spots in the vicinity were found upon him, sufficient, in the estimation of the pope's agent, to damn a score of spies! The unfortunate painter could not speak or understand the language but very indifferently; he was a Frenchman, clearly; Robino declared that he must die, and the nominal duke, who adjudged his case, put forth the fiat for his immediate execution.

Robino chuckled at the sentence, grinned a ghastly smile, as he finally passed the prisoner, when he left the "august court" that had thus infamously condemned his innocent victim, and with his confederates in crimes, the triumphant villain left the unlucky artist in the hands of the merciless minions of Italian law.

This predicament, with certain death in prospect before him, before the setting of the succeeding day's sun—was a vastly interesting dilemma for Felix Ronge, the poor artist; who, five days previously, had confidently calculated to be on his final return home within a week—after his long and arduous professional tour through Switzerland and Italy. He was instantly dragged to prison and incarcerated in a dungeon, where he held communication with no one, except his keepers, for the next twelve hours!

In the mean time Karl had not been idle. He was an officer in the French army, though his undress uniform, had, up to this time been covered with a blouse that concealed his rank. Half an hour after Ronge had been torn away from the inn, on the evening after they arrived, a young man came into the apartment where he sat, moodily thinking over what plan he could devise to save his artist friend—and addressed him in very bad French. This youth was Florento Decinni, who had followed the two travellers since morning, as we have already seen.

"Monsieur is troubled," remarked the boy, in a tone of unaffected sympathy. "I am an Italian—haply, I can be of service to monsieur."

"No," said Karl, "the Italians cannot now be the friends of Frenchmen—we are enemies."

"Not all of us, monsieur. The emperor will give us liberty, and the people of Italy will live to bless the French hero and statesman."

Karl looked upon the youthful speaker, and by the dim light in his little room saw that he appeared frank and honest. He wore a handsome black moustache and heavy whiskers, his skin was dark, and his eye fiery and brilliant. He would trust him, he thought at length, and after a moment's hesitation, he replied:

"You speak fairly, and can aid us—since you are a native—undoubtedly, if you will."

"Try me, monsieur. I give you my honor that I will act faithfully with your directions."

"Good, then!" exclaimed Karl, as a thought struck him. "Can you find this man Robino, who has borne away my friend to-night?"

"Easily, monsieur."

"Lose no time about it, then. He is a villain, and for the chance to destroy an officer of the French army, he will give up and free my companion."

"What would you do?"

"I will offer myself in exchange for Ronge. Go to Robino, tell him that you will place me in his power, if he will consent to release the artist; and my arrest will be a much prouder feather for his cap than the sacrifice of a poor penniless citizen, who is too humble to be of any consequence to anybody here, dead or alive."

"And you will be shot or hung in the place of this young stranger!" exclaimed Florento.

"No, no, there is no fear of that, signor."

"What then?"

"See here," returned Karl, opening his blouse, that had been buttoned closely to the throat up to this moment, "you observe that I am not deceiving you. I am an officer in the French army, and if you follow my directions implicitly—as you have volunteered to do, all will go right."

"But I must know your plan, first," insisted Florento, determinately.

"Very well, then, listen. You will search out this Robino, give him the cue as I have proposed, and we will agree upon a spot—out of harm's way, in case he should refuse your proposal, and attempt to arrest me without his assurance to release my friend—where you may immediately conduct him to find me. The artist will thus be free, and will very quickly make his escape, I warrant. There will be a day or two's delay, before any summary process will follow in respect to me, and do you think the French regiment, now within five or six leagues of us, will not be likely to rescue me from harm?"

"But this is too risky, by far, monsieur."

"Not at all. I am resolved on this. If you will undertake to aid me, you shall be amply rewarded; if not, I will instantly make this proposal in person to the civil authorities, here. No time is to be lost. You shall be the messenger, do you see, to the colonel of my regiment, announcing to him the fact that I have been trapped by the treachery of this villain—who is not aware of the presence of a portion of the French forces so near his tracks; do you observe? I will risk the result. We cannot fail, my friend will be set at liberty, and I shall surely be rescued."

"And if not?" said the youth, doubtfully.

"You are wasting time in foolish questions, and my friend is in peril," said Karl, uneasily. "Will you proceed, or shall I go in person to save him?"

"No, no. I will join you in the scheme you propose."

A place was pointed out by Florento where he would meet him in company with Robino—at midnight—if he succeeded with that scoundrel, and they parted at once. While Karl was left to reflect upon the chances before him, and to prepare a letter to the colonel of his regiment, which had been agreed upon between him and Florento, announcing to him his peril, and asking his instant aid in such manner as he might think advisable, under the circumstances, Florento started off under the landlord's direction, to find Robino, or the officials, to present the proposal of Karl for his friend's release.

The bandit Robino was found within two hours; and after a few minutes' reflection, he assented, with a good deal of apparent satisfaction to the offer of exchanging the person of the insignificant painter for that of a live French officer; and he instantly gave his promise that Ronge—who was to have been shot the next evening, should be released immediately, upon the hiding-place of Karl being made known to him. He also went with Florento to the nominal judge "duke," and that functionary agreed, too, that Robino's plan should be accepted, and that the painter should be set at liberty as soon as the sergeant reached Ronge's prison-house.

In good spirits at the success of Karl's plan, thus far, but nevertheless doubtful and fearing the ultimate result of the scheme, Florento hurried back to the sergeant,—after making his midnight appointment with Robino—and gave Karl all the information needful.

"Now, my young friend," said Karl, hurriedly, "secure a swift horse at your earliest convenience, and after I am in Robino's hands,

suffer no delay to occur until you place in the colonel's possession this letter, which will tell my story, briefly, and ensure my release within five hours after the document reaches him. *Comprenez vous ?*"

"Yes, yes," responded the youth, and he quickly disappeared to obtain his horse for the coming midnight journey.

At the appointed hour, the French sergeant was conducted by Florento to the spot where the latter had agreed with Robino to deliver him up. He wore no blouse on this occasion, and his official rank was quickly discovered by the lynx-eyes of the bandit rascal, as Karl approached to fulfil his share of the murderous contract he had undertaken. He was roughly seized by Robino's men, and was as rudely borne away amid the darkness to the prison that had been prepared for him.

Florento saw the sergeant on his way to prison, and he immediately hastened to horse with Karl's letter to his colonel. Meanwhile, the young French officer was thrust into confinement. As soon as he reached the prison, he demanded the artist's release, but Robino and the papal officials laughed at his innocence!

"Did you not promise this?" asked Karl, deeply alarmed and chagrined at being thus over-reached by the two scoundrels with whom he was dealing.

"This is not the place for you to ask questions," said the pope's agent, pointing to Karl's uniform. "You are a French officer; we do not often catch such fish in our nets, here! You are our prisoner. Your friend, of whom you speak, is doomed; he will be shot to-morrow noon. If you have any preparation to make, meantime, be about it, for your hours are numbered! You will die, with him, before the setting of another sun. Away with him!"

The order was quickly obeyed, and Karl Pefter found himself soon after within the four low walls of a miserably damp hole that was dignified with the name of a prison-cell—alone, and not in the best of spirits—while his companion of the morning, Felix Ronge, was just as near to being liberated as he was three hours previously, and no more so!

Florento knew nothing of all this. He could not afford to lose any time, otherwise he would have tarried a few minutes after delivering up Karl to Robino, to have greeted poor Ronge upon his providential escape from the clutches of those modern "Philistines." But it was well that he did not wait! Though he confidently supposed that the painter would very soon reach the camp in safety, after he performed his part

of the agreement, as he had. But neither Robino nor the "duke" had ever entertained the slightest idea of conforming to their promise; and, had Karl been a little better acquainted with the villains he was thus dealing with, he would have known better than to have trusted them! However—the painter mourned, Karl was angry but calm and hopeful—and Florento dashed into the French camp before daybreak with the following letter from Karl Pfeffer, addressed to the commander of the regiment to which he belonged:

"MY DEAR COLONEL:—I have no date for this, as it is written in a spot that I know nothing of. The bearer will point out the way hither, and I will only say that I am arrested and shall be shot or swung up, to-morrow, by the minions of Italian law, unless you rescue me!

"Time presses, and I can only add that if I am seasonably saved, I will explain all to my commander's satisfaction; but that it will be necessary to take instantaneous steps to relieve me, will be apparent to you, of course. Come, then, and at once, with a strong force, or I am lost! The messenger, who is a friendly Italian, will conduct you thither.

"Yours in trouble,

KARL PFEFFER, *Sergeant, etc., etc.*"

As soon as the colonel could read this missive, he demanded of the messenger, whom he did not recognize in his disguised attire and false hair, how far distant Karl then was, and learned that he was imprisoned about sixteen miles away; and briefly told him how the two young men had found their way into the place, how they had been taken by Robino, etc.

In a very brief space of time, an advance of fifty men were well mounted, and at sunrise, three hundred picked soldiers joined them. The detachment was headed by the lieutenant colonel of Karl's regiment, a daring and intrepid soldier, and, under conduct of Florento, they hastened forward to the rescue of their companion-in-arms.

No communication whatever had been permitted between the prisoners. Robino, with his gang, thirsting for the blood of the two defenceless victims of the robber's displeasure, were on the *qui vive* for the approaching execution, in which they were permitted to take a part—it having been ordered by the pretended "duke" that the two prisoners should be shot, at meridian, by a file of twenty Italian soldiers. The route back to the spot where they were imprisoned, was a tortuous one, and Florento was not

sure of his way. From this cause, considerable delay occurred, and it was almost noon before the French detachment came in sight of the place they sought.

A few minutes previous to their coming, Karl and his companion strongly pinioned, had been brought out from their cells, and were placed face to face for the first time since they had parted so suddenly on the previous night. Ronge was surprised to find Karl a prisoner also, but he soon learned that the fate of both, alike, had been determined on by their ferocious enemies.

Without entertaining the slightest suspicion that the French soldiery were within thirty leagues of the place where he then was, Robino was watching the proceedings that were passing prior to the contemplated sacrifice which he had been instrumental in thus bringing so nearly to a consummation, and his fiendish delight was most extravagantly evinced, in his miserable taunts and abuse of the doomed Frenchman, whose race he so supremely hated. While he was thus occupied, and the final arrangements were being made to dispose of the two prisoners, a cry of terror and astonishment ran through the motley crowd of lookers-on, as a company of mounted French soldiers suddenly hove in sight on the hill-top near by, and then came dashing down towards the spot, under conduct of the young Italian, Florento, whom Robino instantly recognized.

The bandit's guard of twenty men were instantly summoned to a stand for defence, by their leader, and the attendants of the nominal "duke," numbering as many more, were also ordered to fall into line. Down came the horsemen, however, with determined strides.

"Quick!" shouted Florento, madly rushing to the scene, "quick! if you value the life of your sergeant! See, he is pinioned yonder, and they are about to destroy him!"

"Forward, men!" yelled the intrepid lieutenant colonel; and, driving the rowels into the flanks of their horses, they quickly found themselves upon the plain, where the execution was arranged to have taken place within fifteen minutes.

"Frenchmen! they are Frenchmen!" screamed Robino, enraged at this turn in his prospects, and seeing by whom this attempted rescue had been planned. "Down with them! Forward, men, and show yourselves true and valiant followers of Robino, the bravo!" And thus speaking, he dashed upon the colonel, sword in hand, disabling his bridle arm with his first blow, and then madly rushing upon him and his followers, backed by his desperate and never-yielding companions in sin.

Shot after shot quickly succeeded the onslaught, and the soldiers who were on foot, in the rear of the mounted men, hastened quickly forward, as they suddenly overheard the sound of discharged muskets and pistols.

Florento sprang to the side of Karl, and cut away the cords that bound his hands and arms. As soon as the sergeant was free, in the midst of the confusion that had occurred (and while the Italian "officials" were each man striving to take care of himself), Karl severed the bonds that bound the limbs of his late companion in misery, and the two prisoners sprang forward into the *mêlée*, with a hearty good will. The chances of this skirmish were unequal, because the Frenchmen were badly mounted, and their animals were totally unused to this sort of knock-down scene, while the bandits and their friends were all well armed and resolute men, who fought for their lives—every one of them—as they very well knew, on this occasion.

In his very choicest Italian, the renowned and redoubtable Robino cheered on his men, and violently cursed the French in general, and his present opponents in particular; but, above all, was his ire aroused at the apparent perfidy of young Florento, who was his countryman, and who had evidently joined issues with his French enemies. But this youth, though sufficiently brave and daring, and quite as deeply interested in the fate of Karl as any one could well be (as we shall ascertain in the sequel to our story), was more cunning than valiant, and he kept out of the reach of Robino's stalwart arm, fully aware of the peril he would encounter if the bandit could but reach him.

In the midst of the skirmish, the three hundred French soldiers mounted the hill, beheld the scene beyond them, and poured down upon the belligerents with resistless energy. Recognizing their companions, and selecting their opponents with care, after the first fire of the reserve not a single enemy could be found,—the few who were not killed or mortally wounded having precipitately fled, upon the advance of the French soldiers in their rear.

Florento was entirely unharmed. Felix Bonge, the artist, was cut up a little, and Karl showed a slight flesh wound or two, only. Five or six of the Frenchmen were badly hurt in the fight, and two were shot dead. Of the bandit band, eleven were killed outright, and seven or eight mortally wounded. Twenty-five prisoners were seized, and the day was won by the French, who overpowered the others in numbers and skill.

Quarters were provided for the wounded Frenchmen, and among the slain Robino was

found, terribly mutilated, the desperate villain having fought like a lion, to the last moment of his existence. The whole region of country rejoiced that they had thus opportunely been ridded of this dreaded monster's presence, and the lieutenant colonel, after providing for his wounded, who were unable to join him, and according them a strong guard, for the time being, ordered the return march, and on the following evening re-entered the camp of the French, with his rescued companion-in-arms, his prisoners, Florento, and the artist.

Karl immediately presented himself at the tent of his colonel, to thank him for his promptness and kindness in his late dilemma, whereby his life had been saved.

"I am glad to see you safely returned," said his commander. "But you are quite as much indebted to your young Italian friend's exertions and alacrity for your escape, as to the efforts of our men. But for his timely notice of your captivity, our aid would have come to you too late, it seems, for I learn that you were just about to be shot, when the soldiery came in sight of you."

"Yes, colonel, I appreciate his services, too."

"Where is he?" inquired the commander, "and what is his name? He is an Italian and may otherwise serve us here, if he is so friendly."

"Yes, I had thought of that. He is a native, and knows the language and the country well, I believe."

"Find him, and let me speak with him," said the commander. And Karl retired, after explaining his late adventure and its attending circumstances to the colonel's entire satisfaction.

But the Italian was gone! In vain they searched for him; and though the sentinels declared that no one had passed the outposts, the friend who had served Karl so faithfully and so well could nowhere be found. He had left,—unrewarded for his services, too,—and Karl was greatly disappointed that, as yet, he had not learned his name, even. The colonel had not recognized him at all, and none in the camp, save himself, was aware that the man who had thus aided the captive was none other than Florento Decinni, one of their own rear soldiers, in disguise.

The report that the messenger could not be found, was not satisfactory to the colonel, and a thorough search was subsequently instituted, but without farther present result. Karl had been wounded, though not seriously, and he began to think of home, of his loved Neophine, of the perils he must encounter in active service, and he would have retired from the army, if it were

possible. He had never before seen much hard usage, having been in the service at home, only, and from time to time, thus far, on duty in the provinces of his native land. While the colonel awaited some new development in the history of the late trouble (which he felt certain would sooner or later show itself), young Florento one day presented himself at his private *marquee*, and requested the favor of seeing the commander of the regiment—if he would permit it—*alone*.

Totally ignorant of what the youthful soldier had to communicate, but desirous, always, to gratify the wishes of those who served under him, the colonel assented to the proposal—the humble soldier was introduced to him, and they were left in private, together.

"You recollect me, colonel," said Florento, gaily, but respectfully, "do you not?"

"Yes, yes," responded the commander, glancing at the handsome youth. "You joined the regiment just as we were leaving home; I think, —you are Florento, eh?"

"The same, colonel,—only I am not Florento."

"You *are*, and you are *not*! How's this?"

"Well, I am duly enrolled in your regiment. I am a soldier for the nonce, but I have concluded to retire from the service. I have snuffed powder once, and that is enough for my nerves."

"How, and when?" asked the colonel.

"At the late skirmish,—I was a volunteer."

"I was not aware that you joined that expedition," continued the commanding officer.

"You saw the Italian messenger," said the youth, "he who first brought you information of Karl's arrest?"

"Yes."

"That was your humble servant," said the youth, pleasantly.

"Possible! What—disguised?"

"O, yes—for that occasion."

"And so you come here to confess yourself to me privately, to save trouble when you supposed I would have ferretted your secret out—eh?"

The bold young fellow laughed outright at this supposition of the colonel, and said:

"O, no—no! I am not so silly as that, I assure you, colonel. I have kept a more important secret than that, by far, from you,—and I do not come here on that account. Yet I have a secret which I wish to disclose to you, if you will treat it, Colonel Demais," continued the youth, seriously, "with the respect it will deserve at your hands."

The officer looked sharply at his visitor a moment, and said:

"Proceed, Florento—proceed."

"I have to inform you, colonel," continued the youth, in a lower tone, "that I am not what I have appeared to you to be from the moment that we first chanced to meet; but I will explain the cause of the deception, which has been so successful. I am a woman, colonel."

"What!" shouted the colonel, jumping from his seat.

"The affianced of Sergeant Peffer."

"What!" continued the commander.

"He *would* go, to the wars, and I resolved to follow him. I enrolled with you. I have seen some hardship, but have never been suspected. and I have now done with military life. Karl has been wounded,—I come to ask for his discharge from the army. Will you grant this, and suffer us to return together to our home, where my father will provide for us in the future, I am sure, and where we may hereafter be happy?"

"A woman? Florento? The messenger who travelled so far to save the sergeant!" exclaimed the colonel, amazed, and exceedingly gratified with the romance of this affair. "In my regiment, too, and nobody know aught of this? Does Karl send you hither?"

"No, colonel,—I assure you he knows no more of this affair than any other person in the camp, and, although I have constantly had the opportunity to keep my eye on him, he has never surmised that I have constantly been so near him."

"And you wish to obtain his unconditional discharge, you say?"

"Yes, colonel—if you will grant it."

"Be it so, then. I will see to it, at once."

"I have a surprise in store for him, too, if you will permit it."

"Yes—yes—anything you ask."

"I have earned my pay and rations, eh—colonel?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Furnish me with what is due me, and permit me to purchase female attire in the town hard by. Then send for Karl, give him his due and his discharge, and introduce me to him, in my proper habiliments, as the author of his release from the service."

"Capital!" said the colonel; "and I will add a purse of my own to your little store of gold, for your bravery and devotion."

The disguised Neophine disappeared, and four hours later she returned, with her female dresses, to the camp.

The sergeant was summoned to the colonel's tent,—Neophine was near by,—the commanding officer presented Karl with his discharge from further duty, and suddenly turning about, hand-

ed in the beautiful Italian girl, whom he presented formally to the released young officer, amidst his bewilderment and surprise.

Matters were quickly explained, however. Neophine declared to Karl that she could not see him leave her at home, and her love for him had tempted her to join his regiment and follow his fortune, as she had, in disguise. She had been instrumental in saving his life, she had obtained his honorable discharge, and now she desired him to go home, satisfied, as she was, with what they had seen of army life. To this he assented, and the lovers quietly departed, in company with the artist, for the north.

Ronge reached Marseilles in safety,—the lovers were soon after happily wedded,—Karl became a successful vine-dresser, subsequently, and his charming Neophine proved a dutiful and valuable wife to him in after years. Her own account of the part she took in the affair in which Karl came so near being disposed of, was very satisfactory to him; but she never took from him the credit that his own safety, and the escape of his friend Ronge, was the result, mainly, of the **SERGEANT'S STRATAGEM.**

SLEEVES AND SAUCE.

The most stupid and ugly fashions always last the longest. How many years the long dresses have swept the streets! For the last twelve months bonnets have been flying off the head, and so, probably, they will continue for twelve more. However, the bonnets are simply ridiculous. As to long dresses, there is something to be said for them. They are convenient to aged ladies. They enable them to enjoy, without attracting remark, the comfort of list slippers and laced stockings and rollers for their poor old ankles. They render it possible for young ladies to wear bulchers and high-lows, thereby avoiding damp feet, and to save washing, by making one pair of stockings last a week. So they will doubtless continue to be worn whilst the laws of fashion are dictated by a splay-footed beauty, or a lady troubled with bunions. But this kind of apology cannot be made for hanging sleeves. They are not only absurd, but inconvenient. They are always getting in the way, and the sauce, and the butter-boat. Your wife cannot help you to a potato across the table but she upsets her glass, and breaks it with her dangling sleeve. It may be said that your wife has no business to help potatoes—that there ought to be footmen in attendance for that purpose. Certainly; or else, she should not wear the sleeves. But ladies must, of course, follow the height of fashion, whether suitable to their circumstances or not. Could not the leaders of fashion, then, in pity to the less opulent classes, devise and sanction a kind of sleeves adapted to life in a cottage—whether near a wood or elsewhere—to be called cottage sleeves, and to be worn by the genteel cottager-classes without prejudice to their gentility.—*Punch.*

THE FROST ANGEL.

BY CALIE GREENE DUNN.

Something bright
Like silver light,
Purely and serenely white,
O'er my garden just went by;
And I ponder and I wonder
As I gazed with straining eye,
Where it passed mysteriously—
Can it be an angel, sent
On some great, divine intent,
From its native sky?

Now again, as white as snow,
Glowing like a thing celestial,
Where the garden flowers glow,
With a beauty half terrestrial.
Passes that strange, mystic form,
With an outstretched, waving arm;
As it scatters far and wide,
Drops of white on every side;
As it stilly passes by,
On an air of mystery.

Through the moonbeam's glow, I see
Roses are their sweet brows drooping;
And like a nun at vesper hour,
The garden lily low is stooping.
And all the flowers most lowly bending,
Tell me that their days are ending;
And by a ray of fallen light,
I see upon them drops of white,
Beautiful and bright.

When next the morning light returning,
O'er eastern hills shall come a-burning,
Those flowers shall not again arise,
To greet the flushing of the skies,
For well I know that they are dying;
Beauty from their lips is flying:
And never more may they impart
Their incense, pure and sweet;
For Death has thrown his sure-aimed dart
Into the rose and lily's heart,
And sprinkled round their feet,
His chill complete.

Now well I know, that form so white,
That crossed my flower-beds to-night,
Was the Frost Angel, who nips the flowers,
When ripe or in their bloom;
And spreads o'er vine-surrounded bowers,
The white veil of the tomb.

DR. YOUNG.

Whipple, the lecturer, says that Dr. Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, was in society a brisk, lively man; that his main theme in writing was the nothingness of worldly things, but that his favorite pursuit was rank and riches. From this and other illustrations which he cites, he concludes, that a man of letters is often a man of two natures—one a book nature, and the other a human nature: for Seneca wrote in praise of poverty on a table made of solid gold, with two millions of pounds let out at usury.—*Transcript.*

KINDRED SPIRITS.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYS.

There are spirits hovering round us,
Sent on messages of love;
Downward borne on silent pinions,
From the realms of light above.
There are spirits, kindred spirits,
And we bathe them in our tears;
They were childhood's smiling playmates,
Friends they were of early years.

And we loved them, but they faded
From our sight, like flowers away;
Leaving sorrow in the circles
Of the happy and the gay.
Far away in realms immortal,
They are of the angel van;
Doves, with olive-palms of mercy,
For the troubled soul of man.

As they seem at times to whisper
When we think not they are near;
"We are happy, love each other,
For each other hope and fear."
And when earth grows dark around us,
Dark with night we know not of,
May we hearken for those spirits,
With their messages of love.

MARKED AND NUMBERED:

—OR,—

A CURE FOR THE OYSTER CHOLERA.

BY JINGO, JR.

HAVE you ever traversed the valley of the Merrimac, gentle reader? If not, you have missed a pleasant path in your travels, and let me advise you next summer to explore the banks of the giant motive power of New England—a stream worthy of praise, although formidably dammed from Lawrence, upwards.

Many a pleasant retreat will you find nestled among precipitous hills, overshadowed by majestic trees, and commanding fine views of the blue river near by, with the dim white mountains far in the background. But not a village, in my opinion, will begin to compare with Hamilton corner—mind, I said *corner*. Some fancy Hamiltonville, where the factories are—others, Hamilton depot, on the railroad—others, West Hamilton, where the new Nothingarian vestry is to be raised—others, Hamiltonia, where the young ladies' seminary is—and some even boast about Hamilton training-field, where Joe Jacques keeps post-office. Every one to their liking, as the old lady classically remarked, and I like Hamilton corner. Should you write me, friend reader, direct to the corner, or your epistle will go the

rounds like a Wandering Jew in the butcher's cart. But we at the corner always get our letters by the milk wagon, and have them put into an old cigar box in Colonel Israel Clark's store. The colonel is also landlord of the old stage-tavern, (besides being justice of the peace and school committee,) and greatly did the hearts of those of us who board there rejoice when, returning from his fall visit to Boston, he brought a goodly keg of oysters!

"What?" said Squire Croctor, "oysters! Are not the bivalves promotive of cholera?"

"If you think so," tartly replied Col. Israel Clark, "deon't eat none." Remember, gentle reader, there was no other hotel in any or all of the Hamiltons, so our landlord was not over obsequious.

"I have no desire to contract the pestilential epidemic," pompously responded Squire Croctor, "especially as it first deprives the patient of all powers of utterance." And then, with an air of offended majesty, he stalked to his seven by nine office, to regret his insinuation. He really had a love for the luscious shell-fish.

What a crowd there was in the tavern barn the next night, and how quick Col. Israel Clark's corn was husked out! The like had never been known before, neither had oysters ever figured on a husking supper table. Valiant men, who had often visited Boston, conjectured how they (the oysters) would be served up, and one verdant youth wondered if they caught oysters with a hook. By way of punishment, he was made to bring two pails of new cider, which was soon quaffed.

The corn was in the cribs, the seed ears triced up, the nubbins in the hog-pen, and then all went in to supper. What piles of pies, what pans of doughnuts, what a glorious cheese, and then the oysters! Stewed in rich milk, they floated about, like happy islands on the sea of delight. But they soon disappeared, and when the women-folks and children came in afterwards, the sea of delight was dry, neither was an oyster islet visible.

Just as the huskers were starting to go home, up drove the agent of the Archimedean Remedy—the grand lever upon which all crises moved. He had been belated, but had retained his appetite, although he looked rather glum when he learned that there had been oysters.

"Never mind," said he, "I sha'n't find my tongue turning black, and have to take a bottle of the Archimedean—price fifty cents, with a liberal discount to the trade."

Now it happened that he had to room with Philip Brown, who keeps the candy store, and

about midnight such a pig as Phil kicked up. He kept a kicking it up too, and soon his room was crowded.

"He's got the cholera—sure case," said the agent of the Archimedean remedy, "and I'm afraid he didn't wake me quick enough. When he did, I went to my wagon for a bottle of the remedy, and he's taken it. Just look at him. I call him 'case one,' and if he recovers, must have a certificate."

"Oh! boo! hoo! hoo!" blubbered Phil, as he lay rolling like a stuffed pig; "I'm a gone-er! Look at my tongue."

"There," exclaimed the agent. "It's as black as my hat. So much for oysters. Will any other gentleman try the remedy in time?"

Somehow, nearly every one of us just then had some twinges, and poor Phil roared the louder, large drops of perspiration streaming down his woeful face.

"Now's your time, gents. Here, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Brown!" said half a dozen in a breath.

"Mr. Brown is number one. Who'll be number two?"

Everyone stepped forward, but we were waved back.

"Stop! I'll begin on the right. Here, Mr. Vial, you're number two. I must have a certificate from you when cured. Here's your medicine, the real panacea, cures everything, and only fifty cents, with a liberal discount to the trade."

It was not without exertion that I swallowed my spoonful of the nostrum, nor had I given back the spoon, when the delighted agent called:

"Next man! you're number three. Here is your balm of health, and remember—only fifty cents a bottle, with a liberal discount to the trade."

Feeling really quite indisposed, I retired to my own room, where my curiosity soon led me to inspect myself in the glass. To my horror I found my tongue swollen, and jet black. I was really a victim, and bewailed the hour when I tasted the infected bivalves. Returning to Phil Brown's room, I found half of the household assembled, and apparently in great distress. There was one exception, the agent, who rushed about from number one to the other numerals, but seemed to think his chances of certificates grew beautifully less.

"Where was Doctor Hartshorn?"

Alas, our messengers could not find him.—They did not know at the house whether he had been called to Hamiltonville, or to Hamilton training-field, or to Hamiltonia. Perhaps too he was gone to West Huckleberry, or to Sparta

Depot. Who could tell? But oh! how we suffered!

Day arrived at last, and soon after came the doctor. He looked wondrous wise, felt our pulses, from number one to number sixteen, but could not seem to make up an opinion. Meanwhile we awaited our fates with resignation, excepting Phil Brown, who continued to cry.

"Really, gentlemen!"

How we hung on his words, as the fabled bees hang on the lips of the Athenian orator.

"Really, gentlemen, I see no signs of cholera."

"No signs of cholera!" shouted the indignant agent. "Look at their tongues, sir! Put out your tongues, gentlemen! Regular oyster cholera—but it has been mastered by the Archimedean Remedy—price fifty cents—with a liberal discount to the trade."

"Archimedean fiddlesticks," said the doctor, as he began to examine Phil's tongue, and then gazed around at our protruded organs of speech—all in sombre black. "But what can this be?"

"The regular oyster cholera," said the agent. "But there's Bill Hayne's wagon, as sure as I live. Why, how d'ye do, Bill?" he continued, as a slab-sided Yankee entered the room.

"Heow! That's a good one, arter I rid all night to catch yeon!"

"To catch me?"

"Sartin. Yeon hadn't more'n gone when the old man found he'd filled your bottles out of a kettle of—"

"Of what?" exclaimed the agent, sidling towards the door.

"Of what?" we all echoed, looking more uncomfortable than ever, while bewilderment was depicted upon the doctor's countenance.

"Why, indelible ink! that's what I trade in, and real good 'tis."

We looked at each other, then at the frightened agent, and then at the doctor. He, worthy soul, burst out into a hearty laugh, in which we finally joined.

"Really," said he at length, "new cider and oysters may have slightly disagreed with you, gentlemen, but your complaint is not as distinctly marked as the complainants are."

"Marked," exclaimed Phil Brown, jumping from his bed, and fairly pushing the agent down stairs. "We're not only marked, but numbered."

Soon afterwards the gay equipage of the Archimedean Remedy vender left the village, followed by half of the boys, anxiously inquiring if his marks and numbers would wash out, and when he marked a lot, if he made a liberal discount.

But oysters, at Hamilton corner, are not regarded as unhealthy.

TO A STAR.

BY WILLIAM W. GRANDY.

Twinkling little orb of night,
In thy brilliant beauty bright,
Who can form a just decree
Of thy vast immensity?

Who can trace thy path at even,
Through the distant vault of heaven?
Who thy beauty can compare,
Who compute the distance there?

Sparkle on, ye brilliant gem,
In your Maker's diadem;
Spread his wondrous power abroad,
Speak the majesty of God!

ATALISSA.

A TALE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY G. PUTNAM UPTON.

IN the year 1674, in which our story opens, there was for the first time for many years, universal peace between the white settlers and the various New England tribes. In 1671, Philip had concluded a peace with the governor of Plymouth; but from the date of this treaty until the breaking out of the Indian war in 1675, Philip was developing and maturing that mighty plan of a combination of all the New England tribes only equalled by the league of the Iroquois.

It was a bright and beautiful afternoon in the middle of September. The sunbeams, streaming through the intersecting boughs of the forest trees, shed their golden light upon a scene of surpassing beauty and wild sublimity. In the depths of the woods, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, a small party of Narragansetts had pitched their camp. The younger warriors of the tribe had departed upon their customary annual hunting expedition, and had entrusted the camp to the care of the old men, whose extreme age prevented them from joining the party. At the base of a huge overhanging rock, which cast its shadows far into the mysterious depths of the forest, they had erected their wigwams. The old men were lying upon the soft leaf-strewn turf, watching the innocent gambols of their children. Here and there, shaggy Indian dogs lay basking in the sun, ever and anon springing up with deep bay, as a hare chanced to pass near them, or a squirrel, merrily chattering overhead, leaped from branch to branch. Before the wigwam doors sat the Indian maidens, busily engaged in braiding mats and nets. From one of the wigwams, much more highly ornamented than the rest, stepped a maiden, bearing a rude

wooden bucket. As she blithely tripped over the ground, scarcely brushing the leaves aside with her elastic step, the old men watched her retreating footsteps with admiration, and the dark eyes of the maidens glistened with jealousy. Merrily Atalissa wended her way to a spring at some distance off, without a thought of fear or danger; now chasing a squirrel, now plucking a wild flower, and placing it like a gem in the midnight of her hair.

She was a maiden of about seventeen summers, with the mien and dignity of a queen, and a form of faultless symmetry. Her complexion was of a pure olive, and her hair, which fell in heavy, undulating masses around her graceful neck, was dark as the plumage of the raven. From early childhood she had been destined to become the bride of Wab-ne-ka, on the conditions of her father that he should procure a certain amount of furs, and that he should be able to show the scalp of a white man hanging from his girdle. He was now absent upon the expedition to fulfil the former portion of these conditions.

While Atalissa was bending forward, arranging and placing the flowers in her hair, which she had collected, the crystal water of the spring mirroring her beautiful face, she was startled by the crashing of some dry sticks near by, and the next instant a deer bounded by her from out the thick brush, the blood dripping from his dappled shoulder, and tossing his antlers in agony.

Hastily seizing her bucket, she hastened to return, ignorant who might be the pursuer. She had proceeded but a few rods, when she was met by a man dressed in the costume of a hunter. He was walking leisurely along, with his rifle slung across his arm, confident of the success of his shot. He was about six feet in height, and of a powerful massive frame. His dark moustache and haughty air proclaimed him at once to be a foreigner.

He belonged to a band of French traders, who had effected their purchases of furs, and were now on their journey back to Quebec. They had encamped about a mile from the Indian village, and Du Frus, for such was the hunter's name, had proceeded out from the camp in quest of game. At the first view of the hunter, Atalissa turned to flee; but the hunter was soon at her side, and laying his powerful hand upon her arm, he said:

"Whither away so fast, pretty maiden? I would not harm thee. Wilt thou not give me a draught from thy pail to quench my thirst, for yonder deer hath sadly fatigued me?"

With true Indian courtesy, Atalissa allowed

him to slake his thirst, and then again attempted to return, but the hunter again prevented her.

"Hold, maiden! Why hastest thou? Dost think I would harm thee? My rifle is unloaded, and I am no monster to devour thee. I would do thee nought but kindness. Return with me to the camp. Thou wast not born to bloom here, a solitary rose in the wilderness. *Mon Dieu!* thy beauty would grace even the proud court of France, and outshine all its peerless dames. Come with me, and I will protect thee. In sunny France shall be thy home. Its skies are blue and cloudless; its vine-clad hills teem with the grape, and its maidens are as beautiful as the morning. Among them shalt thou shine like the moon among the stars. Everything that thou canst desire shall surround thee. Dost accept my offer, beautiful one?"

"Atalissa is content to remain where she is," replied she. "Here my fathers were born. In these woods they chased the wild deer and built their wigwams, and here rest their ashes. Here from early childhood have I sported, and here will Atalissa die. White man, Atalissa is the bride of *Wah-ne-ka*. I have spoken. I would go!"

"But, Atalissa—"

"Away! what Atalissa says she cannot recall."

"Now, by our Lady, thou shalt go, proud beauty!" replied Du Prus, as his eyes glowed with anger at being thus repulsed by an Indian girl, whom he had deemed it an easy task to overcome.

Seizing her in his rude grasp, he was on the point of bearing her away, when a soft step was heard in the bushes, and the next instant a hand of iron was on his throat, and he was hurled headlong into the bushes. Rising hastily and seizing his rifle, he beheld before him an Indian warrior. Trembling with fear, he gazed upon that giant form before him. He was dressed in a richly ornamented buffalo robe. At his belt and from his leggings dangled the scalp-locks of slaughtered foes; his moccasins were of richly embroidered buck-skin, adorned with beads; his long black hair fell adown his back from beneath his head-dress of war-eagle plumes. From his belt were suspended his glittering tomahawk and scalping-knife.

"Dog of a pale face!" said he, in tones like the rumbling thunder, "were Philip not at peace with thee and thy accursed race, thy scalp should hang at my belt. Fight with warriors, not with women! Go to thy pale face companions, who in yonder camp are anxiously waiting thy return, and tell them thou hast seen Philip, and

that he has spared thy life. But venture not in my path again. It were death to thee! Go!"

Maddened with anger and mortification, Du Prus slunk away through the bushes, and hastened back to the camp. The traders were preparing their evening meal, for the sun was already casting its last lingering beams upon their tents. While some were busied in cooking the food, others were listlessly lounging upon the ground, smoking their pipes, and listening to the stories of one who seemed much older than the rest, and whose tales occasioned continued bursts of laughter. The angry glances and enraged spirit of Du Prus but ill accorded with this merry scene before him.

"What, ho! sir knight of the bear face," said the story-teller, "what aileth thy visage? It is as long as a Puritan's. And where is thy game? Has some stray panther sent thy wits a wool-gathering, or hast thou heard a squirrel rustle a bush, and imagined a legion of Indian devils behind it? If we do not procure better hunters in future, we shall all starve. Should *Mademoiselle La Brudiere* cast her beautiful eye upon thee in this plight, thy chances would be small."

"Jest not with me, Mainon!" cried Du Prus, in angry tones. "I am not in the mood. I have seen that this afternoon which would shake even thy vaunted courage, and blanch thy brag-gart cheeks. A form upon which no man has yet looked without quailing; and hark ye, Mainon, if thou dost ever breathe the word *La Brudiere* again, thou doest it at the peril of thy life. You know me, and you know I never break my word to friend or foe. Mark well my words, Mainon!"

Thus saying, Du Prus entered his tent and prepared for the evening meal. No further allusion was made to the incident of the afternoon, for they all knew full well it was tampering with the lion to jest with Du Prus, while in his present mood. On the following day they struck their tents, and took up their march for Quebec.

In the meantime, Philip silently conducted the Indian girl back to the village. Upon their arrival they found everything in confusion. Alarmed at the long absence of Atalissa, the old warriors were preparing themselves to go out in search for her. But now their fears were changed into joy. Philip narrated to the father of Atalissa her danger and deliverance, and again relapsed into his thoughtful and taciturn mood. After a moment's pause, the old man spoke as follows:

"Philip! proud sachem of the Wampanoags, this is but the drop of rain to the storm which is blackening in the heavens, and soon will burst

upon us in a wild deluge of wrath. Many moons ago, I slept by the waters of the Great Lake, and fasted and called upon the Great Spirit. The panther and the wolf prowled around me, but I feared them not; the rain drenched me, I heeded it not. One night, amid the flash of lightning and the crash of the thunder, the Manitó came to me. He took the seal from mine eyes; he gave me the medicine bag. In the hunt, it hath shown me the buffalo; in the fight, it hath brought me the victory. Last night, in dreams, the spirit came to me again. 'Mahtopa,' said he, 'the days of thy tribe are numbered; the barks of the pale faces cross the great sea, and they outnumber the leaves of the forest; thy wigwams must burn, and thy children must die; and ere many moons the last of thy brethren must sing his death-song to the waves of the great sea in the far west!'

During these remarks, Philip sat like a marble statue. Not a muscle of his face moved; not a word escaped his lips, but the close observer might have seen in his dark piercing eyes, and firmly compressed lips, the daring determination and fixed resolve of despair. Slowly rising and taking a bow which lay near by, he fixed a shaft upon the sinew, and sent it whizzing through the air. At the same moment, a hawk was seen curvetting through the air, and finally fell at the feet of Philip, tearing and beating the earth with his wings and claws. Philip approached him, and placed the end of his bow near him. With all the fierceness of madness, and the energy of death, the hawk grappled the bow, and drove his claws into the wood. Philip, calmly pointing to the dying bird, and then to himself, vanished slowly into the depths of the dark forest.

A year has rapidly rolled away. During this time, Philip had been striving with all the prowess of his mighty mind to concentrate all the New England tribes into a single body, and to strike a last blow for Indian liberty. But his plans had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the whites. With dismay, and almost with despair, he beheld his fondly cherished scheme melting away like the snow-flake in the wave. The die was cast. Upon the 20th of June, 1675, Philip led forth his forces with the determination either to rid his country of the white intruders, or to perish by the graves of his sires. There had been no war for a long time with the English, and therefore numerous young warriors of the various tribes entered into his cause with the greatest ardor. Among them came the youthful Wah-ne-ka, burning with the desire to revenge the insult offered to Atalissa. He yearned to

perform such exploits as had been recounted to him by his sire. The time had now arrived, and his soul expanded in proportion to the vastness of his undertaking. Already he might have claimed the hand of Atalissa upon the conditions offered by her father, but he had sworn a solemn oath upon the grave of his sire that he would never take Atalissa as his bride until the scalp of Du Prus hung at his girdle, and he had every reason to suspect that Du Prus would join the English forces in order to obtain Atalissa.

Philip had encamped his forces near Mount Hope, and had left the women and children in a secluded spot near the Narragansett Bay, almost inaccessible to a stranger. Among them were Atalissa and her father. On the morning of the next day, the news was brought by an Indian runner that the English were fast approaching with a large force. Immediately everything was in confusion. The clenched tomahawks and fire-flashing eyes, showed that a spirit of vengeance was awakened which nought but blood could appease.

Philip immediately collected all his scattered warriors, and placed them secretly and skilfully in ambush, so that the spot a moment ago bustling with all the activity of life, seemed like a region of the dead. Carelessly the whites drew on, little dreaming that they were fast approaching in their careless haste, the edge of the precipice. Among them was Du Prus, who had joined the English forces with the hopes of meeting Atalissa.

Their first approach to the place of ambush was greeted by a shower of arrows, but not a human form was seen. All was as silent as the grave. The front ranks of the whites reeled and wavered for a moment, but again advanced. Again a cloud of arrows hurtled through the air, and from each tree and log, as if instinct with life, sprang an Indian. Then burst the wild war-whoop upon the air, causing the awful depths of the forest to resound, and was answered back by the shouts of defiance from the whites. A sheet of fire flashed from the musketry of the English, but it seemed to produce no effect upon the Indians. Fresh numbers supplied the place of the dead. Foremost among the combatants, rushed Wah-ne-ka, searching with his eagle eye for Du Prus. He seemed to bear a charmed life; his tomahawk was unstained with blood, and his scalping-knife yet slumbered in his belt. Unscathed he rushed here and there, seeking his enemy, but all in vain.

During the heat of the combat, Du Prus had stolen away unperceived, and under the guidance of a friendly Indian, whom he had bribed to aid

him, had proceeded to the spot where Atalissa was concealed. Cautiously creeping upon his bended knees through the secret passage, he arrived at a large overhanging rock, which overlooked the hidden retreat. After a lapse of a few moments, he espied Atalissa approaching the very spot where he lay concealed. As she was passing by, he sprang with the rapidity of lightning from his hiding-place, seized her in his powerful arms, and placing his hand over her mouth, hurriedly bore her away through the forest to the river shore.

In vain she struggled to free herself from the rude grasp of Du Prus. Seeing that escape for the present was hopeless, she resigned herself to her fate, hoping that Wah-ne-ka would soon discover her abduction, and hasten in pursuit of her. Unperceived by Du Prus, she threw down several shreds of cloth, which might serve as a guide to Wah-ne-ka. Now and then she broke off a twig, and now brushed aside the leaves with her feet, all of which signs she knew his quick eye would discover.

In this manner they proceeded until they reached the shore. Hastily springing into a canoe, near at hand, the Indian paddled them across with the swiftness of an arrow.

"Ha! my proud beauty," cried Du Prus, in exultant joy, "methinks I will tame thy obstinate soul now. Once I offered myself to thee; offered to take thee to France, and to surround thee with all which thou couldst desire and wealth could procure. You rejected me, scorned my offers, and preferred the low-born Wah-ne-ka to the wealthy and titled Du Prus. But now I'll bring thee to it. My love has flown, and hatred has supplied its place, and I'll make thee feel its effects. Thou mayst as well bid farewell to thy native hills, and thy red skinned lover, for by the holy rood, thou shalt never see them more!"

During these words, Atalissa sat calm and immovable, without deigning a reply. Her gaze wandered over the calm expanse of water, which the setting sun was tinging with gold, and she seemed engaged in deep meditation.

In the meantime, Wah-ne-ka had sought in every part of the field for Du Prus, but in vain. Many a foe he passed whom he might easily have sacrificed upon the altar of his vengeance; but he had vowed that no blood should stain his tomahawk save that of Du Prus.

Immediately the thought struck him, that he might have forced his way unseen to the hiding-place of Atalissa. The thought was parent to the action. With the speed of lightning he tra-

versed the forest, suspicion adding wings to his haste. But his search was fruitless. Carefully he examined the ground, and after a few moments' investigation he discovered the trail. With the agility and fleetness of the hound, he pursued those marks which the common observer would have passed without notice. The broken twigs and shreds of cloth, the leaves brushed aside, did not escape his quick eye. One hope filled his breast—to overtake Du Prus before he reached the river shore. With redoubled vigor he pressed on in the track of the fugitives until he stood upon the water's edge. The footprints upon the moist sand immediately convinced him they had crossed the river. With rapid steps he advanced up the bank to a spot where a canoe was concealed in the bushes. It was the work of a moment to draw it out, and launch it; the next moment Wah-ne-ka was flying across the waves of the Narragansett in his birchen bark. Lustily he plied his paddle, his little canoe almost leaping from the waves at every stroke. His tightly compressed lips seemed to restrain for the time the spirit of vengeance which was raging in that lone Indian's breast. The distant screams and shouts of the contending forces fell all unheeded upon his ear. His eye beheld alone the altar of vengeance, and his hand longed to immolate its destined victim. In a few moments, the keel of his canoe grated the sands of the opposite shore. Hurriedly he traversed the beach until he again discovered the trail of the fugitives. With unwearied foot he followed it, straining every nerve to overtake them before night should set in, for the setting sun was already lighting up the forest with its farewell beams. The trail every moment became more and more manifest, and new manifestations disclosed themselves continually, which led him to believe they were not far distant. Taking therefore a circuitous route through the woods, and arriving at a spot which he knew they would be compelled to pass, he concealed himself behind a huge fallen oak, and awaited their arrival. Of a sudden he applied his ear to the ground, and again arose. Satisfied that they were approaching, he carefully examined the flint of his rifle, and loosened the tomahawk from his belt.

Carelessly Du Prus drew on, and with haste, hoping to reach a spot before dark at some distance off, where horses were awaiting. Scarcely had they passed the fallen oak, when the report of Wah-ne-ka's rifle rang through the air, and the Indian guide, with a scream of agony, leaped high in the air and fell to the earth a corpse. At the report of the rifle, Atalissa sprang from the

arms of Du Prus, and in a second, with a wild scream of vengeance, Wah-ne-ka was upon him. His tomahawk glistened an instant in the air, and the next was buried crashing into the skull of the infamous Du Prus.

With a cry of delight, Atalissa was about to spring into the arms of Wah-ne-ka, but he motioned her away, at the same time pointing to the lifeless form of the hunter. Slowly he drew his scalping-knife from his dark, thick locks, and the fatal steel circled the head of the dead Frenchman. The scalp of Du Prus hung at the girdle of Wah-ne-ka. His vow was fulfilled—his vengeance was appeased—Atalissa was returned to him as pure as the waters of the spring at which Du Prus had first surprised her.

Slowly the Indian maid and warrior traversed their way back through the forest. Silently they crossed the Narragansett, the moon showering with silver its rippling waves, illumining the immovable countenance of Wah-ne-ka, and the lovely features of Atalissa. When they reached the opposite shore, Wah-ne-ka listened with his ear to the ground, but all was silent save the distant howl of the ravening wolf. The strife was over; boldly he plunged through the woods, until he had reached the hiding-place of the Indians. They were seated around a huge fire, which cast a dull and lurid glare upon the objects around them. They had been victorious, as the scalps hanging here and there upon the wigwams denoted. Their entrance was greeted with a deafening shout, and before the echoes had died away she was in the arms of her father, Mahtopa. Taking the scalp of Du Prus from the belt of Wah-ne-ka, he hung it upon the wigwam of Atalissa, and then taking their hands in his own, he placed them together, and Atalissa was the bride of Wah-ne-ka.

SCOTCH PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Bannister used to tell a story of his having been introduced, with Mrs. Bannister, to an elderly lady of exceeding "high notions," not improbably, from circumstances, the prototype of Colman's Lady Lucretia M'Tab, for she was "plaguy proud and plaguy poor;" and a drop of noble blood in the veins of her visitors served to wash out every other stain they might have in their characters or escutcheons. After the presentation had taken place, the lady asked a wit of the day, who was present, "Who are the Bannisters?—are they of a good family?" "Yes," said the wit, "very good indeed; they are closely connected with the Stairs." "O," said Lady Lucretia, "a very ancient family of Ayrshire, dates back to 1450; I am delighted to see your friends."—*English Journal*.

To be valorous, is not always to be venturous.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

A very interesting historical discovery has just been made in the Museum of Arms, in the Palace of Hohenzollern, the property of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. The marshal of the court, M. de Mayenfisch, remarked in the museum what appeared to be a door covered with plaster. He had the plaster removed, and found a wooden door; and behind that door was one of iron, fastened with four enormous locks. M. de Mayenfisch had the locks opened, an operation of great difficulty. The door being then flung open, a subterranean passage was discovered. This passage, between three and four hundred yards in length, was blocked up at the end with rubbish. The rubbish was removed, and a large chamber was exposed. On the walls, at certain intervals, were crucifixes, and figures of the Virgin and St. John the Baptist, all in wood, clumsily executed; also iron caps with spikes in the interior, heavy chains, pincers, and other instruments of torture. In the centre of the room were a huge stone table and ten seats surrounding it. On the table were a hammer; a plate with (in bas relief at the bottom), figures of the Virgin and of St. John the Baptist; five wooden balls, quite black with age; and an iron seal of the famous Vehmich tribunals. This seal, with the other things, makes it clear that the cavern was employed for the sittings of one of those secret courts of justice whose mysterious and terrible proceedings created profound terror in the middle ages, but served to keep in check the brutality of the oppressors of the people. Singular to relate, no other actual remains of any Vehmich tribunal have yet been discovered in Germany, though savans have spent many weary years in making all manner of researches respecting them.—*London Globe*.

A FAIR RETORT.

When Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a laboring bricklayer was called as a witness. When he came to be sworn, his lordship said to him:

"Really, witness, when you have to appear before this court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance."

"Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship."

"How do you mean, sir?" said his lordship, angrily.

"Why, faith," said the laborer, "you come here in your working-dress, and I'm come in mine."

CLEVER CHILDREN.

The anxiety to make clever children defeats itself; it spoils thousands who might be clever men. Not a few, and those the most promising—children, for example, like Hartley Coleridge—require to be positively kept back, not urged onward. In his pitiable case, it was not the predominance of fancy in his childhood, that was unhealthy, but the unboyish consciousness of self. Games at play with other boys would have been far better for him, than to sit listening with greedy ears to the philosophers of the lakes.—*North British Review*.

A MORNING REVERIE.

'Twas morning in a southern clime,
The sun had risen bright,
And chased away with eager step
The gloomy shades of night.
The sombre pall was now dissolved—
No shades still yet remained—
The golden rays of July's sun
Th' advent of day proclaimed.

A passing breeze now gently waves
Unto the scene of morn,
Where flowers bud and blossom gay
The landscape to adorn.
The lily's head is joyfully
Raised from its nightly couch,
Its fresh and blooming vigor now
Sweet-smelling odors vouch.

A fleecy cloud now rises from
The joyous western sky,
And pacing on with rapid strides,
It mounts, then sinks to die.
Thus are our human hopes consumed,
Our early joys thus flow—
We rise, we mount, we grasp the prize,
And then we sink below.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

The strange story I am about to relate owes nothing to imagination; it is told in a German work (*Interessante Anekdoten*) as a matter of actual history, and I have scarcely altered the language, without seeking to change a feature of the narrative.

In the spring of 1788, the Baron Conrad von Arnheim, a lieutenant in Czekler's hussars, marched from Miclos-Var, in Transylvania, at the head of a body of old troops and recruits, to join his regiment encamped in the environs of Orsova, and forming a part of the corps then operating against the Turks. They halted to rest and refresh the men and horses at a small village, not far from the lines of the army. After eating the best supper that money could procure, the baron lighted his meerschaum and strolled forth for an evening walk. Perceiving an unusual crowd about one of the bivouac fires, he drew near to see what was going on. The object of attraction was a tall, swarthy, dark-eyed and black-haired Bohemian woman, dressed rather richly in a sort of half Oriental costume, who held the hand of a scarred and gray-haired veteran. She was telling his fortune.

"Son of the Danube," said she, "your days are numbered. Fire and steel have spared you thus far—but the bullet is cast that will cost you

the number of your mess. Ere three moons have waxed and waned, the horse and his rider will have parted company."

The old soldier turned away from the proph-
etess with a blank look.

"There wont be many of our troop left, lieutenant," said an old hussar, touching his cap to the baron, "if the woman speaks true. She has predicted the same fate to half a dozen of us."

"Who is she?" asked the baron.

"A *vivandiere*," replied the hussar. "Faith! she sells good wine and brandy they say—and gives credit sometimes, on good security. She never loses, I fancy—and then she turns a penny by telling fortunes."

"Who comes next for his fortune?" asked the Bohemian, glancing her brilliant, snake-like eyes round the assembly. "Who craves knowledge of the wise Zela?"

"That do I, mistress," said the baron, gaily, advancing and ungloving his hand. "I have no faith in your forebodings, though my fire-eaters seem so daunted by them."

The fortune-teller curiously scanned the lines on the baron's palm.

"The twentieth of August!" said she.

"The twentieth of August!" repeated the baron; "that's wonderfully explicit. What am I to make of that? I ask you for my fortune, and you reply—"

"The twentieth of August!" repeated the fortune-teller, dismissing him with a wave of her hand. "I tell no more fortunes to-night. But forget not the date—you will have occasion to remember it."

And with these words she turned into a tent where her merchandize was stored, and drew the canvass over the opening. The deep voice of the sorceress, her striking face, figure, and manner, the oracular laconism and mystery of her reply, contributed to fix her words on the count's memory, and mingling with his prayers that night, "the twentieth of August" seemed whispered by a busy demon.

In due time the count reached the army, whose fatigue and dangers he shared. It is well known that in this war the Turks made no prisoners. Their leaders had set the price of a ducat on each head brought into camp, and spahis and janissaries neglected no opportunity of earning it. This arrangement was fatal to the Austrian outposts. There was scarcely a night that the Turks did not come in superior numbers to seek for heads, and their expeditions were conducted with such secrecy and promptitude that they rarely failed, and often, at daybreak, a portion of the camp was guarded only by decapitated

trunks. The Prince of Cobourg conceived the idea of sending every night strong pickets of cavalry outside the chain of videttes, to protect them. These pickets consisted of from one to two hundred men; but the Turkish generals, irritated at seeing their men disturbed in the wholesale and retail business they had engaged in, sent detachments yet more numerous against the infidel pickets, which yielded them a yet handsomer *per capita* return. The picket service, therefore, became of such a nature, that when a man was detailed for it, it was really worth his while to settle his little accounts, before setting his foot in the stirrup.

Matters were in this state in the month of August. A few skirmishes had not changed the position of the army. Eight days before the twentieth, our friend the baron was favored by a visit from the fortune-teller. He had frequently seen her, by the way, and purchased provisions of her, and though her manner was strangely haughty and repellant at first, still he had managed to overcome her reserve, and was on quite familiar terms with her.

"What now, Zela?" was his salutation.

"I come on a begging errand," said the vivandiere. "You are rich and I am poor."

"Nonsense," said the baron. "My sword is my only fortune. My purse is as light as my heart."

"Both are heavier than mine," replied the fortune-teller. "You can give me a trifle in your will."

"In my will! I have no thoughts of making it."

"You should do so," said the Bohemian, gravely. "The twentieth of August is near at hand."

"Ah! and what is to happen on the twentieth of August?"

"You are destined to fall on that day,—the stars have declared it."

"I shall cheat the stars, then," said the baron. "And I shan't make my will. You talk of your poverty, too. Don't I know you're making two hundred per cent., and turning your money every week, my good woman? Don't talk of your poverty to me. You say I shall be slain on the twentieth of August,—I maintain the contrary. Now an opinion is worth nothing if it isn't worth backing, and I'll bet you two of my best horses and fifty ducats against a hamper of Tokay wine, that I shall survive the twentieth of August."

"Agreed," said the Bohemian.

"We'll have it in writing," exclaimed the count; and he called in the auditor of the regiment, who happened to be passing. The bet

was recorded, amidst the laughter of the two Austrians, while the Bohemian looked on gravely, and then withdrew, with a stately reverence.

The twentieth of August came. There was no appearance of an engagement. It was the turn of the baron's regiment to furnish a picket for the night; but two of his comrades were on duty before him, and the baron was to pass the night in his tent. Evening came—the horses were saddled, the hussars mounted, and ready to march, when the regimental surgeon appeared on the ground.

"What's the matter?" asked the baron.

"Your friend, Max, who was detailed for the command, has been taken dangerously sick."

"Indeed! then Lieutenant Arnold takes command."

"He has just been apprised of it."

Lieutenant Arnold hastily dressed himself, buckled on his sabre, and prepared to mount. But no sooner was he in the saddle, than his horse, though ordinarily perfectly gentle and steady, began to rear and plunge violently. Every effort to calm and conquer him was fruitless, and he wound up his mad acts by flinging his rider and breaking his leg.

"It is your turn now, baron," said the surgeon.

"There is a fatality in this," thought the baron, as he armed himself. "That cursed fortune-teller!" And, though brave as steel, it must be confessed that he mounted his horse and put himself at the head of his men in a frame of mind far different from his ordinary mood.

The night was chill and starless. The baron commanded eighty men, who were joined by a hundred and twenty from another regiment, which brought the complement up to two hundred, all told. The detachment took post a thousand paces in advance of the line of the right wing, and rested on a marsh filled with very tall reeds. There were no sentinels in front, but not a man left his saddle. The carbineers sat with their pieces unslung at full cock, and the hussars with drawn sabres, to guard against surprise. All was quiet till about a quarter of two o'clock, and the baron was beginning to think that the night would pass over without an attack, when a sudden shout of "Allah! il Allah!" burst on the silence, and in one minute all the horses in the front rank were hurled to the ground, either by pistol shots, fired at point blank, or the shock of seven or eight hundred Turkish horse, as

"Bending to battle
O'er each high saddle-bow,
With the sword of Allah
They swept down the foe."

On their side, at least an equal number fell, either from the impetuosity of their own charge, or the deadly fire of the Austrian carbines. But they knew the ground; and the Austrians were enveloped and cut to pieces. Sabre-strokes flew thick and fast—fire-arms were discharged at random—it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The baron received no fewer than eight sabre-strokes in the melee, both from the Turks and from his own men; his horse, severely wounded, fell with him, rolled over on his right leg and nailed him to the spot. The flashes of the Turkish pistols lit up at intervals the scene of strife and butchery.

The baron raised his eyes, and saw his brave hussars defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, drunk with opium, made a horrible massacre. In a few minutes not a single Austrian was left standing. The victors seized on the few horses that had escaped unhurt, first plundered the dead and wounded, and afterwards began to cut off their heads and stow them away in sacks they had brought expressly for the purpose. The baron's situation was by no means an enviable one. In Czekler's corps they almost all knew the Turkish language. The baron heard the ruffians encourage each other to make an end before succor arrived, and not to leave a ducat behind, adding, that there ought to be two hundred. He knew by this that they were perfectly well informed as to the strength of the picket.

While balls were whistling overhead, the baron's horse received a shot which caused him to make a convulsive movement, and enabled his rider to extricate his leg. He then conceived the idea of throwing himself, if possible, into the marsh, and thus escaping the fate of his command. He had seen several of his men who attempted this manoeuvre taken, but the fire had slackened greatly now, and the darkness inspired him with hope. He had only twenty paces to traverse, but there was the danger of sinking. Still he sprang over men and horses, overturning more than one Turk. Arms were extended to seize him, and sabre-strokes dealt at him, but his good star and his youthful activity enabled him to gain the marsh. At first he sank only up to his knees—he toiled on a little farther, and then stopped, exhausted by fatigue. He heard one Turk exclaim, "An Infidel has escaped! Let us seek for him." Other voices answered: "It is impossible to do so in the marsh." After this a dead silence ensued. The blood he had lost caused the baron to fall into a state of insensibility which lasted several hours. When he came to himself, the sun was high up in the heavens.

He had sunk up to his hips in the marsh. His hair stood erect upon his head, when he recalled the fearful images of the past night, and the "twentieth of August" was first among his thoughts. He counted his wounds,—they were eight in number, but not one of them was dangerous. They were sabre-strokes on breast, back and arms. As the nights were very fresh in that region, he had worn his furmed pelisse, and its thickness, as well as its silk lining, had deadened the blows. Still he was in a very weak condition. He listened attentively. The Turks had long since departed. From time to time the moans of wounded horses were wafted to him from the field of battle,—as for his men, the Turks had taken care of them.

The baron began to think of extricating himself from the place in which he was, but he was so much exhausted by the loss of blood, that it was a whole hour before he stood upon firm ground. Though war had deadened his sensibility, still, alone as he was, it was not without a sensation of fear that he emerged from the reeds, and looked cautiously about him. He advanced slowly, his eyes resting on the field of death; but who could depict his fright, when he found himself suddenly seized by the arm. He turned and beheld a gigantic Arnaut, six feet high, who had returned, doubtless, in the hope of finding something valuable to reward his trouble. Never was hope more cruelly deceived. Yet the baron addressed his captor in the Turkish language.

"Take my watch, my money, my uniform,—but spare my life!"

"All that belongs to me, and your head, too!" replied the savage giant.

And with that he unfastened the chin-strap of the baron's hussar cap, and then proceeded to untie his cravat. The baron was sinking with weakness, and had no weapon. At the slightest movement of resistance, his enemy would have sheathed his broad cutlass in his bosom. Yet he clung to the Arnaut by the waist, and continued to implore him, while he was baring his throat.

"Take pity on me. My family is rich. Make me your prisoner—you will earn a large ransom."

"I should have to wait too long for my money," replied the ruffian. "Only hold still for me to cut." And he removed the baron's shirt-pin.

Still the baron clung to him, and he did not seek to free himself from the clasp, doubtless because he relied upon his strength and his arms, and perhaps because he experienced a

slight emotion of pity, though not strong enough to counterbalance the hope of a ducat.

As he was removing the pin, Conrad felt something hard in his belt,—it was an iron hammer. He kept repeating "Keep quiet!" and these were doubtless the last words the baron would have heard, if the dread of a death so horrible had not inspired him to seize upon the hammer. The Arnaut paid no attention to it. He was already holding the baron's head in one hand, and his cutlass in the other, when his intended victim suddenly jerked himself free, and, without losing an instant, dealt a blow with all his force in the forehead of his antagonist. The hammer was heavy, and the aim sure. The Arnaut reeled—the baron repeated the blow—he went down, and as he fell his cutlass escaped his grasp. It is unnecessary to add that the baron seized it, and plunged it several times into his body. Free!—saved!—the soldier ran to the Austrian outposts, whose arms were glittering in the morning sun, that had never seemed so bright and glorious to him before, and succeeded in reaching the camp. The soldiers fled, as from a ghost. The same day he was attacked by a raging fever, and carried to the hospital.

At the end of six weeks he was cured of his fever and his wounds, and returned to the army. On his arrival the Bohemian gipsy brought him the basket of Tokay she had lost, and congratulated him on his miraculous escape from death. The baron learned from his comrades that, during his absence, she had predicted a great many occurrences, all of which had come to pass exactly as she had foretold, and this had brought her a great many consultations and numerous bequests. The whole affair was strange and inexplicable, and shook the skepticism of the most incredulous.

In the meanwhile, there came to them from the enemy's lines, two Servian Christians, who had been employed in the baggage train of the Turkish army, and deserted to avoid a punishment with which they had been threatened. As soon as they saw the Bohemian prophetess, they recognized her, and declared that she often came to the Turkish camp in the night, to render an account of the movements of their enemies. This surprised the Austrians very much, for they had often availed themselves of this woman's services, and had admired the dexterity with which she had executed the most perilous commissions. But the deserters persisted in their statement, and added that they had been present on several occasions, when this woman was describing the Austrian positions to the Turks, unfolding their projects, and urging them

to make the attacks which took place. A Turkish cipher served her as a passport. This convincing proof was found upon her, and she was sentenced to die as a spy.

Before her execution, the baron questioned her about the fortune she had predicted to him. She confessed that, by means of playing the spy to both parties, she had often learned what was undertaken on both sides; that those who secretly consulted her about their horoscopes had confided to her many things, and that she also trusted a good deal to guess work. As to what concerned the baron particularly, she had selected him as a striking example, to strengthen her authority, fixing the fatal period a long while before hand. At the approach of the time, she had excited the enemy to make an attack on the post of his regiment on the twentieth of August. Her relations with the officers enabled her to discover that there were two on the list before the baron. To one of them she sold drugged wine, that caused his sickness, and getting near the other to sell him something, just as he had mounted, she contrived to thrust a piece of burning tinder into the horse's nostrils, which rendered him furious and unmanageable. This was the whole secret of her foreknowledge. Her punishment was the halter. She went to the gallows with a bold, impatient, and defiant air, leaving not a relative behind her to moan the death of the gipsy spy.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF SMOKE.

A writer in the London Times argues in favor of the sanitary effects of smoke. He says that smoke, being nothing more than minute flakes of carbon or charcoal, the carbon in such a state is like so many atoms of sponge, ready to absorb any of the life-destroying gases with which it may come in contact. In all the busy haunts of men the surrounding air is, to a certain extent, rendered pernicious by their excretions, from which invisible gaseous matter arises, such as phosphuretted and sulphuretted hydrogen, cyanogen and ammoniacal compounds, well-known by their intolerable odor. Now, the blacks of smoke (that is, the carbon), absorb and retain these matters to a wonderful extent. Every hundred-weight of smoke probably absorbs twenty hundred-weight of the poisonous gases emanating from the sewers and from the various works where animal substances are under manipulation.

Trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building up of character.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

O, it seems to me but yesternight
 When the stars were brightly gleaming,
 And the pale moon's soft and silvery light
 Was so mildly, gently beaming;
 And pure hearts deemed that an angel's smile
 But glowed in the dome above them,
 To tell by its winning glance, the while,
 How dear was its joy to love them.

And nature lovingly lay at rest,
 With the soft light o'er it glowing,
 While the night-dew sought its quiet breast,
 A fresher life bestowing;
 That a being bright, more radiant far
 Than the pearly dew of even,
 Or silvery moon and gleaming star,
 To my eager heart was given.

And joy and hope came clustering there,
 Like softest music stealing,
 Within the charmed and voiceless air,
 A holier bliss revealing.
 Yet joy, that came as the flowers in spring,
 To-day its rich buds unfolding,
 The morrow gave but a withered thing
 For the stricken heart's beholding.

But the sweetest joy it gave to me,
 And the hope that cheers my sorrow,
 Though beaming to-day so bright and free,
 And vanished on the morrow—
 Will memory, in my inmost soul,
 With that holy love-light cherish;
 For never, till seasons cease to roll,
 Can the lost one's image perish.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"The children are very late this afternoon," exclaimed Mrs. Ashby, as she suddenly arose from her work and looked anxiously from the window.

"Only ten minutes past the usual time, Lucy," replied her sister, to whom the remark was addressed.

"But they are not in sight, Mary, and I can see for a long distance in the direction of the school house. I hope no accident has befallen them."

"No danger of that, Lucy. It is a direct road, and Willie is a brave lad, and well able to protect both himself and his sister."

"Still there are a thousand things which might happen to them. Willie is very thoughtless. I cannot help feeling anxious at their delay."

Mrs. Ashby resumed her sewing; but it was with a troubled countenance, and in a few moments she again threw it aside and returned to her station at the window.

"Twenty minutes past the time," she presently exclaimed. "This will never answer. I must go to meet them, Mary."

"You are not well enough, Lucy. Think how ill you were yesterday, and you are still feeble. If you are really anxious concerning the children, I will go myself, although I doubt not they will be here directly."

"You do not know a mother's heart, Mary. I must go at once. They may have been run over by some passing vehicle."

This idea, although an exceedingly improbable one, seemed like reality the moment it entered Mrs. Ashby's imagination; and hastily throwing on her hat and shawl, she walked with rapid steps towards the school house. Contrary to her expectation, she did not meet the children on the way; but as she came in sight of the little seminary of learning, a noisy group issued from it, among whom she soon recognized her two darlings. They came bounding toward her with joyful shouts of welcome.

"And why were you kept in so late?" asked the relieved mother, as soon as her voice could be heard.

"Mother, I forgot to tell you," replied Willie, "that school begins an hour later in the afternoon than it did, and so we cannot come home so early as we used to. But it will give us more time to eat our dinners, and I shall like that better."

A rapid walk of half a mile in Mrs. Ashby's present state of health, was quite too much for her. It was with great difficulty that she retraced her steps, and upon reaching home she was quite unable to sit up for the rest of the evening.

Sister Mary looked concerned, and wished she could have persuaded her to have remained at home; and her husband was evidently disappointed that she was not able to meet him at the tea-table, and said, with some vexation of spirit, that he "wished Lucy would give up borrowing trouble. It would come fast enough without looking for it." But Lucy would not give it up. It was a part of her very nature. Blessed with a comfortable home, a kind husband, intelligent and well-disposed children, and being herself of an affectionate and amiable disposition, there seemed nothing wanting to ensure her happiness.

But the constant inclination to borrow trouble was a dark cloud upon her clear sky. Perhaps Mrs. Ashby had not read the fable of the pendulum, or if she had, she must have passed over the moral with little attention, as we ourselves have too often done in by-gone days.

She had surely never learned that one moment must not be burdened with the trials of the next. The spirit would often faint from anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience, which may be comprised in a single day. But this is unjustly laying the weight of many thousand moments upon one. "One moment comes laden with its own little burdens, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if one could be borne, so can another and another.

But as we have said above, Mrs. Ashby lived not in the present, but in the future. Trifles light as air,—imperceptible to human vision,—magnified themselves in the distance, and awakened dread and consternation. Her sister, who had resided with her since her marriage, was of a far more hopeful and joyous temperament, and her cheerfulness frequently diffused sunshine throughout the little family, when but for her, all would have been wrapped in clouds.

Let us forget the restraints of ceremony, and invite ourselves to pass a social day with Mrs. Ashby, introducing ourselves even into her sleeping room at an early hour one bright September morning. The blind had been left partially open the evening previous, and the light of the morning sun streamed somewhat too brightly into the pleasant apartment.

Awaking suddenly from her morning dreams, Mrs. Ashby uttered an exclamation of dismay, and shaking her still sleeping husband, endeavored to arouse him by representations of the lateness of the hour.

"No later than usual, I think, Lucy," was his quiet reply, as he proceeded to rise in a very leisurely manner.

"No later! Why, William, do you not see the sun? We must be half an hour behind the time, and you know you have important business to attend to this morning, and must leave early."

"Very true; but I think we are in time. Look at the watch."

"The watch has run down. I will go to the clock when I have finished dressing. But do hurry, William, for I assure you I am right."

Mrs. Ashby's toilet was but half completed when she became alarmed lest the girl should have overslept herself, and that no breakfast would await them.

"No fear of that," replied her husband. "Ann is always up bright and early. Breakfast will be on the table the moment we are ready for it."

"I hope so; but it is wonderfully still down stairs. And sister Mary, can she be sleeping still? She generally comes to assist me with the children, but they are not awake yet."

"All of which proves that I am right in supposing it to be no later than usual," remarked Mr. Ashby, smilingly.

"We shall see. You had better lose no time," was the reply.

Before Mrs. Ashby was quite dressed, one of the younger children awoke and claimed her attention, and she could not run down to look at the clock as she had intended. For the next half hour she was constantly employed, and constantly in a state of nervous agitation lest they were too late. At the end of that time her sister tapped at the door, and obeyed the summons to "come in."

"The children dressed already!" exclaimed she. You are smart this morning, Lucy. Only half-past six yet."

"Only half-past six! And I have hurried my life out for nothing. William wanted to have breakfast at seven, precisely, and I was so afraid we should be late. I declare I am all in a tremble."

"Lie down then for a few minutes, and I will take the babies down stairs."

"O, no, I must see if Willie and Clara are ready. I neglected to attend to their morning lessons yesterday afternoon, and I fear they will not be prepared for school."

"I saw the children studying while you were engaged with your company," replied her sister, as she left the room with the little ones.

"It does not do much good for them to study unless they have some one to direct them," thought Mrs. Ashby, as she passed hastily to Willie's room. "I do hope they will not lose their places in the class."

Willie's bed was vacant, and pleasant voices were heard in the garden. The mother peeped from the open window, and was re-assured as she saw him seated by his sister's side in the little arbor with his book in his hand.

"They are good children," she said to herself. The thought was a comforting one; but new anxieties were awakened by a glance into the kitchen. Ann was just slicing the ham.

"Ham not boiled yet! Why, Ann, did I not tell you that Mr. Ashby wanted his breakfast earlier than usual?"

"Yes, ma'am. You bade me have it ready at seven o'clock. It wants a quarter yet."

"You will be late, Ann."

"Not a minute, ma'am. Trust me for that."

Precisely as the clock struck appeared the nicely boiled ham and the dish of smoking hominy, and the family gathered around the table. Nothing had gone wrong. All was as it should be. And yet poor Mrs. Ashby was actually un-

fitted for the duties of the day by the nervous anxiety which she had indulged, lest they should not be punctual to the appointed hour. A cloud was upon the brow which should have worn the serene cheerfulness of a happy wife and mother, and ere the meal was ended, it had spread itself more or less over the little circle, and a gloom, for which it would have been difficult to account, was felt by all. Breakfast over, lessons well recited, and children sent to school, Mrs. Ashby with a mind much relieved, took her accustomed seat in the nursery; and while busy with her needle, superintended the sports of the two little ones who remained at home.

Her sister joined her after performing some domestic duties which devolved upon her.

For a while all was cheerfulness and contentment; but anxiety was soon awakened by the flushed countenance of the youngest child, as she came to her mother's side, and said, appealingly, "Put away work, mama, and take little Manny. Sick, mama, sick."

"My darling child," exclaimed the alarmed mother, as she hastily took the little one in her arms. "What can be the matter with her, Mary? See how feverish she looks."

"Her face is flushed, but her skin is cool," replied her sister. "I do not believe she is much sick. She has been running and jumping too long while we were busy talking, and now she needs rest."

"But I am afraid of scarlet fever, Mary! There have been two cases in the neighborhood lately. It is a dreadful disease," and Mrs. Ashby shuddered as she spoke, as if she already beheld her child a victim to it.

"Do not think of it, Lucy. There is not the slightest symptom of that complaint. Your agitation distresses the child. Be calm, and she will soon fall asleep."

Mrs. Ashby made an effort to follow her sister's advice, and the little pet was soon sleeping quietly in her cradle. The red spot had faded from her cheek, but even this could not allay the fears which had been awakened.

Every few moments the mother would bend anxiously over her, feel of her pulse, listen to her breathing, and endeavor to detect any symptoms of approaching disease.

In vain her sister endeavored to re-assure her. It was not till the little slumberer awoke, apparently in perfect health, that the sunshine of the spirit was restored, and then, alas, it was too quickly obscured by clouds.

Mr. Ashby was late at dinner. This was in itself a most alarming and unusual occurrence, for he was the most punctual of men; but when to

this was added the fact that he gave no reason for his detention, and appeared thoughtful and abstracted during the whole meal, it was no wonder that a thousand fears were awakened in the mind of his poor wife. Previous to his arrival, she had pictured to herself pressing difficulties in his business, sudden illness, and other unlucky occurrences, which served to torment her excited imagination. In answer to her anxious inquiries, he had assured her that he was quite well,—that nothing unpleasant had happened, and so forth and so forth; but after he had again left the house, the remembrance of his thoughtful and somewhat peculiar manner was sufficient to keep alive her apprehensions, especially when she recalled a whispered request at parting, that she would put the children to bed in good season, as he wished to have a little quiet talk with her in the evening.

It was very evident that something unusual had taken place, and in order to fortify her mind for the worst, Mrs. Ashby gave full scope to her imagination, and prepared herself to meet with the most unheard of misfortunes. They had never been wealthy, but her husband's business had ensured every comfort, and of late it had seemed to be increasing; but now she doubted not that poverty in its sternest form awaited them.

From the contemplation of a vivid picture of want and misery, she was aroused by the entrance of her sister with her hat and shawl on, evidently prepared for a walk.

"Not ready yet, Lucy! Did you not tell me to be prepared to go with you at four o'clock?"

"To go where, Mary?"

"Why to order your new hat, to be sure. Did we not talk it all over this morning? But what is the matter, Lucy? You have been weeping. Are you ill?"

"Not seriously," was the evasive reply, for Mrs. Ashby shrunk a little from the clearer light of her sister's mind. "But I have changed my plans about the hat, Mary. The one I wore last spring will answer very well for this fall."

"Why Lucy! Did you not tell me that William disliked it very much, and had particularly requested you to purchase another?"

"Circumstances have changed since then, and I doubt not he will be quite contented to see me wear the old hat. There are many who would be thankful to have one as good."

"Undoubtedly, and you told me this morning that you intended bestowing it upon poor Mrs. Walton, who I am sure would bless you for your kindness."

"I must be just before I am generous, Mary."

You will know all in time. Let us say no more about it," and with an effort at calmness which ended in a flood of tears, Mrs. Ashby turned to leave the room.

But the arms of her sister were twined around her, and her affectionate sympathy soon drew from her the cause of her grief. It mattered not to the kind hearted Mary that her sister's fears were imaginary, and her tears uncalled for. It was enough for her to know that Lucy was in trouble, and she endeavored to soothe her as tenderly as if she had been a petted child.

Past experience had taught her that it was useless to reason with her or endeavor to convince her that there was no cause for apprehension. Opposition only served to render her more positive, and her sister therefore wisely sought, as soon as composure was restored, to direct her thoughts into another channel.

"I think I will call on that poor woman whose case was brought up before our benevolent society, this afternoon. Will you go with me, Lucy? Do, it will make you feel better. There is nothing like forgetting our own griefs in ministering to those of others."

"If you really think I ought to go, Mary, I will make the effort, but I should prefer remaining at home."

"You had much better go. We will be home before the older children return from school, and Ann is at leisure to mind the little ones. Come, get your hat and shawl."

The fresh air, a pleasant walk, and the cheerfulness of her sister, had in a degree dissipated the melancholy fancies in which Lucy had indulged, ere they reached the humble abode to which their steps were directed, and her mind being less engrossed with her own sorrows, she was better prepared to sympathize with the scene before her. Their knock at the door was answered by a bright-eyed little girl of six or seven years, who invited them to walk in, for "mother was busy and could not come to the door."

Upon entering, they found the mother bending over a cot upon which lay a man hardly past the prime of life. He appeared to be in great bodily pain, and his wife was endeavoring to do what she could for his relief. Two children younger than the little girl who had admitted them, were playing around the floor.

"Your husband has met with a sad accident," remarked Mrs. Ashby, as she approached the bed.

"He has indeed, ma'am," replied the woman, looking up and curtsying to her visitors; "but we have reason to be thankful that his life is

spared. He is in great pain this afternoon, but the doctor said we must expect this."

"How did he meet with this misfortune?" asked Mary, advancing to her sister's side, and looking compassionately at the face of the poor sufferer.

"He is a bank-digger, ma'am, and while busy at his work three days since, the earth caved in, and a large mass of stones and rubbish fell upon him. One leg is broken, and his whole body is dreadfully cut and bruised. But, thank God, the doctor says he will do well. He is strong and healthy and can bear a great deal."

"Did you depend entirely upon his daily labor for support, my good woman; or have you something laid by which will help you now that he is ill?"

"Not a cent, ma'am. John is a sober, industrious man, and as kind a husband and father as ever lived in the world. But we have seen hard times, and have had a good deal of sickness, which has hindered our laying by anything for a cloudy day. But God will provide. And is it not a great blessing that there are yet many weeks before the cold weather? He will be on his feet again before then. And as soon as he is a little better, so that I can leave him with the children, I can find a bit of work for myself, which will keep the food in our mouths."

"I am glad that you can look on the bright side," said Mrs. Ashby, thoughtfully. "But it may be many weeks before your husband gets about again, and even then he may be a cripple."

"No fear of that, I trust, ma'am. I always try to look up when misfortunes come upon us. It is the only way to get along; and besides, it seems like distrusting Providence to be too anxious and fretful like. We must do the best we can to help ourselves, and then be content with what comes."

"Your case has been brought before the benevolent society, and something will no doubt be done for your relief."

"A great deal has been done already, ma'am. The doctor has offered his services free of charge, and several kind ladies have sent provisions of different kinds, which will last us two weeks, and by that time things may look brighter, and I may get out to work."

"We will hope so, at least," said Mary, coming to her sister's relief, for Mrs. Ashby was almost overpowered by the determined hopefulness of the woman, which formed a strong contrast to her own anxious temperament.

Placing a dollar in her hand, and promising to see her again soon, the sisters left the cottage. At the door they stopped to speak to the chil-

dren, who were playing happily with some little blocks which they had collected from a new building near to them.

"You must be good children, now your father is so ill," said Mrs. Ashby, patting the curly head of the youngest. "Are you not very sorry he is hurt?"

"We are very sorry and very glad," replied the eldest girl, looking up with a smile. "Mother says we must be very glad that he was not killed, and we are very sorry that he is sick, and we will try to be good."

"That is right," was the reply as the ladies passed on.

"A good lesson for me, I suppose you think, Mary," said Mrs. Ashby with a half smile, after they had walked some distance in silence.

"A good lesson for us all, Lucy, if you mean the cheerful faith of that poor woman. Such a spirit is of more value than earthly riches."

"It is, indeed. Would that I possessed it. But it is impossible. It is a part of my very nature to be anxious and apprehensive of approaching ills."

"And yet it is possible to overcome this weakness, my dear sister. For the sake of your husband and children will you not try? How many sad hours you pass from the indulgence of vain fears which are never realized. To-day, for instance, you have been miserable."

"And perhaps with some cause, Mary. You must not think all my fears imaginary until William returns to call them so."

"I am willing to await his coming, provided you will promise that if that apprehension proves groundless, you will never again make yourself unhappy by endeavoring to peep into the future, which is very wisely a closed book to us poor mortals."

"I will make no rash promises, Mary; but I will confess to you that new thoughts and feelings have been awakened this afternoon which will not soon be forgotten. I am well aware that my happiness and that of my family is often impaired by this defect in my character, but I feel no strength to struggle against it."

"We must look to the source of all strength, dear sister. We are nothing but weakness in ourselves. But see, there are the children coming to meet us,—Willie and Clara and babies and all. It is later than I thought."

An early supper was soon prepared that the children might have their usual evening frolic, and get to rest a little before their customary hour.

Mrs. Ashby had not forgotten her new-born resolutions, and yet she could not but express

some anxiety respecting her eldest boy, little Willie.

"Only think, Mary, he is not asleep yet," she exclaimed, as she returned from a fourth visit to his room. "And he is very restless. Do you think he is ill?"

Her sister replied by pointing smilingly to the clock.

"It still wants half an hour of Willie's bed time. No wonder that he is restless and wakeful."

"Very true. I never thought of that," was the unusually cheerful reply; and with a praiseworthy effort Mrs. Ashby actually waited until five minutes after the half hour had expired before she again went to Willie's room. To her great relief he was sleeping quietly.

As she descended the stairs, her husband's step was heard in the hall. She sprang forward to meet him, with all her apprehensions of impending ill rushing vividly to her mind.

He greeted her in his usual quiet affectionate manner.

"Children all asleep," he exclaimed, as he entered the sitting room. "That is well. I will have my frolic with them in the morning. And where is Mary?"

"Gone to her room, I think. I left her here a short time since."

"Well, give me my tea, Lucy, and sit down by my side while I tell you a bit of good news."

"Good news, William? You are trifling with me."

"Assuredly not. Did you ever know me guilty of such a proceeding? Why should I not have good news to tell you?"

"But you looked so grave and thoughtful, and were altogether so unlike yourself, that I feared some misfortune had befallen us."

"And have been borrowing trouble all the afternoon as usual. Forgive me, Lucy, but I really wish you would not do so."

"I will try to do better, William. But tell me the good news."

"You remember my little speculation in those western lands. It has turned out better than I could have imagined, and will bring me in ten or fifteen thousand, clear profit."

"Ten or fifteen thousand? Why William."

"It is true; but this is not the best of it. The old homestead of your father's, which you have sorrowed for so long, is offered for sale at a bargain, and if you still desire it I will purchase it for you to-morrow."

"If I desire it! My dear husband, it would make me perfectly happy. But can this be possible? It seems like a dream."

"No dream at all, Lucy. You may consider the thing as settled, for I have the refusal of the old place till to-morrow. I went round there at dinner time, which caused me to be a little late."

"And I fancied there was some great trouble in your business, and that we were to be reduced to actual want."

"Never mind that now. Only promise me that all these fancies shall be left behind when we remove to our new home. Let this be an era in our lives, and one of the distinguishing events shall be a firm resolution from my dear wife that she will have no troubles but what are real. Afflictions will come and strength to bear them will come also; but it is worse than useless to mar our happiness by imaginary ills."

"It is indeed, William, and I will endeavor to get the better of this folly. But where is sister Mary? She must share in our joy."

"Here is sister Mary," was the reply, as her sister entered at the next moment. "But did you speak of sharing your joy, Lucy? And how happy you look. What has become of the failure?"

"It has vanished with the rest of my train of misfortunes, Mary; and in its place has come such unlooked-for happiness. You cannot guess in a month."

But something in sister Mary's face told that she did not need to guess. A whisper from her brother-in-law, at noon, had told her at least a part of the secret, but he had charged her to keep it until evening.

"And why, William," asked Lucy somewhat reproachfully, "why could you not have saved me those anxious hours?"

"You must forgive me, dear Lucy. The lesson was for your own good. I saw the state of mind in which you were indulging, and I determined to wait until evening, and let you see how far away such uncalled-for fears would lead you. Am I forgiven?"

"I deserved the lesson, and I cannot reproach you, William. And I suppose I must forgive sister Mary, also, although one word from her could have turned my sorrow into joy."

"It shall all be joy now, dear Lucy. The words were several times upon my lips, but I felt that I ought not to interfere with a course which William saw to be right, but did my best to comfort you in other ways."

"And succeeded very well, my sister. The lesson at the cottage was a good one, and well prepared my mind for this. Henceforth I will endeavor never to borrow trouble, but ever to bear in mind that, 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

A WHIMSICAL HEN.

Nothing seems so aimless and simple as a hen. She usually goes about in a vague and straggling manner, articulating to herself cacophonous remarks upon various topics. The greatest event in a hen's life is compound, being made up of an egg and a cackle. Then only she shows enthusiasm, when she descends from the nest of duty and proclaims her achievement. If you chase her, she runs cackling; if you pelt her with stones, she screams through the air all abroad till the impulse has run out, and then she subsides quietly into a silly gadding hen. Now and then an eccentric hen may be found, stepping quite beyond the limits of hen-propriety. One such had persisted in laying her daily eggs in the house. She would steal noiselessly in at the open door, walk up stairs and leave a plump egg upon the children's bed. The next day she would honor the sofa. On one occasion she selected my writing-table; scratched my papers about, and left her card, that I might not blame the children or servants for scratching my manuscripts. Her determination was amusing. One Sabbath morning we drove her from the second story window, then again from our front hall. In a few minutes she was heard behind the house, and on looking out the window, she was just disappearing into the bed-room window on the ground floor! Word was given, but before any one could reach the place, she had bolted out of the window with a victorious cackle, and her white warm egg lay upon the lounge. I proposed to open the pantry window, set the egg-dish within her reach, and let her put them up herself, but those in authority would not permit such a deviation from propriety. Such a breed of hens would never be popular with the boys. It would spoil that glorious sport of hunting hen's nests.

—H. W. Beecher.

TO CURE A FELON.

A felon generally appears on the end of the fingers and thumbs; it is extremely painful for weeks and sometimes months, and in most cases cripples or disfigures the finger or thumb that falls a victim to it. But it can be easily cured if attended to in time. As soon as the pain is felt, take the thin white skin of an egg, which is found inside of the shell; put it around the end of the finger or thumb affected, keep it there until the pain subsides. As soon as the skin becomes dry it will be very painful, and likely to continue for half an hour or more, but be not alarmed. If it grows painful, bear it; it will be of short duration, compared to what the disease would be. A cure will be certain.

CHEAP LIGHT.

With respect to the electric light, the problem seems to be solved at Paris. We mentioned a short time since that it was in use to illuminate the works of the Napoleon docks, which were carried on by night as well as by day; and the apparatus was so complete, that for four months the light has been steadily burning. Economy is not its least recommendation, for the cost per night has not been more than thirty-eight francs, which, as 800 men are employed, gives four and a half centimes, less than a half-penny per man.

—Chambers' Journal for August.

WE MISS THEE.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

We miss thee sadly, brother dear,
We never can forget thee—never;
Thy name oft calls the parting tear,
'Twas hard such ties as ours to sever.

And now we're left a broken band,
Our home is lonely without thee;
We may not clasp our William's hand,
His happy smile no more may see.

That loving heart is cold and still,
Our mother mourns her darling gone;
Yet feels it was the Saviour's will,
Who called him hence in life's young morn.

We miss thee. Oft we seem to hear
Thy footfall as in days gone by,
And gentle voice in words of cheer;
We could but mourn that thou didst die!

We miss thee sadly; yet we know
Thy soul still lives, forever blest;
And there where healing waters flow,
We hope to meet when we're at rest.

THE SILENT MATE.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF AN OLD SHIP-MASTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SOME years ago I had command of a ship engaged in the East India trade. My first officer, or mate, was named Luke Marshall. He had shipped with me at Liverpool to run to Calcutta, but on the passage out my mate died, and having found Marshall a most excellent seaman, both theoretically and practically, I gave him the office. He readily accepted it, but I could plainly see that he did it more from a desire to please me, than because he aspired to the post. I was not deceived in his capability, for he soon proved himself the most efficient officer I ever had. He altered the ship's sailing gear, and made more speed by one sixth, certainly, than I had ever done. He was punctual to a minute in his reckoning—could tell to a certainty what time he should make. When we were near our destination, he came to me one evening and told me that if the wind held fair we should see Edmonstone's Island at half-past six on the following morning; and at twenty-eight minutes past six in the morning, the look-out reported land two points on the starboard bow.

Marshall was one of the most civil and gentlemanly men I ever saw, and his manners showed that he had been well educated, both mental-

ly and socially. Yet there was one thing that troubled me not a little—or rather I should say, it puzzled me—though I must confess I did allow myself at times to feel somewhat troubled. My mate was the most silent man, for one who commanded the free use of language, that I ever met with. He scarcely ever spoke, save on matters pertaining to his duty, and then only in as few words as possible. I often tried to draw him into conversation, but without avail. I tried to learn something of his former history, but could not. I knew he was an American, and that was all.

One evening after we had entered the Hoogly, and while our ship lay at Diamond Point, I was sitting in my cabin and Marshall was alone with me. I pushed the wine bottle over to him, and asked him if he would not take a drop. I had never seen him take wine at any time, but he had often refused. He took the bottle and poured some of the wine out into a glass, and then he held the glass up between his eye and the lamp. His face turned pale as death, and his lips were tightly compressed. The glass fell from his hand upon the floor, and was broken into a thousand pieces.

"Mr. Marshall, are you not well?" I uttered, starting up and laying my hand upon his arm.

"Very well," he returned, laying my hand off, and looking up with a faint smile. "You will excuse me, captain, 'twas an accident."

"That's nothing," said I, alluding to the glass, "take another—here."

"No, no," he quickly uttered, putting the glass away. "I do not drink wine, sir."

"You have signed a tetotal pledge, perhaps," said I, carelessly.

"Signed a tetotal pledge?" he repeated, in a tone so strange that it fairly made me start. "No sir, I have not."

"Then why not take a glass of wine on such a night as this?"

Marshall looked at me as though he would look me through. There was a strange spark in his eye, and I could see that his cheeks grew pale again. His hand trembled, and he placed it in his lap out of my sight. At length he spoke, and his voice was very low and deep.

"Captain," said he, "in that wine there lurks a demon as deadly as the twin brothers of Night. You may escape him and yet embrace. I will not drink it."

"But you have—"

"Stop!" he whispered, cutting me short, and raising his finger. "Never finish that sentence in my presence, nor allude to the subject again."

And with that he broke off upon another topic,

and began to lay out the business of the morrow. "The lighters will come down from the city early in the morning," he said, "and as I must be up to attend to them, I will retire now."

I fairly ached to question my mate farther on his strange conduct, but his look forbade me. He threw off his outer garments and retired to his state-room, and I was left alone with my wine. I looked at the bottle, and then I looked at the fragments of glass upon the floor—and I wondered what it was that dwelt upon my mate's mind, for well I knew there was something. When I arose to go on deck and set the watch, I hoped that some day Marshall might let me into his secret, for I had become deeply interested in him. I had learned to love him for his gentleness and mildness, and I hoped to know more of him. It may have been a faint hope, but yet I cherished it.

Our business was all transacted at Calcutta, and I had partly made arrangements for a full cargo of hides, when I received an overland despatch from my owners to proceed at once to Hong Kong and take in a cargo which an agent would have ready there. So to Hong Kong we went.

One day after we had taken part of our cargo on board, and were waiting for more, to come from the English factories at Canton, an old man came off to the ship with a letter from the English agent. I read the few lines, and they simply asked that I would take the bearer to England. My mate was not on board, or I should have consulted him; but the old man was very respectable in his appearance, and I at once told him that he should go with me. There were three spare state-rooms, and I immediately gave him one of them. He had his luggage brought up from the boat and placed in his room. He was certainly seventy years of age, and his hair was white as snow. I conversed with him a long while, and I found him one of the most intelligent men with whom I ever met. At about nine o'clock in the evening, he seemed fatigued, and expressed his desire to retire. So I showed him to his state-room, and bade him good night. These state-rooms were small apartments leading out from the cabin, and only large enough for a good sized single bunk and a wash-stand, and with spare room enough to dress and lounge. It was a warm, sultry evening, and I left the old man's door partly open at his request. His name, as given in the letter, and marked upon his trunks, was Joshua Foster.

At ten o'clock my mate came off. I met him on deck, and by the light of the gangway lantern, I could see that he was pale and agitated.

He answered me only in monosyllables, and with a quick, uneven step, he went below. After he had gone down I went about the ship and gave directions for keeping an "anchor-watch," and having posted a sentinel, I turned towards the cabin. On my way I passed along the larboard side of the deck, and as I reached the grated skylight which was built up over the cabin, I stopped. What induced me so to do I cannot tell, but I stopped and looked down, and I saw Marshall sitting at the table pouring wine out into a glass. This surprised me, but the next movement surprised me more. He filled the glass about half full, and then he took a small phial from his pocket, and having removed the stopper, he poured its contents into the wine. I could see his face, and it was pale as death. A fearful suspicion flashed across my mind, and quick as thought I darted down into the cabin. My mate was just raising the glass to his lips. With one movement I sprang forward and dashed the glass from his hands, and as it was shattered in pieces upon the floor, he sprang to his feet. He caught me fiercely by the arm, but when he met my keen, steady eye, he dropped his hand and sank back into his chair.

"What do you mean?" I sternly asked.

Marshall bowed his head and made no reply. I saw the phial upon the table, and I took it up and placed it to my nose, and there came up from it the strong, pungent odor of prussic acid! I sat down and gazed Marshall in the face. I laid my hand gently upon his arm, and drew him down by my side, and with as much kindness of tone as I could command, I said—

"Luke Marshall, I am your friend. I love you as I never loved a man out of my kin before. Now tell me what this means?"

"No, no, captain," he replied. "I wish you wouldn't ask me. I must die. I cannot live longer. If you can find some competent man to take my place, do so, for my services for man are at an end. You have stayed my hand, now, but you cannot again. A pistol, or my razor will do for me."

I moved nearer to my mate and placed my arm about his neck.

"Tell me," I urged, "what this means? Confide in me, and I promise that I will never betray you."

Marshall seemed much moved by my manner, for he trembled, and the tears came to his eyes. At length he said in a subdued tone:

"You have been kind to me, and I have a mind to tell you the story of my life. You will never speak it to another, and never—"

"What?" said I, as he hesitated.

"Never lay your hands upon me again, let me be doing what I may."

"In that I must be governed by my own judgment," I replied. "But tell me your story, and then I can the better judge."

A few moments my mate bowed his head in silence. When he looked up there was a strange shade of melancholy upon his features, and his eyes were moist.

"It will be a short story," he said, "a very short one." And after a moment's thought he resumed: "I was born in the city of New York. My father was a very wealthy merchant, and of course I was reared in the lap of luxury. I never expressed a want that was not complied with, and both my parents did their utmost to please and make me happy. My father was a man of a quick, passionate temper, and I had a temper as fiery as his own."

"You had a fiery temper?" I queried, dubiously. "Why, you are the mildest man I ever saw."

Marshall smiled faintly, and with a shake of the head, he continued:

"I did have a bad temper. But let that pass now. My father indulged freely at the wine cup, and it is no wonder that I followed his example. I first learned to love the wine, and then I came to love the excitement which it produced. I saw no danger, for all my friends were in the same habit. When I was yet a mere lad, my father sent me as supercargo in one of his ships. It was at my own urgent request, and I learned to love the roving, free life of the ocean. But when I reached the age of eighteen, I was sent to college. I remained there one year, and then I was expelled for intemperance."

My mate stopped here and bowed his head upon his hands, and I could see the tears trickling down between his fingers.

"O," he resumed, in a tremulous voice, "what a fool I was. I returned to my home, and my father upbraided me for my conduct. High words arose between us, but my mother came in and quieted the storm. After this, I remained at home for some time. At length I became acquainted with a girl whom I thought virtuous, and well connected, and I made proposals of marriage to her. She, it seems, gave publicity to the fact, and it came to my mother's ears. She made inquiries about the girl, and she ascertained that her character was not good. Had she told me this in her own kind way, I should never have seen the girl again, for all my plans were just and honorable, and I was deceived in the character of the one I thought I

loved. But my mother told my father, and he was to speak with me.

"One evening I came home—it was near midnight—and I had been indulging freely in wine, and my father had been doing the same. He had been out to a club-meeting, and his face was flushed and his step unsteady. That was the first and only time I had ever seen him so much influenced by wine. When I entered the sitting-room he asked me where I had been, and I told him to the theatre. He next asked me whom I carried, and I told him. It was the young lady of whom I have just spoken. He then told me that I must see the girl no more. I resented the command, and thereupon he threatened to turn me out of doors if I disobeyed him. He then cast upon the girl in question the most opprobrious epithets, and I was stung to the quick. I answered him hastily, and he threatened me. I did not stop to consider that he was under the influence of wine, for I was too far in its power myself for that. I accused him of trampling upon me—and he taunted me with bringing shame upon his household. This maddened me, and I spoke very quickly and thoughtlessly. What I said was severe, and upon my father it struck like a shaft of lightning, and he struck me with his cane. As I received that blow, my blood boiled like molten lava. I was blind—crazy. My father lifted his cane again, and I seized a chair that stood near me. I lifted it with both my hands, and with all my maniac might I hurled it upon his head. He sank upon the carpet like a rag. In an instant I was sober. I kneeled down over that prostrate form, but there was no motion—no breath. Presently there came a convulsive movement of the muscles, but it quickly passed away, and then he was motionless as the chair that lay broken by his side. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I lifted him to a sofa, and chafed his temples, but not a sign of life could I discover. I knew that I had killed my father, and I sank down upon my knees at his side, and wept and prayed.

"Soon I was aroused by a step behind me, and on looking up I saw my mother. She asked what was the matter, but I could not answer. She stooped over the motionless body of her husband, and I remember that the word 'dead' broke from her lips, and then she sank fainting upon the couch. I started up and gazed about me. Once more I felt of my father's pulse, but it did not move. His eyes were half open, and they were glassy and dim. With one low cry I started back and seized my hat. I was a murderer! the murderer of my own father! A dim spectre arose before me—a gallows in shape!

and I fled from the house. I made my way to Philadelphia, and from thence to Charleston, and there I took passage for England. I have not seen my native land since. While in Philadelphia I took up a morning paper from New York, and there I read that my father had died of apoplexy. My mother hid my crime!"

Marshall stopped and bowed his head again. He did not shed tears now, but his eyes were set and glaring.

"Ha!" he uttered, starting suddenly. "Have we had a listener?"

"I forgot," was my reply, as I recollected the passenger I had taken, and at the same time cast my eyes towards the door of the state-room where I had placed him. "I have had a passenger come on board."

"You ought to have told me," said Marshall, trembling with fear.

But before I could make any further reply, the door of the state-room was pushed further open, and the white-haired old man came forth. He gazed first upon me, and then upon my mate, and then, with a low, wild murmur, he tottered towards the table. He sank down upon his knees, and laid his head in my mate's lap.

"Luke! Luke! my son—O my son!" he murmured, as he reached up his trembling hands and caught the mate about the neck.

Luke Marshall as I had known him, started to his feet and held the old man off at arm's length.

"What are you?" he gasped, glaring wildly at him.

"I am Joshua Foster—I am your father! O Luke, my boy, my noble, wronged boy, forgive me—O forgive me! I know I abused you—I know I made you mad. But forget it all now. I am your father. I did not die—you did not kill me, but I lived and recovered. I have sought the whole earth over after you. I have been all up and down the world. O, you know me."

A few moments my mate held that old man off and gazed into his face, and then, with a sharp cry, he sank back insensible.

During all that night Luke raved like a madman, but on the next day he came to his senses, and a severe fever set in. He called for his father when he came to, and I saw the old man bend over him and kiss him and weep—and I saw the young man wind his arms about that aged form and cry like a child.

And so my mate's real name was Luke Foster, and I heard the old man tell, while he sat by his son's side, how he had recovered from the effects of the blow he had received. Two whole days after Luke fled did he lay insensible, and the

servants reported that he was dead. When he recovered, he told his wife the whole story, and having left his business in competent hands he set out to search for his son. He traced him to Liverpool, and there he lost him. Eight long years had he been on the search—sometimes going home to comfort his wife, and then setting out again upon his mission. His wife still lived, and she waited for the return of her son.

At length my mate recovered, and his father accompanied us to Liverpool. I often saw them weep together, but it was only the memory of the past that called up their tears. I was sorry to lose my mate, but I knew that others had a prior claim upon him, and I gave him up.

Some years afterwards I was in New York, whither I had gone with a cargo of manufactured iron. I easily found the residence of Joshua Foster, and there I found my old mate as happy as man can well be on earth. His father still lived, hale and hearty, and his mother was a pattern of maternal love and generous hospitality. Luke was married, too, and had two children.

My visit was one of the most pleasant and joyous seasons that have ever blessed my long life, and when I came away they hung upon me as though I was the author of all their joy. And perhaps I was, for I could remember the time when I struck aside the shaft of death from my silent mate, and but for that simple movement on my part, this happiness could never have been.

MARTIAL LAW IN CALIFORNIA.

Some of the members of the volunteer corps at Yerba Buena made their appearance one day on parade in a state bordering on intoxication. They were ordered to fall into line. All obeyed the order but one, a Mr. P., well-known to those who lived in 1846. Mr. P. backed against one of the posts in front of the house before which Capt. H. had drawn up his men. "Fall into ranks," cried the captain. "I could not entertain the proposition; can't leave this post, sir." "Fall into ranks, if you don't I will take off your head, sir," rejoined the captain. "Take it, sir, it is at your service," said P. The captain drew his sword, a long dragoon one, and counting one, two, three (Mr. P. all the while remaining immovable), whirled it around him, and at the word three cut the huge uniform hat of P. in two, just grazing his head. "There, sir," says the captain, "is a specimen of what I can do; the next cut off goes the head. Will you fall into the ranks now, sir?" "Yes, sir-ee," said P., "I am perfectly satisfied." The hat was cut in two, as if done by a razor, and P. never winked an eye when the captain made the blow.—*Pioneer*.

When you have no observers, be afraid of yourself. Observe yourself as your greatest enemy; so shall you become your greatest friend.

THE WINDS OF COLD WINTER.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

The winds of cold winter how bleak and how chill,
They sweep in their wrath o'er valley and hill;
They moan through the trees and chant a wild lay,
In numbers so mournful o'er Nature's decay.

The leaves of the forest, they scatter like rain,
And chill the last flower that blooms on the plain;
The hearts of the poor they cause them to fall,
As they howl in the storm or shriek in the gale.

O'er Nature they spread her snow-sheet of death,
And freeze all her streams with their merciless breath;
With the palsy of winter they shake her thin form,
And whisper, "prepare for the season of storm."

Ye winds of cold winter, though fiercely ye blow,
Ye are held in the hand of our Maker, we know;
He sends you in love, though piercing and cold,
And tempers your blast to the lambs of his fold.

WILLIE'S AND BENNY'S RAINY HOLIDAYS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"O, O! HURRAH, hurrah!" shouted little Willie Grant, as he scampered out of the school-yard at four o'clock Friday afternoon, "to-morrow's Saturday, and aint I glad. Nothing but play all day long. Lots of fun I'll have, if— if—" but here his gleeful tone was hushed, and with an anxious eye he gazed upon the western horizon. "O dear," exclaimed he, earnestly, after a few moments of silence, "I'm so 'fraid it'll rain, and if it does I sha'n't have a bit of comfort. Benny," and he called to a school-mate, who was just ahead, "Benny, do you think it'll rain to-morrow? Say no, do."

"That wont keep it from raining, Willie, if it's a mind to."

"Yes it will, too, for you always tell the truth, and you wont say no unless you're pretty sure of a good day. Say, what do you think?"

"I think," and Benny looked quite weather-wise, "that you'll find it best to study again the verse we had yesterday in the geography lesson:

'Evening red and morning gray
Will set the traveler on his way;
But evening gray and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head.'

"That's just like you, Benny; you always remember things just when you ought to. I wish I could; but it aint in me, mother says. Then it'll rain to-morrow, wont it? O dear, I'm so sorry. I do hate rainy Saturdays."

"Hate them! Why, Willie, I love dearly to have them come once in a while. O, I do have such nice times."

"Love to have it rain on holidays, and have nice times! I don't see how you can. For my part, I'd rather it'd rain all the school days for a week, than to rain one Saturday. You must love to be scolded and whipt better than other boys."

"Scolded and whipt! Why, do you think little boys are scolded and whipt any more on rainy days than on sunny ones?"

"Well, I am at any rate, and that is why I dread them so. The first thing I hear in the morning is mother, scolding as hard as she can. Before I get out of the bedroom she begins. 'There,' she says, 'there, now I've got to have that boy under my feet all day again. I do wish school kept every day. He'll be into everything, I'll warrant, and I'll have to stop a dozen times in the midst of my baking and whip him. I never yet could see any comfort in having boys.'"

"But do you get into everything, Willie?" asked his playmate, earnestly. "I should not think you would, when you know it'll plague your mother, and get you a whipping, too."

"But what can I do, Benny?" replied the other, naively. "I must do something. Mother, herself, says boys can't keep still, and she wont give me anything to do or play with, and so I can't help getting into mischief. Sometimes I think I will be good, and so I'll dress myself very still and go into the kitchen and not mean to make a bit of noise. But I never can do anything to suit her. Once I took down some books from the shelves, and built a little house on the stand; I was just as still as a mouse, and I did n't hurt them the least bit, and I was just having a real good time, when the first thing I knew I felt mother's hand slapping my ears, and heard her screaming, 'put up those books, you child, you, and that pretty quick, too. I am not going to have such a litter about on Saturday.' Well, I put them up, and thought I would be good. But as soon as my ears stopped aching I began to want to play again; so I took an old newspaper and folded it up so as to make a soldier's cap, and put it on my head and began to march about the room, whistling, very softly, though, 'A soldier's the lad for me,' when, the first thing I knew, mother snatched off my cap and jumped me up into a chair, and told me to sit still there and not crase her with my noise. Well, the chair stood by the window, and so I began to draw pictures in the steam with my fingers, and was just having a real nice time, thinking how, the first time I got some paper and a pencil, I'd try to draw little sissy in the cradle, like that great man did that the schoolmarm told us about, when bang goes another box on my ears, and I

hear mother saying, 'There, now, see if you'll keep your hands off my clean windows after this, and sit up and behave yourself like a man.' Well, then I got mad, 'cause I couldn't do anything I wanted to, or have anything to play with, and began to thump the chair rounds with my feet, and to bawl as loud as I could, and I kept on so till mother couldn't bear it any longer, when she took me down, gave me what she calls a good whipping, but why, I can't see, for it don't feel good, and it don't make me good, either, and then I had to eat a crust of bread for my breakfast. O, I do hate rainy days."

"Well, I don't wonder, now," said Benny.

"No, I guess you don't. And so it goes, all day long. If I ask her to read to me, she's too busy; if I want her to tell me a story, she hasn't got no time; if I want to go out and play in the mud, she wont let me because I'll dirty my clothes; if I want to play in the house, I can't because it'll make a noise. I never do have a bit good times, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up garret. I tell you, then I have fun. I was afraid first of the *boogars* she told me lived up there, and cried myself most sick, but I heard her tell father that night, when she thought I was asleep, that she had found out how to frighten me at last, and then they both laughed to think how scared I was at nothing. I tell you, I aint scared now. But I make a regular bawl every time she puts me up there, and tell her there'll a man with four arms and a black face, or a bear with two heads and ten mouths, come and carry me off, and I keep up a noise till I know she's got fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. But it's kind of lonesome, after all, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and I tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one, and say: Don't let it rain next Saturday, but please to put it off till Monday, and then I go to sleep, tired almost to death. O, dear, I hope it wont rain to-morrow," and the little hands were pressed nervously to the little heart, and the bright blue eyes of the speaker looked anxiously at the clouds which were gathering in such thick, dark masses.

"Well, I hope it wont, either, for your sake, Willie," said Benny, in a pitying tone; "but I'd just as lief it would as not, for my sake."

"But why, Benny? Aint your mother cross to you, and wish you'd never been born?"

"I guess not. I never heard her say she did, and she never acts as though she wanted to get rid of me. I don't believe she's a bit like your mother, Willie."

"Well, I hope she aint, I'm sure."

"Well, I know she aint. Why the first thing she says to me on rainy Saturdays, after she's kissed me,—she always does that, rain or shine—"

"Does she? Why, my mother don't."

"She always says, 'Benny and mother'll have a nice time to-day, wont they?' And then I hug her and say, I guess we will, and then I go to work. She always has something for me to do before breakfast. Sometimes I clean the beans, or pick over the coffee-seeds; sometimes I bring in the oven wood; sometimes I bring up the apples and wipe them, and put them into the pan already to bake; at any rate I always find something to do, and it's always breakfast-time before I think of being 'hungry. Then while she's washing up the dishes, I go and clean up the woodhouse, or do some other easy chore, and then when she gets to baking, I always stand up by the table and watch her all the time, and hear her talk, and O, I do learn so much!

"Why, don't you think, Willie, I didn't know once but what flour was dug up out of the ground in bags, but now I know all about 'how the farmer sows his seed,' and how the sunshine and the rain give it life, and how the little blade comes up first, and then the green stalk, and then the head, and then how it ripens and is cut down and bound into sheaves, and carried into the barn and threshed, and carried to the mill and ground, and sold to the grocer, and then bought by father and made up by mother into cakes and pies for me. She tells me about everything she uses in baking. I asked where lard came from, and she told me, and then we spent three or four rainy days talking about the pig, where 't came from first, how it lives, how many kinds there are, and what is done with every part of it, and it's as good as a story. Then butter made us think of the cow, and that made a good long talk. Then she tells me all about how sugar and molasses are made, and in what countries the sugar-cane grows, and all about the spices and the fruits, and how they make raisins out of grapes, and then all about how folks used to live in old times when the women had to grind the corn, and they didn't have stoves. O, I tell you, I get very wise on Saturdays. I think sometimes I learn more than I do on all the other five days, and it don't seem like learning either.

"And then, always before I get tired, mother gets through baking, and has a nice little warm pie or cake for me to eat. And then, after dinner, I play with my blocks, while she is washing the dishes, and she tells me all about different

kinds of houses, and what they're made of, and which are pretty, and which are convenient, and I tell you, Willie, if ever I get to be a man, I shall know just what kind of a house I'll build.

"And then when she gets all through and sits down, she'll read to me while she rests, or tell me a story, and sometimes take me on her lap and sing to me, just as she used to do when I was her little baby, and if I get sleepy she will fold me closely in her arms till I begin to dream, and then lay me on the lounge and let me have a good nap. And when I wake up, if it don't rain very hard, she'll let me run over to the shop, and help father put up his tools for Sunday, and if it does storm too bad, she'll send me up garret to have a dance and frolic, and then after tea, father'll take me on his knee, and tell me stories, and ask me how much I've learned through the week, and tell me what I must do to grow up a good and true man. And I tell you, Willie, when I cuddle up in my little bed, I am just the happiest little boy in the whole world; and sometimes I feel like you, as though I wanted to say two prayers, only my other one is, please make it rain next Saturday. O, dear, I most hope it'll rain to-morrow."

"And I don't blame you, Benny," said Willie, with a sigh. "How I wish I'd been born your brother; what nice times we'd have. O, I hope it won't rain to-morrow."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Willie, if it does. I'll ask my mother to let me come over to your house, and invite you to spend the day with me. She's always sorry for little boys and girls that have got cross mothers, and loves to make them glad whenever she can. Do you think your mother will let you come?"

"O, yes, indeed she will. She'll be glad to get me out of the way. You come and ask her, do, Benny—that is, if it rains, and I guess it will, don't you? That's an awful black cloud over there, isn't it?"

"Yes, I guess it is, and if the geography verse is true, we'll have a good time to-morrow," and they said "good-by," and then went off singing

"Evening gray and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head."

ASTRONOMY'S CONQUESTS IN 1854.

Professor Challis announces, as the conquest of Astronomy during the past year, four new planets, and the same number of new comets; none of the latter have been, as yet, identified with any of their predecessors, which unfortunately is the case with respect to the planets—the number of which, instead of being the mystic seven, bids fair to increase to seventy; equally to the inconvenience of astronomers and the juvenile students of astronomical catechisms.

A COURTEOUS GENTLEMAN.

A tradesman, living in the Rue St. Honore, possesses a young and pretty wife who is passionately fond of the theatre, but being continually occupied in business, he is rarely able to indulge her. A few days ago, she got a ticket for the Porte St. Martin, telling him that it had been given to her, asking him to accompany her. He promised, but when the evening came he was unable to go. The wife, who was *en grande toilette*, was furious at her disappointment, but determined not to be balked, she made her servant accompany her. On leaving the theatre she was followed by two young men, who were very insolent. To escape them she called a cab that was passing, but the coachman made a sign that he had some one in the vehicle. She was turning away, when the cab stopped and an elegantly dressed young man jumped from it. "I see, ladies," he said with a low bow, "that you are annoyed by two insolent fellows. Deign to accept this cab—I will seek for another."

The tradeswoman accepted with thanks, and the gentleman handed her and her servant in with the greatest politeness. She gave her address to the cabman, and the vehicle drove off. Arrived at her own residence, she stopped, and asked what there was to pay.

"21f. 75c!" said the cabman.

"What, 21f.!" cried the tradeswoman in astonishment. "Why you have only come from the Porte St. Denis—and have not been half an hour on the way!"

"Do not talk nonsense," said the cabman, rudely, "I have been driving the gentleman about since morning. But where is he? Disappeared!"

On discovering that his fare really had disappeared, the man thought the women were in connivance with him to cheat him, and he became very insolent. The poor tradeswoman had not money enough to satisfy his demand, and he gave her and her companion into close custody. They had to pass the whole night in the guard-house de la Lingerie, and were not released until the next morning, when the tradesman claimed them, and indemnified the coachman. The tradeswoman vows that she will never go to the play again without her husband.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

Was William Penn the inventor of writing?

Where was the celebrated gunpowder plot situated, and was it a green plot?

Was Sterne, the writer, a very severe man?

Was Pitt the deepest politician of his day?

When a youth is said to be "fond of the weed," does it mean chickweed?

Is buckwheat a particularly smart looking grain?

Does it follow that potatoes are suicides because they shoot out their eyes?

Are the people of Gaul very bitter in their disposition?

Are pavement flags stone-colored?

What is the ordinary size of a garden "box"?

Has wild thyme anything to do with the idle moments of youth?

Does being canonised mean being blown to pieces?—*American Courier*.

MEMORY'S MIRROR.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

Sweet friend, Time's dark and rapid stream
Has sundered those who once did deem
They could on each rely;
Who thought, while travelling hand-in-hand,
Affection's wealth they could command,
And with it fate defy.

I sit and look through mists of years;
And lo! a childish face appears,
With glistening, golden hair;
I list again to voice most sweet,
Again I see the rustic seat—
We sat together there.

Once more I look in Memory's glass,
I see a girlish figure pass,
The same, but older now;
The hair in darker wavelets lies
Calm now are those soul-freighted eyes,
And pensive that sweet brow.

I spring to meet with greetings fond;
The vision fades—there's nought beyond
But gleams of cold moonlight.
O, ghostly Time!—can nought relume
Affection's glow? Is it my doom
To fade from memory quite?

Though friendship's chain is rusted o'er,
Will not kind thoughts its sheen restore,
And weld its links anew?
For friend of childhood's, girlhood's day,
I ne'er shall find, where'er I stray,
Another friend like you.

THE FIREMAN.

BY MISS M. C. MONTAIGNE.

In one of the old-fashioned mansions which stand, or stood, on Broadway, lived Alderman Edgerton. Nothing could have induced Miss May Edgerton to reside six months in the old brick house had it not been inhabited by her grandmother before her, and been built by her great-grandfather. As it was, she had a real affection for the antiquated place, with its curiously-carved door-knocker, its oaken staircase, and broad chimneys with their heavy franklins. She was a sweet, wild, restless little butterfly, with beauty enough to make her the heroine of the most extravagant romance, and good as she was beautiful.

Little May had never known a sorrow, and in fact existence had but one bugbear for her—that was, the fates in the shape of her parents, had decreed that she should not marry, nor engage herself positively, until she had met a cer-

tain young gentleman, upon whom like commands had been imposed by his equally solicitous parents. The name, it must be confessed, impressed May favorably—Walter Cunningham; there was something manly about it, and she spent more time than she would like to acknowledge, in speculations regarding its owner, for to May, notwithstanding what Will Shakspeare has said to the contrary, there was a very great deal in a name. By some chance she had never met him. She had passed most of her life, for what crimes she could not tell, in a sort of prison, cycled a fashionable boarding-school, and the greater part of the vacations had been spent with a rich maiden aunt and an old bachelor uncle in the city of Brotherly Love. A few days previous to her liberation from this "durance vile," Walter Cunningham had set out for Paris, where he was to remain as long as suited his convenience.

May had just returned home, and having learned this little piece of news, which she very properly deemed not at all complimentary to herself, was in as vexable a mood as her amiability ever allowed. Her cousin Hal suddenly entered the room in a rather boisterous manner, with the exclamation:

"Hurrah! May, I am going to be a fireman!"

"So I should suspect," returned May, a little pettishly.

"Suspect?" said Hal, sobering down in a moment.

May laughed.

"Why will you join such a set of rowdies, Hal? I should think it quite beneath me!"

"Rowdies! Those loafers who hang about the companies, attracted by the excitement and the noise, do not belong to the department."

"You know the old adage, Hal,—'People are known by the company they keep,' that is, 'birds of a feather flock together.'"

"Why, May, this is too bad! They are the noblest fellows in the world."

"Noble! I have lived too long in Philadelphia not to know something about firemen. They used to frighten me almost out of my senses. Once we thought they would set fire to the whole city, murder the people and drink their blood! O, such a savage set you never saw!"

Hal laughed outright.

"Shoot the men, strangle the women, and swallow the children alive!" he echoed, mockingly.

"It is no subject for jesting, Mr. Hal Delaney. Philadelphia is not the only place. Take up the papers any morning, and what will you

find under the Williamsburgh head? Accounts of riots, street-battles, and plunderings, in all of which the firemen have had a conspicuous part, and New York is not much better."

"Well, May, you do make out the firemen to be a miserable set, most assuredly. Now, if I had not already committed myself," continued Hal, jestingly, "almost you would persuade me to denounce this gang of rowdies, murderers and robbers; but the Rubicon is passed!"

"I do detest a fireman above all men!" ejaculated May, emphatically, as Hal left the house to go down town and procure his equipment. Little did either of them dream what was to be the scene of his first fire.

May's too sound slumbers were disturbed about twelve o'clock that night by a confused rush of sounds, cries, shrieks, crackling beams and falling timbers. She wrapped her dressing-gown around her, and rushed to the door. Unclasping the bolts, she threw it open, but hastily closed it again, for smoke and flame rushed in, almost suffocating her.

"O, God, save me!" she murmured, huskily, flying to the window, only to gaze upon a scene which sent dismay to her heart. Clouds of flame and smoke enveloped everything. For a moment the bursting mass of fire was stayed by a huge stream of water, and she caught a glimpse of the crowd below.

There were men, boys, engines, ladders, furniture, all heaped together in confusion; but the smoke and flame rolled forth with renewed anger after their momentary check, and all was blank again. She cried for help, but her voice was lost in the universal din. The heat became intense, the flame knocked at her very door to demand admittance; she heard its fiery tongue flap against the panels, a few moments more and its scorching arms would clasp her in their embrace of death. She knelt one moment, her soul was in that prayer; she rushed again with almost hopeless agony to the window. O, joy! and yet how terrible! That moment when the flame relaxed to gain new energy, a fireman had discovered her frail form in the glare of the light. He did not hesitate an instant; his soul was made of such stern stuff as common minds cannot appreciate. He raised the first ladder within his reach against the wall—a miserable thing, already half-burned,—and springing on it, ascended amid the flames.

He had scarcely reached the top of the third story, when he felt it bend beneath him; he heard the shriek above, the cries below, and turning, sprang to the ground unharmed, as his treacherous support fell crackling in the blaze.

A shout of joy arose at his wonderful escape, and now they poured a constant, steady stream beneath the window at which May's face was discovered by all. A moment, and another ladder, much stouter than the first, was raised. The undismayed fireman ran up its trembling rounds, amid the stifling smoke, the eager flames wrapping themselves around him as he passed; a moment more, and he had reached the terrified May, caught her hand and lifted her to his side. She gazed a second on his speaking face—there was a world of meaning in it; she asked no question—he uttered not a word, but by his eye and hand guided her down that fiery, dizzy path, so full of danger and of death. A fresh burst of flame defied the stream of water; it flashed around them while all below was as silent as the grave, naught heard but the hissing of the blaze and the crackling of the timbers. May would have fallen, shrinking from the embrace of the relentless flame; but the fireman caught her in his arms and leaped to the ground just as the second ladder fell. O, then there were cries of wild delight, and with renewed vigor the dauntless men worked against the fire. May's friends came crowding around her; her father clasped her in his trembling arms, with a whispered "O, May! May! you are safe!—the old house may burn now!" and the mother shed such tears as only thankful mothers weep.

But the noble fireman was gone; in vain Hal endeavored to gain some particulars concerning him, from the members of the company to which he belonged. They told him that not a single black ball had been cast against him, although he was a stranger to them all, save the foreman, for he carried his claim to confidence in his honest face. He always pays his dues, never shrank from duty, was kind and gentlemanly—what more could they desire. The foreman himself was obstinately silent concerning the history of his friend, muttering his name in such an undertone that Hal could not understand it. On the morrow, all New York was echoing with his praises. So brave, so rashly brave a thing had not been done in years, though every week the noble firemen hazarded their lives for the safety of the city.

Hal met May with a pale, a haggard face. He had thought her safe until he saw the stranger fireman on the ladder and learned his errand. He loved his cousin, and had suffered almost the agonies of death. May burst into tears.

"O, Hal, what do I not owe to a fireman!"

Hal then recalled for the first time her words of the previous day.

"Do you despise the firemen now, May?"

"Despise them? God forbid! How devoted!—how self-sacrificing!—how humane!—how noble to risk one's life for an entire stranger! O, Harry, I wish we could learn his name, that we might at least thank him. I shall never forget the first moment when he grasped my hand; it was the first that I had hoped to live. It seemed to me there was something of a divinity in his eyes as I met their gaze, and I did not fear to descend into the very flames. But I know now what it was—the noble, self-forgetting, heaven-trusting soul shining through those eyes, which spoke to mine and bade me fear not, but trust in God."

Hal was silent for a moment; then he said, slowly and sorrowfully:

"Every fireman could not have acted thus. O, May, will you forgive me? I felt that I could not. He impressed me with a kind of awe when after the first ladder had fallen he raised a second, as determined as before. He would have died rather than have given you up!"

It was a long while before the thought of Walter Cunningham crossed the mind of May Edgerton, and then she dwelt upon it but for a moment. A fireman had become an object of intense interest to her. Blue coats, brass buttons and epaulets sank into shameful insignificance beside the negligent costume of a fireman, and let Hal call, "Here, May, comes a glazed cap and a red shirt!" and she was at the window in an instant. One day Hal returned home with a face glowing with excitement.

"I have seen him, uncle! May, I have seen the stranger fireman!"

"Where? where?" was the quick response.

"There was a tremendous fire down town to-day, burning through from street to street. —'s book establishment, which has so long enlightened all the country, now illumined a good part of the city in quite another manner. The paper flew in every direction. All New York was there, and the stranger among the rest. Every one saw him, the firemen recognized him, and he worked like a brave fellow. There was more than one noble deed done to-day, for many a life was in peril." Hal's eyes glistened now, for he had saved a life himself. "The poor girls who stitched the books had to be taken down by ladders from the upper stories; no one can tell how many were rescued by our hero! The flames leaped from story to story, resistless, swallowing up everything; the giant work of years, the productions of great minds, all fading, as man rusts himself, into ashes, ashes!"

"But, Hal, our fireman—did you not follow him?"

"Indeed I did!—up through Fulton into Broadway; up, up, up, until he hurried down Waverley Street, I after him, and suddenly disappeared among the old gray walls of the university. I went in, walked all through the halls, made a dozen inquiries, but in vain. I reckon he is a will-o'-the-wisp."

Scarcely a week had flown by before another terrific fire excited all the city. People began to think that every important building on the island was destined to the flames. The hall where Jenny Lind had sung, where little Jullien with his magic bow had won laurels, and the larger Jullien enchanted the multitude; the hall which had echoed to the voice of Daniel Webster, which was redolent with memories of greatness, goodness and delight, was wrapped in the devouring element. Hal Delancey was quickly on the ground, but the strange fireman already had the pipe of his company. He walked amid the flames with a fearless, yet far from defiant air, reminding Hal only of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. He was everywhere, where work was to be done, gliding over sinking beams, the example for all, giving prompt orders, as promptly obeyed, every fireman rallying around him with hearty good will, all jealousy cast aside, their watchword "Duty."

Towards morning, when the danger to other buildings was past, Harry closely watched the stranger, who seemed to mark him too, and with two members of his company determined to follow him and find out who he was, not only that his cousin and her father might have the poor felicity of thanking him, but because he was himself entranced by the manner of the man, and like May, saw something mysteriously beautiful shining through his eyes. The three—a young lawyer, a Wall Street merchant, and Hal—now tracked the fireman's steps with a "zeal worthy of a better cause." Hal did not think he was showing any very good manners in thus pursuing a person who quite evidently did not wish to be known; still he had once accosted the stranger in a gentlemanly manner, and received no satisfactory reply, so now he had decided, cost what it might, to make what discoveries he was able to, with or without leave.

This time it was down, down Broadway, through Fulton* to Peck Slip. The stranger's light, almost boyish form moved swiftly, but evenly onward, while behind him fell the measured tread of Hal and his companions. Arrived at the pier, instead of crossing over by the ferry, the stranger unloosed a small boat, and

springing into it, seized the oars, turning back a half-scornful, half merry glance at his pursuers. Hal was not to be outwitted thus. He quickly procured a boat, and the three soon overtook the stranger. They rowed silently along, not a word spoken from either boat, the oars falling musically upon the waves, darkness still brooding over the waters. The stranger made no attempt to land, but held on his course up the East River until they approached Hurl Gate.

"I do believe we are following the devil!" exclaimed the lawyer, suddenly, recalling some of his questionable deeds, as he heard the roar of the whirlpools, and saw the foam glistening in the dim light.

"He never came in such a shape as that!" laughed Hal, whose admiration of the stranger momentarily increased as he watched his skilful pilotage.

"Indeed, Delancey, I am not at all ready to make an intimate acquaintance with the 'Pot,' or 'Frying Pan,'" again exclaimed the lawyer fireman.

Still, Hal insisted upon following, in hopes the stranger would tack about.

"You have no fears?" said Hal, to his brother fireman, the merchant.

"Why no," he returned, calculatingly; "that is, if the risk is not too great."

Now the waters became wilder, lashing against the rocks, leaping and foaming; it was a dangerous thing to venture much farther, they must turn back now or not at all; a few strokes more and they must keep on steadily through the gate—one false movement would be their destruction. The stranger's bark gradually distanced them—they saw it enter among the whirling eddies—he missed the sound of their measured strokes, glanced back, lost the balance of his oars, his boat upset, and Hal saw neither no more. There, on that moonless, starless night, when the darkness was blackest, just before the dawn, the brave fireman had gone down in that whistling, groaning, shrieking, moaning, Tartarean whirlpool! Mute horror stood on every face. Hal's grasp slackened; the lawyer quickly seized the oars, and turned the boat's prow towards the city.

"Do you not think we could save him?" gasped Hal, his face like the face of the dead.

"Save him!" ejaculated the lawyer; "that's worse than mad! Malafert alone can raise his bones along with 'Pot Rock.'"

Hal groaned aloud. Perhaps the stranger had no intention of going up the river, until driven by them. It was a miserable thought, and hung with a leaden weight upon Hal's spirit. He re-

mained at home all the next day, worn out and dejected. May rallied him.

"How I pity you, poor firemen! You get up at all times of the night, work like soldiers on a campaign, and sometimes do not even get a 'thank you' for your pay. You know I told you never to be a fireman!"

"I wish I had followed your advice," answered Hal, with something very like a groan.

May started. She noticed how very pale he was, and bade him lie down on the sofa. She brought a cushion, and sat down by his side.

"Now, Hal, you must tell me what troubles you. Has any one been slandering the firemen? I will not permit that now, since I have so kind a cousin in their ranks," said May, with a wicked little smile.

In vain she racked her brain for something to amuse him; Hal would not be amused. She bade him come to the window and watch the fountain in Union Park, but he strolled back immediately to the luxurious sofa, and buried his face in his hands. At last he could endure his horrid secret no longer; it scorched his brain and withered his very heart.

"May, you have not asked me if I saw the mysterious fireman last night?"

May could not trust her voice to reply.

"He was at the fire."

"Was he?"

"I tell you he *was*," returned Hal, pettishly. "When I say he *was*, I do not mean that he *was not*. I followed him after the fire."

"Did you?"

"Good heavens, you will drive me mad!" Hal sprang to his feet. "I followed him I say—ay, to the death!"

Then ensued a rapid recital of all that had passed. Hal was excited beyond endurance, every nerve was stretched to its utmost, and the purple veins stood out boldly on his white forehead. He did not wait for May to say a word, but abruptly ended his narrative with:

"Was not this a pretty way to reward him for saving the life of my cousin—my sister? O, God, must the roar of that terrible whirlpool ring in my ears forever?" He gazed a moment on May's countenance of speechless sorrow, and rushed from the room.

For a long time Hal and May scarcely spoke to each other. He felt as though he had wronged her, and was always restless in her society. He could not bear to receive the thousand cousinly attentions which May had always lavished on him, and which she now performed mechanically; he hated to see the slippers by the corner of the grate, and after a few evenings would

not notice them; but above all he could not endure that very, very sad expression in May's eyes—for worlds he would have wished not to be able to translate it. The time for his wedding was fast drawing nigh, and he knew he should be miserable if May did not smile upon his bridal.

Weeks passed, and Delancey did not go to a fire; he paid his fines and remained at home. But he could not sleep while the bells were ringing—somehow they reminded him of that still night at Hurl Gate. By degrees the coldness wore off between May and himself, and she consented to be Emily's, *his* Emily's bridesmaid.

One night, however, the bell had a solemn summons in it, which Hal could not resist. It tolled as though for a funeral, and spoke to his very heart. He threw on his fire-clothes and hastened down town. Delancey soon reached the scene of destruction. The flames were arousing in all their mad mirth, as though they were to be the cause of no sorrow, no pain, no death. Hal's courage was soon excited; he leaped upon the burning rafters, rescuing goods from destruction, telling where a stream was needed; but suddenly he became paralyzed—he heard a voice which had often rung in his ear amid like scenes, a greater genius than his own was at work, he learned that he was innocent, even indirectly, of the stranger's death. Joy thrilled through every vein, he could have faced any peril, however great. Regardless of the angry blaze, he made his way through fire and smoke to the stranger's side. The fireman paused in his labor a moment, grasped Hal's hand, and with a smile, in which mingled a dash of triumph, said:

"You see I am safe."

"Do you forgive my rudeness?" asked Hal.

"Entirely!" was the ready response, and they went to work again.

In a few minutes Hal was separated from his friend—for he felt that he was his friend, and could have worked at his side until his last strength was expended. Retiring from the burning building to gather new vigor for the conflict, a sight glared before his eyes as he gazed backward for a moment, which froze his blood and made him groan with horror. The rear wall of the building, at a moment when no one expected it, with a crash, an eloquent yell of terror, fell. How many brave men were buried beneath the ruins, none could say. Hal saw the stranger falling with the timbers and the mass of brick; he strained his gaze to mark where he should rest, but lost sight of him beneath the piled-up beams and stones.

"A brave heart has perished!" cried Hal, thinking of but one of the many who had fallen sacrifices to their noble heroism. All night long the saddened, horrified firemen worked in subduing the flames and extricating the bruised bodies of the victims. Some still breathed, others were but slightly injured, but many more were drawn forth whose lips were still in death, their brave arms nerveless, and their hearts pulseless forever. O, it was a night of agony, of terror and dismay! The fireman's risk of life is not poetry, nor a romance of zeal, or picture wrought by the imagination. It is an earnest, solemn, terrible thing, as they could witness who stood around those blackened corpses on that midnight of woe.

Hal searched with undiminished care for the noble stranger, until his worn energies required repose. In vain did he gaze upon the recovered bodies to find that of the fireman; it was not there. Towards morning they found his cap; they knew it by the strange device—the anchor and the cross emblazoned on its front, above the number of his company.

"A fitting death for him to die!" said clergymen, as they recalled his unexampled bravery, the majesty of his mien, the benevolence of every action.

The news of the disaster spread through the city with the speed of lightning. Friends hastened to the spot, and O, what joy for some to find the loved one safe!—what worse than agony for others to gaze upon the features of their search all locked in ghastly death! With conflicting emotions, Delancey told May Edgerton of his last meeting with the strange fireman. A gush of thankfulness shot through her heart that he had not perished that dark night in Hurl Gate, that he had met an honorable doom. Hal preserved his cap as an incentive to goodness and greatness, and longed to be worthy to place on his own the mysterious device of the stranger.

The funeral obsequies of the deceased firemen were celebrated by all the pomp esteem could propose, or grief bestow. Mary Edgerton stood by the window as the long ranks of firemen filed round the park, all wearing the badge of mourning, the trumpets wreathed in crape, the banners lowered, the muffled drums beating the sad march to the grave. All the flags of the city were at half-mast, the fire bells tolled mournfully, and when, wearied with their sorrowful duty, their cadences for a while died away in gloomy silence, the bells of Trinity took up the wail in chiming the requiem to the dead. Everywhere reigned breathless silence, broken only by these sounds of woe.

As May gazed on the slow procession, her eye was attracted by the emblem on a fireman's cap—it was the same—an anchor and a cross! That form, it could be no other, the face was turned towards her, it was the stranger fireman! His very step bespoke the man, as with folded arms and solemn tread he followed in the funeral cortege.

That evening Hal Delancey returned home, his countenance beaming with joy, in strange contrast with the gloom of the day. "May, he is safe again!" was his first exclamation. "He is a perfect Neptune, Vulcan, master of fire and flood. Neither the surging eddies of Hurl Gate, nor ghastly flames and crashing beams have been able to overcome him. How he escaped he scarcely knows, and yet he does not bear a scar. So skilful, so agile, so brave, so dominant over all dangers, we easily might fancy him one of the old heathen deities!

The next day there was to be some public literary exercise at the university, to which the alderman's family had been invited. May remembered Hal's once saying that he saw the fireman disappear somewhere around that venerable building, so an early hour found her seated at her father's side in the solemn-looking chapel, watching the arrival of the spectators, but more particularly the entrance of the students. The exercises commenced, still May had discovered no face resembling the fireman of her dreams. Several essays were pronounced with ease and grace, and the alderman took a fitting occasion to make a complimentary remark to one of the officers of the institution who was seated near him. "Exactly, exactly," echoed the professor, "but wait until young Sherwood speaks!"

Marion Sherwood was called, and there arose from among the heavy folds of the curtain that had almost entirely concealed him, a student who advanced with the dignity of a Jupiter and the grace of an Apollo. *Duty* was his theme. The words flowed in a resistless torrent from his lips. Every thought breathed beauty and sublimity, every gesture was the "poetry of motion." More than once did the entranced May Edgerton catch the dark eyes of the orator fixed with an almost scrutinizing gaze upon her face. The walls rang with applause as he resumed his seat; bouquets were showered at his feet by beauty's hand, the excited students called out "Sherwood, Sherwood!" he had surpassed himself. May scarcely heard a word that followed. She was delighted to find that she had not deceived herself, that in intellectual strength he equalled the promise of his daring.

At the close of the exercises Marion Sherwood would have hastened away, but the chancellor detained him. "Alderman Edgerton desires an introduction to you, sir," deliberately remarked the chancellor. Marion bowed. The alderman, after the first greeting, caught his hand. "I cannot be deceived, sir; you are the gallant youth who so nobly rescued my daughter from a terrible death." Again Marion bowed, hesitatingly, striving to withdraw his hand from the alderman's grasp. "Will you not permit me at least to thank you?" said Mr. Edgerton, in a wounded tone. Young Sherwood had not the slightest intention of offending him, and wished to hasten away only to escape observation. Now, however, with his usual generosity, he forgot his own inclinations, and permitted himself to be overwhelmed with expressions of heartfelt gratitude. He suddenly checked the alderman's torrent of eloquence by requesting an introduction to his daughter, who stood in the shadow of a pillar awaiting her father. May Edgerton's one little sentence of earnest thanks, speaking through every feature, was more grateful to the young student than all her father's words. One mutual glance made them friends in more than name. Now many an evening found Marion Sherwood whiling away a student's idle hours in the luxuriant drawing-room of Mr. Edgerton. May and he together read their favorite poets and the old classic writers, his daring mind stored with philosophy, guiding her wild imagination, her gentle goodness beguiling his bolder thoughts into the paths of virtue. O, it was blissful thus to mingle their day-dreams, encircling themselves in rainbows of hope and stars lit by each other's eyes, all breathing upon them beauty and blessings. May had already wreathed the unknown fireman in all the attributes of virtue and of manliness; happy was she to find them realized in Marion. And he, when sitting in the shadows of the old marble pile, gazing up at the brilliant sky, had pictured a being beautiful and good, whose soul could comprehend the yearnings of his own, and this he found in May. Thus their two souls grew together, until their thoughts, their hopes, their very lives seemed one.

When Marion Sherwood requested of Mr. Edgerton the hand of his daughter, and learned that she was not free, at least until she had met a certain gentleman who was every day expected, his soul recoiled with a sudden sting; he had so leaned upon this staff of happiness, and now it bent like a fragile reed. May laughed in scorn that she should prefer any one to Marion, but he learned that the stranger was talented,

handsome, wealthy, everything that a lady would desire in her favored suitor. If he did not release her, she was not free, and could he be adamant to the captivating charms of guileless, spiritual, beautiful May?

Scarcely had a day passed after Marion—whom May and her father knew only as one of Nature's noblemen—had learned this wretched news which sank into his heart like a poisoned dagger, when the vessel arrived which bore Walter Cunningham, his mother and step-father from France. A few miserable days passed—miserable they were to May and Marion, and the evening was appointed when Cunningham and his parents should call at the alderman's and May's fate, in part, at least, be decided. Marion also was to be there. He arrived early, unknowing even the name of his rival. He concealed himself among the flowers in the conservatory, pacing up and down the fragrant, embowered walks with hasty step and anxious heart. How fondly memory roved back over the jewelled past, glistening with departed joys; how fearfully imagination strove to penetrate the gloomy future; how tremblingly did he await the bursting storm of the blackened present.

The guests had arrived, and Marion was summoned to the drawing-room. With jealous care he had dressed himself in a fireman's costume made of rich materials, which wonderfully became him, that it might remind May what he had dared for her, and what had rendered them so dear unto each other. He stood with folded arms, his eyes fixed upon May Edgerton, scarcely daring to glance at the stranger. Suddenly he lifted his eyes to the pale face of his rival, which was bowed towards the floor.

"Walter!" he cried.

"Marion!" was the startled response.

"Choose, May! choose between us!" exclaimed Marion, with glistening eyes and extended hand.

"With your leave, Mr. Cunningham," she said joyfully, speaking to Walter, but placing her hand in that of Sherwood.

"Man proposes, God disposes." A weight was lifted from Cunningham's heart. While abroad, negligent of his promise to his parents, he had wooed and won a lovely girl to whom he had been privately married a few weeks before setting sail for home, with the promise of a speedy return. So desirous did he find his parents that May Edgerton should be his wife, that he did not dare confess his recreancy, but relied upon the hope that May's affections were already engaged, and thus she would save him in part from the anger of his parents. Why did

not Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood frown and scold at May's poor taste? Why? Because they loved their son Marion quite as well as his half-brother, Walter Cunningham, and were easily reconciled to the change of suitors, especially when they learned Walter had already secured a most estimable wife.

Marion had heard that his brother was engaged conditionally to some "proud, beauty heiress" of New York, and was not at all displeased to have him renounce all claim to his promised bride, when he found to his astonishment that it was his own May Edgerton, whom Cunningham confessed it would have been no difficult thing to love.

"Only to think of May Edgerton marrying a fireman!" exclaimed Hal Delancey, in great glee, at the wedding, which passed off as all weddings should, without a cloud upon heart, face, or sky.

May blushed and whispered to Marion that if ever there was a benevolent, noble, trust-worthy man upon the earth, it was a true-hearted fireman.

If my recital has enlarged one contracted soul, has persuaded one mind to throw aside false prejudices, has taught one child of luxury to look with sympathetic admiration on those who devote themselves so nobly to the public good, has encouraged one bold heart to labor with more exalted zeal in the cause of humanity, this "ower true tale" has not been written in vain.

UNPARALLELED PARSIMONY.

Monsieur Veaudeville was one of the most remarkable men in Paris for his avarice. In the year 1785 he was worth one million sterling. At the age of 72 he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send, for the first time in his life, for a surgeon to bleed him, who, asking him ten pence for the operation, was dismissed. He sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand. He sent for a barber, who at length agreed to undertake the operation for three pence a time.

"But," said the stingy old fellow, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?"

"Three times," answered the barber.

"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"

"About eight ounces," was the answer.

"That will be ninepence; too much, too much," said the miser. "I have determined to adopt a cheaper way; take the whole quantity you designed to take at three times at one, and it will save me sixpence."

This being insisted upon, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, which caused his death in a few days, and he left his immense property to the king.—*Yankee Blade*.

Censure is the tax a man pays the public for being eminent.

THE DYING MOSLEM.

BY WILLIAM MATHER.

The evening sun had shed his golden beams
 O'er Alma's plains, and robed in gorgeous hues
 The beauteous landscape and swift running streams,
 And forest trees now damp with sparkling dews.
 The sun, in passing through his daily course,
 Had witnessed many a scene of deadly strife;
 The Turk, contending with the northern Russ,
 And warriors gory with the tide of life.

'Twas in his tent a dying Moslem lay;
 A follower of the crescent, brave and true;
 While twilight's deepening shades at close of day,
 A dark and gloomy pall around him threw.
 Stretched on a pallet 'neath the tent's dark folds,
 His breath near spent, the life-blood oozing fast,
 The Moslem prays; while oft his dying thoughts
 Now dwell on sweet remembrance of the past.

"Allah, great father of the Universe,
 Into thy hands I now commit my soul;
 Mahomet, prophet of the living God,
 Unto thy bosom my poor spirit fold."
 Thus spake the Moslem hero as he lay
 Gazing in fancy on the heavenly throne;
 His voice grew faint, his breath came short and quick;
 The sun went down, and Azrael claimed his own.

The wind sighed mournfully 'mongst the forest trees,
 As though in sorrow for the warrior brave;
 And Nature sang his requiem on the breeze,
 While mourning comrades dug for him a grave.
 And now the moon shed forth her silvery light
 O'er Alma's battle-field deep-dyed with gore;
 The hero's spirit has ta'en its heavenward flight,
 The foe his battle-cry shall hear no more.

MISS HENDERSON'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THANKSGIVING day dawned clearly and frostily upon the little village of Castleton Hollow. The stage, which connected daily with the nearest railroad station—for as yet Castleton Hollow had not arrived at the dignity of one of its own—came fully freighted both inside and out. There were children and children's children, who, in the pursuit of fortune, had strayed away from the homes where they first saw the light, but who were now returning to revive around the old familiar hearth the associations and recollections of their early days.

Great were the preparations among the housewives of Castleton Hollow. That must indeed be a poor household which, on this occasion, could not boast its turkey and plum pudding, those well-established dishes, not to mention its long rows of pies—apple, mince and pumpkin—wherewith the Thanksgiving board is wont to be garnished.

But it is not of the households generally that I propose to speak. Let the reader accompany me in imagination to a rather prim-looking brick mansion, situated on the principal street, but at some distance back, being separated from it by a front yard. Between this yard and the fence, ran a prim-looking hedge of very formal cut, being cropped in the most careful manner, lest one twig should by chance have the presumption to grow higher than its kindred. It was a two-story house, containing in each story one room on either side of the front door, making, of course, four in all.

If we go in, we shall find the outward primness well supported by the appearance of things within. In the front parlor—we may peep through the door, but it would be high treason in the present moistened state of our boots, to step within its sacred precincts—there are six high-backed chairs standing in state, two at each window. One can easily see from the general arrangement of the furniture, that from romping children, unceremonious kittens, and unhallowed intruders generally, this room is most sacredly guarded.

Without speaking particularly of the other rooms, which, though not furnished in so stately a manner, bear a family resemblance to "the best room," we will usher the reader into the opposite room, where he will find the owner and occupant of this prim-looking residence.

Courteous reader, Miss Hetty Henderson. Miss Hetty Henderson, let me make you acquainted with this lady (or gentleman), who is desirous of knowing you better.

Miss Hetty Henderson, with whom the reader has just passed through the ceremony of introduction, is a maiden of some thirty-five summers, attired in a sober-looking dress, of irrepachable neatness, but most formal cut. She is the only occupant of the house, of which likewise she is proprietor. Her father, who was the village physician, died some ten years since, leaving to Hetty, or perhaps I should give her full name, Henrietta, his only child, the house in which he lived, and some four thousand dollars in bank stock, on the income of which she lived very comfortably.

Somehow, Miss Hetty had never married, though, such is the mercenary nature of man, the rumor of her inheritance brought to her feet several suitors. But Miss Hetty had resolved never to marry—at least, this was her invariable answer to matrimonial offers, and so after a time it came to be understood that she was fixed for life—an old maid. What reasons impelled her to this course were not known, but possibly the

reader will be furnished with a clue before he finishes this narrative.

Meanwhile, the invariable effect of a single and solitary life combined, attended Hetty. She grew precise, prim and methodical to a painful degree. It would have been quite a relish if one could have detected a stray thread even upon her well-swept carpet, but such was never the case.

On this particular day—this Thanksgiving day of which we are speaking—Miss Hetty had completed her culinary preparations, that is, she had stuffed her turkey, and put it in the oven, and kneaded her pudding, for, though but one would be present at the dinner, and that herself, her conscience would not have acquitted her, if she had not made all the preparations to which she had been accustomed on such occasions.

This done, she sat down to her knitting, casting a glance every now and then at the oven to make sure that all was going on well. It was a quiet morning, and Miss Hetty began to think to the clicking of her knitting needles.

"After all," thought she, "it's rather solitary taking dinner alone, and that on Thanksgiving day. I remember a long time ago, when my father was living, and my brothers and sisters, what a merry time we used to have round the table. But they are all dead, and I—I alone am left!"

Miss Hetty sighed, but after a while the recollections of those old times returned. She tried to shake them off, but they had a fascination about them after all, and would not go at her bidding.

"There used to be another there," thought she, "Nick Anderson. He, too, I fear, is dead."

Hetty heaved a thoughtful sigh, and a faint color came into her cheeks. She had reason. This Nicholas Anderson had been a medical student, apprenticed to her father, or rather placed with him to be prepared for his profession. He was, perhaps, a year older than Hetty, and had regarded her with more than ordinary warmth of affection. He had, in fact, proposed to her, and had been conditionally accepted, on a year's probation. The trouble was, he was a little disposed to be wild, and being naturally of a lively and careless temperament, did not exercise sufficient discrimination in the choice of his associates. Hetty had loved him as warmly as one of her nature could love. She was not one who would be drawn away beyond the dictates of reason and judgment by the force of affection. Still it was not without a feeling of deep sorrow—deeper than her calm manner led him to suspect—that at the end of the year's probation, she in-

formed Anderson that the result of his trial was not favorable to his suit, and that henceforth he must give up all thoughts of her.

To his vehement asseverations, promises and protestations, she returned the same steady and inflexible answer, and, at the close of the interview, he left her, quite as full of indignation against her as of grief for his rejection.

That night his clothing was packed up, and lowered from the window, and when the next morning dawned it was found that he had left the house, and as was intimated in a slight note pencilled and left on the table in his room, never to return again.

While Miss Henderson's mind was far back in the past, she had not observed the approach of a man, shabbily attired, accompanied by a little girl, apparently some eight years of age. The man's face bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance, and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather.

"This is the place, Henrietta," said the traveller at length, pausing at the head of the gravelled walk which led up to the front door of the prim-looking brick house.

Together they entered, and a moment afterwards, just as Miss Hetty was preparing to lay the cloth for dinner, a knock sounded through the house.

"Goodness!" said Miss Hetty, fluttered, "who can it be that wants to see me at this hour?"

Smoothing down her apron, and giving a look at the glass to make sure that her hair was in order, she hastened to the door.

"Will it be asking too much, madam, to request a seat by your fire for myself and little girl for a few moments? It is very cold."

Miss Hetty could feel that it *was* cold. Somehow, too, the appealing expression of the little girl's face touched her, so she threw the door wide open, and bade them enter.

Miss Hetty went on preparing the table for dinner. A most delightful odor issued from the oven, one door of which was open, lest the turkey should overdo. Miss Hetty could not help observing the wistful glance cast by that little girl towards the tempting dish as she placed it on the table.

"Poor little creature," thought she, "I suppose it is a long time since she has had a good dinner."

Then the thought struck her: "Here I am alone to eat all this. There is plenty enough for

half a dozen. How much these poor people would relish it."

By this time the table was arranged.

"Sir," said she, "turning to the traveller, 'you look as if you were hungry as well as cold. If you and your little daughter would like to sit up, I should be happy to have you.'"

"Thank you, madam," was the grateful reply. "We are hungry, and shall be much indebted to your kindness."

It was rather a novel situation for Miss Hetty, sitting at the head of the table, dispensing food to others beside herself. "There was something rather agreeable about it.

"Will you have some of the dressing, little girl—I have to call you that, for I don't know your name," she added, in an inquiring tone.

"Her name is Henrietta, but I generally call her Hetty," said the traveller.

"What!" said Miss Hetty, dropping the spoon in surprise.

"She was named after a very dear friend of mine," said he, sighing.

"May I ask," said Miss Hetty, with excusable curiosity, "what was the name of this friend. I begin to feel quite an interest in your little girl," she added, half apologetically.

"Her name was Henrietta Henderson," said the stranger.

"Why, that is my name," ejaculated Miss Hetty.

"And she was named after you," said the stranger, composedly.

"Why, who in the world are you?" she asked, her heart beginning to beat unwontedly fast.

"Then you don't remember me?" said he, rising, and looking steadily at Miss Hetty. "Yet you knew me well in bygone days—none better. At one time it was thought you would have joined your destiny to mine—"

"Nick Anderson!" said Miss Hetty, rising in confusion.

"You are right. You rejected me, because you did not feel secure of my principles. The next day, in despair at your refusal, I left the house, and, ere forty-eight hours had passed, was on my way to India. I had not formed the design of going to India in particular, but in my then state of mind I cared not whither I went. One resolution I formed, that I would prove by my conduct that your apprehensions were ill-founded. I got into a profitable business. In time I married—not that I had forgotten you, but that I was solitary and needed companionship. I had ceased to hope for yours. By-and-by a daughter was born. True to my old love, I named her Hetty, and pleased myself

with the thought that she bore some resemblance to you. Since then, my wife has died, misfortunes have come upon me, and I found myself deprived of all my property. Then came yearnings for my native soil. I have returned, as you see, not as I departed, but poor and careworn."

While Nicholas was speaking, Miss Hetty's mind was filled with conflicting emotions. At length, extending her hand frankly, she said:

"I feel that I was too hasty, Nicholas. I should have tried you longer. But at least I may repair my injustice. I have enough for us all. You shall come and live with me."

"I can only accept your generous offer on one condition," said Nicholas.

And what is that?"

"That you will be my wife!"

A vivid blush came over Miss Hetty's countenance. She couldn't think of such a thing, she said. Nevertheless, an hour afterwards the two united lovers had fixed upon the marriage day.

The house does not look so prim as it used to do. The yard is redolent with many fragrant flowers; the front door is half open, revealing a little girl playing with a kitten.

"Hetty," says a matronly lady, "you have got the ball of yarn all over the floor. What would your father say if he should see it?"

"Never mind, mother, it was only kitty that did it."

Marriage has filled up a void in the heart of Miss Hetty. Though not so prim, or perhaps careful, as she used to be, she is a good deal happier. Three hearts are filled with thankfulness at every return of Miss HENDERSON'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE POST-OFFICE.

There is no better place to view human nature in its various phases than to survey the countenances of a crowd of people as they retire from the post-office window. Disappointment, sorrow, pleasure, each has an impress on some countenance; an elderly woman appears—she soon receives the same negative answer that she has heard for the last month. As she slowly retires you can plainly read despair. A merchant hurriedly walks up and receives a letter; the envelope is broken, but he finds no expected remittance; he retires a disappointed man. The young lady in the full flush of youthful hopes, receives an expected letter from her lover; hastily the seal is broke; you can see her face wreathed and illuminated with smiles, as the contents are perused. A daughter of Erin hastens away to find some one to tell her the secrets contained in her letter. Truly, the cheap postage system has a two-fold effect to quickly disseminate information that shall bring happiness to some, and misery to others.—*Exchange paper.*

SONG OF THE REJECTED.

BY C. LEE COMEGYS.

Nay, lady, nay, say why so proud?
 Why scorn a love like mine?
 I know there's many in yon crowd
 Who'd swear their hearts were thine;
 But, like the snow beneath the sun,
 Their fickle love would fade,
 If Fortune's smile should be withdrawn,
 Or clouds thy bright sky shade.

I know that gallant hearts have sued,
 And sought to win by gold;
 I know that fairer forms have wooed,
 And sighed their love untold;
 But ah, no truer heart than this
 Is offered at thy shrine;
 Why wilt thou turn away, and scorn
 A love so pure as mine?

Thou hast not learned how rich a gem
 Far from thee thou hast hurled;
 A heart is worth a diadem,
 In such a heartless world.
 Farewell! perchance some happier love
 May win thee for his bride;
 And thou'lt forget the humble knight,
 Who lingered by thy side.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY H. W. LORING.

In the good old days of France the fair, when no one dared question the divine right of the sovereign, or the purity of the church,—when the rights of the feudal seigneurs were unchallenged, and they could head or hang, mutilate or quarter their vassals at their pleasure,—when freedom was a word as unmeaning as it is now under his sacred majesty, Napoleon the Third, there came to the capital, from Touraine, an artizan, named Anseau, who was as cunning in his trade of goldsmith as Benvenuto Cellini, the half-mad artificer of Florence. He became a burgess of Paris, and a subject of the king, whose high protection he purchased by many presents, both of works of art and good red gold. He inhabited a house built by himself, near the church of St. Leu, in the Rue St. Denys, where his forge was well known to half the amateurs of fine jewelry. He was a man of pure morals and persevering industry; always laboring, always improving, constantly learning new secrets and new receipts, and seeking everywhere for new fashions and devices to attract and gratify his customers. When the night was far advanced, the soldiers of the guard and the revellers return-

ing from their carousals, always saw a lighted lamp at the casement of the goldsmith's workshop, where he was hammering, carving, chiseling and filing,—in a word, laboring at those marvels of ingenuity and toil which made the delight of the ladies and the minions of the court. He was a man who lived in the fear of God, and in a wholesome dread of robbers, nobles, and noise. He was gentle and moderate of speech, courteous to noble, monk and burgess, so that he might be said to have no enemy.

Claude Anseau was strongly built. His arms were rounded and muscular, and his hand had the grip of an iron vice. His broad shoulders reminded the learned of the giant Atlas; his white teeth seemed as if they were formed for masticating iron. His countenance, though placid, was full of resolution, and his glance was so keen that it might have melted gold, though the limpid lustre of his eyes tempered their burning ardor. In a word, though a peaceable man, the goldsmith was not one to be insulted with impunity, and perhaps it was a knowledge of his physical qualities that secured him from attack in those stormy days of ruffianly violence.

Yet sometimes, in spite of his accumulating wealth and tranquil life, the loneliness of the goldsmith made him restless. He was not insensible to beauty, and often, as he wrought a wedding ring for the finger of some fair damsel, he thought with what delight he could forge one for some gentle creature who would love him for himself and not for the riches that called him lord. Then he would sally forth and lie to the river-side, and pass long hours in the dreamy reveries of an artist.

One day as he was strolling, in this tender frame of mind, along the left bank of the Seine, he came to the meadow afterwards called the Pre aux Cleres, which was then in the domain of the Abbey of St. Germain, and not in that of the University. There, finding himself in the open fields, he encountered a poor girl, who addressed him with the simple salutation:—"God save you, my lord!"

The musical intonation of her voice, chiming in with the melodious images that then filled the goldsmith's busy brain, impressed him so pleasantly that he turned, and saw that the damsel was holding a cow by a tether, while it was browsing the rank grass that grew upon the borders of a ditch.

"My child," said he, "how is it that you are pasturing your cow on the Sabbath? Know you not that it is forbidden, and that you are in danger of imprisonment?"

"My lord," replied the girl, casting down her

eyes, "I have nothing to fear, because I belong to the abbey. My lord abbot has given us license to feed our cow here after sunset."

"Then you love your cow better than the safety of your soul," said the goldsmith.

"Of a truth, my lord, the animal furnishes half our subsistence."

"I marvel," said the good goldsmith, "to see you thus poorly clad and barefoot on the Sabbath. Thou art fair to look upon, and thou must needs have suitors from the city."

"Nay, my lord," replied the girl, showing a bracelet that clasped her rounded left arm; "I belong to the abbey." And she cast so sad a look on the good burgess that his heart sank within him.

"How is this?" he resumed,—and he touched the bracelet, whereon were engraven the arms of the Abbey of St. Germain.

"My lord, I am the daughter of a serf. Thus, whoever should unite himself to me in marriage would become a serf himself, were he a burgess of Paris, and would belong, body and goods, to the abbey. For this reason I am shunned by every one. But it is not this that saddens me—it is the dread of being married to a serf by command of my lord abbot, to perpetuate a race of slaves. Were I the fairest in the land, lovers would avoid me like the plague."

"And how old are you, my dear?" asked the goldsmith.

"I know not, my lord," replied the girl; "but my lord abbot has it written down."

This great misery touched the heart of the good man, who for a long time had himself eaten the bread of misfortune. He conformed his pace to that of the girl, and they moved in this way towards the river in perfect silence. The burgess looked on her fair brow, her regal form, her dusty but delicately-formed feet, and the sweet countenance which seemed the true portrait of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris.

"You have a fine cow," said the goldsmith.

"Would you like a little milk?" replied she.

"These early days of May are so warm, and you are so far from the city."

In fact, the sky was cloudless and burned like a forge. This simple offer, made without the hope of a return, the only gift in the power of the poor girl, touched the heart of the goldsmith, and he wished that he could see her on a throne and all Paris at her feet.

"No, *ma mie*," replied he; "I am not thirsty—but I would that I could free you."

"It cannot be; and I shall die the property of the abbey. For a long time we have lived here, from father to son, from mother to daughter.

Like my poor ancestors, I shall pass my days upon this land, for the abbot does not loose his prey."

"What?" cried the goldsmith, "has no gallant been tempted by your bright eyes to buy your liberty, as I bought mine of the king?"

"Truly, it would cost too much. Therefore those I pleased at first sight went as they came."

"And you never thought of fleeing to another country with a lover, on a fleet courser?"

"O, yes. But, my lord, if I were taken I should lose my life, and my lover, if he were a lord, his land. I am not worth such sacrifice. Then the arms of the abbey are longer than my feet are swift. Besides, I live here, in obedience to Heaven that has placed me here."

"And what does your father, maiden?"

"He is a vine-dresser, in the gardens of the abbey."

"And your mother?"

"She is a laundress."

"And what is your name?"

"I have no name, my lord. My father was baptized Etienne, my dear mother is la Etienne, and I am Tiennette, at your service."

"Tiennette," said the goldsmith, "never has maiden pleased me as thou dost. Hence, as I saw thee at the moment when I was firmly resolved to take a helpmate, I think I see a special providence in our meeting, and if I am not displeasing in thine eyes, I pray thee to accept me a lover."

The girl cast down her eyes. These words were uttered in such a sort, with tone so grave and manner so penetrating, that Tiennette wept.

"No, my lord," replied she, "I should bring you a thousand troubles and an evil fortune. For a poor serf, it is enough that I have heard your generous proffer."

"Ah!" cried Claude, "you know not with whom you have to deal." He crossed himself, clasped his hands, and said:—"I here vow to Saint Eloi, under whose protection is my noble craft, to make two inches of enamelled silver, adorned with the utmost labor I can bestow. One shall be for the statue of my lady the virgin, and the other for my patron saint, if I succeed, to the end that I may give thanks for the emancipation of Tiennette, here present, and for whom I pray their high assistance. Moreover, I vow, by my eternal salvation, to prosecute this enterprise with courage, to expend therein all that I possess, and to abandon it only with my life. Heaven hath heard me, and thou, fair one," he added, turning to the girl.

"Ah, my lord! My cow is running across the field," cried she weeping, at the knees of the

good man. "I will love you all my life—but recall your vow."

"Let us seek the cow," said the goldsmith, raising her, without daring to imprint a kiss upon her lips.

"Yes," said she, "for I shall be beaten."

The goldsmith ran after the cow, which reeked little of their loves. But she was seized by the horns, and held in the grasp of Claude as in an iron vice. For a trifle he would have hurled her into the air.

"Farewell, dearest. If you go into the city, come to my house, near St. Leu. I am called Master Ansean, and am the goldsmith of our seigneur, the king of France, at the sign of St. Eloi. Promise me to be in this field the next Sabbath, and I will not fail to come, though it were raining halberets."

"I will, my lord. And, in the meanwhile, my prayers shall ascend to heaven for your welfare."

There she remained standing, like a saint carved in stone, stirring not, until she could no longer see the burgess, who retired with slow steps, turning every now and then to look upon her. And even when he was long lost to sight, she remained there until nightfall, lost in reverie, and not certain whether what had happened was a dream or bright reality. It was late when she returned home, where she was beaten for her tardiness,—but she did not feel the blows.

The good burgess, on his part, lost his appetite, closed his shop, and wandered about, thinking only of the maiden of St. Germain, seeing her image everywhere. On the morrow, he took his way towards the abbey, in great apprehension, but still determined to speak to my lord abbot. But as he bethought him that it would be most prudent to put himself under the protection of some powerful courtier, he retraced his steps, and sought out the royal chamberlain, whose favor he had gained by various courtesies, and especially by the gift of a rare chain to the lady whom he loved. The chamberlain readily promised his assistance, had his horse saddled and a hackney made ready for the goldsmith, with whom he came presently to the abbey, and demanded to see the abbot, who was then Mon seigneur Hugo de Senecterre, and was ninety-three years old. Being come into the hall, with the goldsmith, who was trembling in expectation of his doom, the chamberlain prayed the Abbot Hugo to grant him a favor in advance, which could be easily done, and would do him pleasure. Whereat, the wily abbot shook his head, and replied that it was expressly forbidden by the canons to plight one's faith in this manner.

"The matter is this, then, my dear father," said the chamberlain. "The goldsmith of the court, here, has conceived a great love for a girl belonging to the abbey, and I charge you, as you would have me grant the favors you may seek hereafter, to liberate this girl."

"Who is she?" asked the abbot of the burgess.

"She is named Tiennette," replied the goldsmith, timidly.

"Oh! ho!" said the good old Hugo, smiling. "Then the bait has brought us a good fish. This is a grave case, and I cannot decide it alone."

"I know, father, what these words are worth," said the chamberlain, frowning.

"Beau sire," replied the abbot, "do you know what the girl is worth?"

The abbot sent for Tiennette, telling his clerk to dress her in her best clothes, and make her as brave as possible.

"Your love is in danger," said the chamberlain to the goldsmith, drawing him one side. "Abandon this fancy; you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choice, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you have it in charge and trust to represent here on earth the bounty of Providence, which is always kind to us, and has infinite treasures of mercy for our miseries. Now I will enshrine you, for the rest of my days, each night and morning in my prayers, if you will aid me to obtain this girl in marriage. And I will fashion you a box to enclose the holy Eucharist, so cunningly wrought, and so enriched with gold and precious stones, and figures of winged angels, that another such shall never be in Christendom,—it shall remain unique, shall rejoice your eyes, and so glorify your altar that the people of the city, foreign lords—all, shall hasten to see it, so wondrous shall it be."

"My son," replied the abbot, "you have lost your senses. If you are resolved to have this girl in wedlock, your property and person will escheat to the chapter of the abbey."

"Yes, my lord, I am devoted to this poor girl, and more touched by her misery and truly Christian heart, than by her personal perfections. But I am," said he, with tears in his eyes, "yet more astonished at your hardness, and I say it, though

I know my fate is in your hands. Yes, my lord, I know the law. Thus, if my goods must fall into your possession, if I become a serf, if I lose my home and my citizenship, I shall yet keep the skill developed by my culture and my studies, and which lies here," he added, touching his forehead, "in a place where God alone, besides myself, is master. And your whole abbey cannot purchase the creation of my brain. You will have my body and my wife, but nothing can give you my genius, not even tortures, for I am stronger than iron is hard, and more patient than suffering is great."

Having said this, the goldsmith, enraged at the calmness of the abbot, who seemed resolved to secure the good man's doubloons to the abbey, dealt such a blow with his fist on an oaken chair, it flew in pieces as if struck by a sledge-hammer.

"See, my lord, what a serf you will have, and how of an artificer of divine things you will make a draught-horse."

"My son," replied the abbot, calmly, "you have wrongfully broken mine oaken chair and lightly judged my heart. This girl belongs to the abbey, and not to me. I am the faithful administrator of the rights and usages of this glorious monastery. Although I may, indeed, liberate this girl and her heirs, I owe an account to God and to the abbey. Now, since there has been here an altar, serfs and monks, *id est*, from time immemorial, never has there been an instance of a burgess becoming the property of the abbey by marriage with a serf. Hence, need there is of exercising this right, that it may not be lost, effete and obsolete, and fall into desuetude, the which would occasion troubles manifold. And this is of greater advantage for the state and for the abbey than your boxes, however beautiful they may be, seeing that we have a fund which will enable us to purchase jewels and bravery, and that no money can establish customs and laws. I appeal to my lord, the king's chamberlain, who is witness of the pains infinite our sovereign taketh each day to do battle for the establishment of his ordinances."

"This is to shut my mouth," said the chamberlain.

The goldsmith, who was no great clerk, remained silent and pensive. Hereupon came Tiennette, clad in glorious apparel, wearing a robe of white wool, with her hair tastefully dressed, and, withal, so royally beautiful, that the goldsmith was petrified with ecstasy, and the chamberlain confessed that he had never seen so perfect a creature. Then, thinking that there was too great danger to the goldsmith in this spectacle, he carried him off to the city, and

begged him to think no more of the affair, since the abbey would never yield so beautiful a prize.

In fact, the chapter signified to the poor lover that, if he married this girl, he must resolve to abandon his property and house to the abbey, and to acknowledge himself a serf; and that then, by special grace, the abbey would allow him to remain in his house, on condition of his furnishing an inventory of his goods, of his paying a tribute every year, and coming annually, for a fortnight, to lodge in a burg appertaining to the domain, in order to make act of serfdom. The goldsmith, to whom every one spoke of the obstinacy of the monks, saw plainly that the abbey would adhere inflexibly to this sentence, and was driven to the verge of despair. At one time he thought of setting fire to the four corners of the monastery,—at another, he proposed to inveigle the abbot into some place where he might torment him till he signed the manumission papers of Tiennette,—in fine, he projected a thousand schemes, which all evaporated into air. But, after many lamentations, he thought he would carry off the girl to some secure place, whence nothing could draw him, and made his preparations in consequence, thinking that, once out of the kingdom, his friends or the sovereign could manage the monks and bring them to reason. The good man reckoned without his host, for, on going to the meadow, he missed Tiennette, and learned that she was kept in the abbey so rigorously, that, to gain possession of her, he would have to besiege the monastery. Then master Anseau rent the air with complaints and lamentations, and, throughout Paris, the citizens and housewives spoke of nothing but this adventure, the noise of which was such, that the king, meeting the old abbot at court, asked him why, in this juncture, he did not yield to the great love of his goldsmith, and practise a little Christian charity.

"Because, my lord," replied the priest, "all rights are linked together, like the parts of a suit of armor, and if one fail, the whole falls to pieces. If this girl were taken from us, against our will, and the usage were not observed, soon your subjects would deprive you of your crown, and great seditions would arise in all parts, to the end of abolishing the tithes and taxes which press so heavily upon the people."

The king was silenced. Every one was anxious to learn the end of this adventure. So great was the curiosity, that several lords wagered that the goldsmith would abandon his suit, while the ladies took the opposite side. The goldsmith having complained with tears to the queen that the monks had deprived him of the sight of

his beloved, she thought it detestable and oppressive. Whereupon, pursuant to her command, the goldsmith was allowed to go dally to the parlor of the abbey, where he saw Tiennette; but always in the company of an aged monk, and attired in true magnificence, like a lady. It was with great difficulty that he persuaded her to accept the sacrifice he was compelled to make of his liberty, but she finally consented.

When the city was made acquainted with the submission of the goldsmith, who, for the love of his lady, abandoned his fortune and his liberty, every one was anxious to see him. The ladies of the court encumbered themselves with jewels they did not need, to make a pretext for talking with him. But if some of them approached Tiennette in beauty, none possessed her heart. At last, at the approach of the hour of servitude and love, Anseau melted all his gold into a royal crown, which he inlaid with all his pearls and diamonds; then coming secretly to the queen, he gave it into her hands, saying:

"My lady, I know not in whose hands to trust my faith and fortune but yours. To-morrow everything found in my house will become the property of those accursed monks, who have no pity on me. Deign, then, to take care of this. It is a poor return for the pleasure I enjoyed by your means, of seeing her I love, since no treasure is worth one of her glances. I know not what will become of me—but if, one day, my children become free, I have a faith in your generosity as a woman and a queen."

"Well said, good man," replied the queen. "The abbey may one day have need of my assistance, and then I will remember this."

There was an immense crowd in the abbey church at the espousals of Tiennette, to whom the queen presented a wedding dress, and whom the king authorized to wear earrings and jewels. When the handsome couple came from the abbey to the lodgings of Anseau, who had become a serf, near St. Leu, there were torches at the windows to see them pass, and in the street two lines of people, as at a royal progress. The poor husband had wrought a silver bracelet, which he wore upon his left arm, in token of his belonging to the abbey of St. Germain. Then, notwithstanding his servitude, they cried, "Noel, Noel!" as to a new king. And the good man saluted courteously, happy as a lover, and pleased with the homage each one paid to the grace and modesty of Tiennette. Then the good goldsmith found green branches, and a crown of blaettes on his doorposts, and the principal persons of the quarter were all there, who, to do him honor, saluted him with music, and cried

out, "You will always be a noble man, in spite of the abbey!"

Tiennette was delighted with her handsome lodgings, and the crowd of customers who came and went, delighted with her charms. The honey-moon passed, there came one day, in great pomp, old abbot Hugo, their lord and master, who entered the house, which belonged no more to the goldsmith, but to the chapter, and, being there, said to the newly married pair:

"My children, you are free, and quit of all claims on the part of the abbey. And I must tell you that, from the first, I was greatly moved with the love which linked you to each other. Thus, the rights of the abbey having been recognized, I determined to complete your joy, after having proved your loyalty. And this manumission shall cost you nothing."

Having said this, he touched them lightly on the cheeks, and they kneeled at his feet and wept for joy. The goldsmith apprized the people who had collected in the street of the bounty and blessing of the good abbot Hugo. Then, in great honor, Anseau held the bridle of his mare, as far as the gate of Bussey. On the way, having taken a sack of money with him, he threw the pieces to the poor and suffering, crying:

"Largesse! largesse to God! God save and guard the abbey! Long live the good Lord Hugo!"

The abbot, of course, was severely reproached by his chapter, who had opened their jaws to devour the rich booty. Thus, a year afterwards, the good man Hugo falling sick, his prior told him that it was a punishment of Heaven, because he had neglected their sacred interests.

"If I judge this man aright," replied the abbot, "he will remember what he owes us."

In fact, this day happening to be the anniversary of the marriage, a monk came to announce that the goldsmith begged his benefactor to receive him. When he appeared in the hall where the abbot was, he displayed two marvellous caskets, which, from that time, no workman has surpassed in any place of the Christian world, and which were called "the vow of perseverance in love." These two treasures are, as every one knows, placed on the high altar of the church, and are judged to be of inestimable workmanship, since the goldsmith had expended all he had on them.

Nevertheless, this gift, instead of emptying his treasury, filled it to overflowing, because it so increased his fame and profits that he was able to purchase broad lands and letters of nobility, and founded the house of Anseau, which has since been in high honor in Touraine.

FAITH'S SYMPATHIES.

BY WM. E. LAWRENCE.

The sympathies of Faith
 Harmoniously flow
 Around the inward, secret pulse,
 Of human hearts below.
 Extraneous songs arise!
 Seraphic, sweet and free;
 And float through ether infinite,
 Eternity's vast sea.

Ecstatic joy pervades—
 Elysian in its power—
 That soul whose faithful sympathies
 O'errule the fleeting hour.
 Whose sombre pinions float
 Athwart the cloud and shade,
 Till brighter, purer, fairer yet,
 Their outward guise is made.

Faith's spirit over earth's
 Material prison walls,
 Holds sway with warmer, deeper love,
 Than round the skeptic falls.
 The cloud-land opens to view,
 Imperiled in rosy light,
 Dispelling e'en the darkest shades
 Of immaterial night.

THE LADY IN THE OMNIBUS.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

ACT first, scene first of this little drama—a street in a pleasant suburban town; time—a dark, stormy evening; the hour—between nine and ten; *dramatis personæ*—a merry party of about a dozen persons, consisting of both ladies and gentlemen, who have just left the house of a friend, and are crossing the village square. A drizzling rain is falling, but judging by the merry voices and shouts of laughter, it does not dampen the spirits of the party.

By the aid of lanterns carried by some of the party, they have just succeeded in crossing the muddy street, when the roll of an omnibus is heard in the distance.

"There, Mr. Tremor," says one of the party, "you can ride to the city, it will save you a long muddy walk."

"Is that omnibus going directly to the city?" inquired the person indicated, the only one of the party whose home did not lie within a stone's throw.

"Yes, directly in," is the reply; "and very fortunate for you, as you will not accept any of our invitations to pass the night."

"I should be very happy to do so, but business forbids."

The omnibus is still at some little distance, but its lights are plainly seen.

"We will stop the coach for you," says one, going into the middle of the street, swinging his lantern over his head, then setting it down on the ground, as if a railroad train were expected instead of a peaceful suburban omnibus. Another, a tall, stout man, stands out in the middle of the street, holding his lantern over his head at arm's length, while the rest of the party stand on the sidewalk, almost convulsed with laughter at the merry jokes passing from one to the other, and all this parade to stop the coach for one passenger.

The omnibus comes nearer and nearer; the driver, by the aid of the lanterns, sees a number of dark figures on the sidewalk, and is already counting them up at ten cents a head. He comes nearer; he stops.

"How many will your omnibus carry?" says one.

"As many as can get in," was the safe and true reply.

One of the gentlemen with a lantern then escorts the only person who is to patronize the coach that night, and leading him very carefully to the steps, calls out to the driver:

"Driver," says he, "this is an exceedingly lonesome man. I hope you will be very careful of him, and leave him safe at his door."

He thrust his friend in, the driver closed the door, looked at the merry party still standing on the sidewalk, betraying not the most distant intention of crowding his vehicle that night, and half amused and half provoked, drives on. The party, with merry joke and laugh, pass on to their homes, and Mr. Tremor rolls on to the city in the coach into which he had been so curiously ushered, his only companion a female, closely wrapped in a blanket shawl. Here we will leave them while we introduce our readers to Mr. Tremor.

He was a young man of talent and genius; a good thinker, a good talker, and an agreeable companion, for on no subject, literature, science or politics, was he ever known to be at fault. Among the associates with whom he had just parted, and with whom it was his pleasure to meet once a week during the winter months, he was beloved and respected.

There was one thing which he gloried in, but for which his associates never ceased to give him their unfeigned and deepest pity, though he always assured them it was wholly uncalled for. He was a bachelor. He made it his boast that he could go when he pleased, and where he pleased. If he stayed out late at night, there was no one to reproach him when he came home. If he chose to sit up at night to read or

write, no little responsibility annoyed him with its midnight cries. If he chose to travel, he had but to take his valise in his hand, go to the depot, and away at half an hour's notice. He had no trouble with trunks, rivalling a suburban villa in size, and surrounded by a body guard of bandboxes. No one had claims upon his purse for silk dresses, loves of bonnets, frocks for little Fanny, or caps for Charlie; he was never called upon for a new carpet for the parlor, because the old one was getting decidedly shabby, and Mrs. P. had a nice new Brussels, and he could afford it as well as Mr. P. And more than all, he never was asked when he went away of a morning, to step into the provision store, and send home a joint of meat, a bunch of turnips, a cabbage, or a string of onions; he never was annoyed by being told that the flour was all out, and there was not a potato in the house. O no, he had none of these troubles, he was fully sensible of his blessings; he knew he was a happy man.

True, his associates pretended to pity him, but he could see through it all—it was sheer envy. They told him of the pleasure of having some one to share their joys and sorrows; they would not give a cent to travel without their better halves; if they saw a fine landscape, they wished for some one to enjoy it with them; and the annoyances of travel, if shared by a wife, were lightened of half their terror; as to the trunks and bandboxes, such things must be expected, the dear creatures could not be expected to go without their finery, and, indeed, they did not wish them to do it; they liked to see them look pretty and genteel, and were willing to pay the penalty.

But he insisted that a male companion was just as good, if you wanted one to share in the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and they were a vast deal less trouble, for they would take care of themselves. Of course, he had the best of the argument. But sometimes when he left the pleasant homes of his friends, where they seemed so happy in each other's love and affection, for his long walk or ride to the city, and then went to his lonely room at his boarding house, it may be his heart suggested the contrast; but if so, it was never known, or he was well satisfied; he was a highly-favored man.

But yet his state of single blessedness did by no means free him from care; pretending to be so free to come and go, no house to look after, no family to call upon him, no children to worry him, to disturb his nights and fret his days; yet his time was more taken up than that of any

married man of his acquaintance. So beset was he with business, he never could get to bed at proper hours; he had little time for recreation, for business hurried him from day to day, from week to week. His friends had long evenings at home, nothing to do but lounge on the sofa, read to their wives, or play with the children; but he was always busy; his bachelorship secured him not from care and the pressure of business.

Yet it must be owned that his friend had erred when he had spoken of him as a lonesome man; he was never lonesome, a mind well cultivated and fond of books need never be lonely, and Mr. Tremor, though a bachelor, was not what might be called a lonesome man. But we have left him a long time in the omnibus with his female companion.

The lady, somewhat alarmed by the noise which had preceded his entrance, had withdrawn herself to the farthest part of the coach. Mr. Tremor thought he would speak to her, and let her know that he was not so very formidable a person, though his advent into the coach had been accompanied with so much noise. So, after seating himself, he looked towards the corner where she was seated, and said in his blandest tones:

"It is a very stormy evening, madam."

This of course was no news, but it served to break the ice. She replied in the affirmative, and then there was silence. He noticed in the few words she had spoken that her voice was soft and musical; he thought he would like to hear it again. He thought a moment.

"I was not aware," said he, "that a coach left for the city at this hour."

"It has run at this hour every evening," she replied, "for about a month."

"And will continue to do so through the winter?"

"I presume so," she replied.

"It will be a great accommodation to me," said Mr. Tremor.

There was another pause. There was a light in the coach; the lady had withdrawn her veil, which on his entrance was thrown over her face. Mr. Tremor had now a good view of her features. It was a pretty, interesting face; but then he had seen prettier; he was not at all struck by it. She wore a thick blanket shawl closely wrapped around her person, a straw bonnet with a blue ribbon upon it; nothing peculiar in her dress, certainly. True, there was a grace in her figure in the very position in which she sat in the coach, which he could not help noticing; but then he had seen figures as graceful

before. Her voice, he must own, was soft and musical, but then he had heard a hundred others as much so; but yet he liked to hear it notwithstanding. She seemed rather unwilling to be drawn into conversation, which was however but natural, as he was a stranger.

Their ride was at an end; the coach drew up before the office door; Mr. Tremor alighted, and very politely assisted his companion to do the same. The street was very muddy; she was in a manner obliged to take the hand he offered for her assistance, and he could not help noticing that hers was small and beautifully shaped. He was, it must be owned, very observing for a bachelor; but where was the young lady going at this hour? thought Mr. Tremor. While he was thus thinking, a boy of about thirteen, who had evidently been waiting for the coach, walked off with the lady in question, and he was left alone in the street.

A week passed, during which Mr. Tremor, spite of himself, often thought of the lady in the omnibus. A week, and the evening that he was to meet with his friends again arrived. He thought he would take the coach out, though being a man of business habits, he generally preferred the cars; but the coach would carry him nearer the place of destination, and if the thought did cross his mind that perhaps she might be in it, of course it had nothing to do with his decision. But she was not there. He passed a pleasant evening with his friends, and at the same hour as the week previous, he stood in the square waiting for the coach.

But this night the coach was nearly full, and he was obliged to take a seat near the door. He looked around; there in the same corner, in the same position, in the same shawl and bonnet, precisely as she sat and looked the week before, sat the lady he wished—though he had not owned it—to see.

How provoking he could not speak to her. A rough, coarse-looking man was sitting beside her, her veil was drawn over her face, and she had not even looked up since he entered the coach. There was little said by the passengers during their ride, and in due time they stopped before the office door.

Mr. Tremor jumped out, but stationed himself at the foot of the steps; he knew she would get out last. They passed out, young men, old men, and some very pretty maidens; but he had no interest in them. At last he saw her figure; the veil was thrown back, the light fell full upon her face, and it was, in truth, a pretty face to look upon. He held out his hand to assist her in alighting, and at that instant she caught his

eye. He bowed very politely, and said "Good evening."

But the street was not muddy to-night. She sprang quickly down the steps, without touching the offered hand, and before he could think, she was gone. He looked down the street, and saw her retreating figure with the boy, who had been in waiting, and who Mr. Tremor wished anywhere but where he was.

Mr. Tremor wouldn't own it, but he was a little chagrined. She might, at least, have said good evening, it would have been no more than common politeness, for she could not help knowing him, for the light fell as full upon his face as upon hers.

Another week; and it must be owned that all thought that week Mr. Tremor took a strange fancy to gaze in the face of every young lady he met in the street wearing a blanket shawl and bonnet trimmed with blue, and as blanket shawls were much worn this season, and as blue was the prevailing color, he had often to look around as he walked the streets of the city, but ever unsuccessful; the face he was in search of was not there.

Another week, and again he stood in the square waiting for the coach. He was obliged to wait some time, for more than usually fearful of being late, he had hurried away, and was in consequence too early. It came at last. He opened the door, and there she sat in the same corner, in the same position, and as good luck would have it, all alone. Mr. Tremor was persevering; he was not to be balked this night; he walked the full length of the coach, and taking a seat directly opposite the lady, said:

"Good evening."

She returned the salutation, for how could she help it.

"It is a very cold evening," said he, rubbing his hands.

"It is intensely cold," she replied, drawing her shawl still closer around her.

A book lay in the lady's lap. In moving to adjust her shawl it fell. Mr. Tremor picked it up; he opened it and looked at the title page, for the coach lamp was between them. It was not a novel. Mr. Tremor was glad, for he detested novel reading young ladies. No, it was a scientific work, and one that he had read himself with much delight.

"Excuse me," said he, "for taking so much liberty, and allow me to express a little surprise at finding such a work in the hands of a young lady."

She smiled an arch, reguiah sort of smile, but said nothing.

"It is a work," said he, "I very much admire. There are others by the same author; allow me to ask if you have read them?"

Yes, she had.

"How were you pleased with them?"

"Very much, sir."

"Young ladies are apt to take but little interest in works of this kind."

The lady smiled again, and Mr. Tremor could but admire the sweet blue eyes as they rested for a moment on his face.

The book suggested other topics of conversation. Mr. Tremor asked if she had attended the lectures delivered the previous winter on scientific subjects by a distinguished lecturer. Yes, she had attended, and received a great deal of pleasure and instruction therefrom. So they talked upon the lectures for a while, and Mr. Tremor found the lady quite companionable, for, though not saying a great deal, she was a good listener, and when she did speak, her remarks showed an intelligent mind, and a full understanding of the subject of conversation. Mr. Tremor was delighted, and was very sorry when the coach stopped at the office. He ardently hoped that the boy of thirteen would not be there. Alas for human hopes! The omnibus door opened, and a very genteel, fine looking young man stood ready to wait upon the young lady out.

Mr. Tremor had nothing to do but to walk home alone as usual, and his mind was not as calm as was its wont. But why should he be disturbed? The lady, of course, was nothing to him, and why should he be vexed that a young man had waited upon her home? But vexed he was; the equanimity of his mind was certainly disturbed by the circumstance; the boy of thirteen was bad enough, but the young man was infinitely worse.

Some few weeks passed. No matter what day Mr. Tremor went out of town, still on his return at the usual time, there sat the lady in the same place and the same position in the coach. Sometimes there were others in the coach, and sometimes they were alone, but always at the end of their route stood the boy or the young man to wait upon her home. They met so often that she began to greet him like an acquaintance, and to converse with him without restraint. She would even smile upon him when he entered the coach, and bid him good evening when she turned to go away with her companion.

But he had not been able to find out anything particular about her, though to be sure he had not made many inquiries—for why should he? There was a little mystery about her. Why

should she be in the coach every evening at this particular time? He should rather like to know her name.

One night it happened—and it was not an unusual occurrence—that Mr. Tremor and the lady were the only occupants of the coach. It was a stormy night, the snow was falling quite fast, and the wind was very high, altogether a very uncomfortable evening, though they did not think so, for they were engaged in a very agreeable conversation. On their arrival at the office, Mr. Tremor waited upon the lady out, and looking round found no one was in waiting for her. A thrill of delight passed through his frame; the lady, too, looked around for her usual companion, and she seemed anything but delighted. Mr. Tremor spoke:

"Your companion seems not to be in waiting for you, will you oblige me by accepting me as an escort to your home?"

"I think it is hardly necessary to trouble you. Doubtless, my brother will soon be here. I will wait a few minutes."

"Her brother," thought Mr. Tremor. "Ah, but which is her brother, the boy or the young man?"

They waited a short time, but no one came.

"I think," said he, with seeming concern for her, "you risk your health by standing in the storm. Your brother, I think, will not come. Allow me the pleasure of going with you to your home."

"I am very sorry to trouble you—and in such a violent storm."

"Indeed, it is no trouble, but a great pleasure, and the storm is nothing to me."

And in truth it was not. It was pleasanter to him than the brightest moonlight, and he blessed each flake of snow that fell, for he was persuaded that the storm was the cause of the brother's absence.

O, Mr. Tremor, why do you not pause and consider what you are bringing upon yourself, leaving your own comfort and ease to go home in a driving snow storm with a young lady, whose name even you do not know!

The distance was not great, just down two or three streets, and then she stopped before the door of a brick house, with nothing marked or peculiar about it. The lady paused at the door a moment before she rang the bell. Should she ask him to walk in or not? Common politeness seemed to say yes, but she hesitated. Her hand was on the bell.

"Will you not walk in, sir, for a few moments?" she asked.

It was his turn to hesitate.

"No," said he, "I think not."

Yet his tone seemed to say he would like to do so very much. She did not press the matter, but she thanked him for his kindness, and said she was very sorry to have troubled him so much.

"Do not speak of it as a trouble. It has been to me a great pleasure."

Take care, Mr. Tremor, don't let your feelings carry you away. The door opens, the lady says good night, which he returns; the door closes, and he stands there alone. There's a bright light in the parlor, there's a sound of voices. It looks pleasant in doors, but very gloomy out of doors. He almost wishes he had accepted her invitation; he marks the house well so that he may know it another time—the third from the corner.

Mr. Tremor returned to his boarding place. His room seemed very gloomy; he sat down to read, but he could not fix his attention; he took up his pen, but it would not do; his well-balanced mind was a little shaken from its accustomed equanimity, and at last, not knowing what else to do, he went to bed. In his sleep he dreamed he was wading through snow-drifts, and walking through long interminable streets in search of the house where he had stopped that night. At last he found it; but a very genteel-looking young man stood sentinel at the door, and the boy of thirteen was sitting on the door step, and looked up with a very impertinent air, and asked him what he wanted, and if he had lost anything. Then a sweet musical voice sounded in his ear, and asked him if he would not walk in.

A tap at the door; the servant enters.

"Breakfast is ready, sir; the bell has rung twice, and mistress sent me up to see it may be you wasn't sick."

"Sick? No!"

He started from his bed; the sun was streaming into his room, he had indeed slept very late. The storm had ceased, the morning was beautiful. Mr. Tremor ate his breakfast in great haste, and hurried—to his place of business? No, he directed his steps in quite a different direction, even to the house where he had stopped the previous night. The third from the corner, there it stood, different in no respect from the houses about it. He walked by, and as he did so, he looked up, just as any one would look, to the name on the door. It was "Smith." He walked along to the foot of the street, then turned and walked back again.

Just as he passed this time, the door opened, and the lady herself walked out. She blushed

slightly as she recognized him, but frankly held out her hand, and said:

"Good morning."

Mr. Tremor inquired after her health; hoped she took no cold from her exposure to the storm.

"None at all," said she. "I am so used to all weathers I do not mind a little snow. My brother was sick last night, and unable to come for me. My older brother, trusting to his coming for me, not knowing of his illness, explains my being left alone."

Mr. Tremor breathes freely; the young man also a brother—the thought, spite of himself, was a relief.

She walked on with a quick step towards the office; he, though he knew business called him, went with her. The omnibus was just ready to start.

"I almost feared I should be late," said she, as she opened the coach door.

Mr. Tremor had half a mind to follow her; but he did not.

"Good morning," said he, "and a pleasant ride."

"Thank you," said she, in a sweet voice, and with a happy smile.

The coach started. She bowed to him as he stood watching her departure; then he turned and walked down the street like a man in a dream. "Smith"—that was all; not very definite, truly. It might be John, James, Joseph, or David; but yet what matters it to him?

Be careful, Mr. Tremor, these women are bewitching things. Are you aware that the sweet voice and pretty face of Miss Smith may be the ruin of your nice, saug, easy bachelor life?

"I pity you from my soul, I do," said Mr. Tremor's friend one night, as he started away from his door. "Such a long, lonesome ride as you will have in that slow, plodding omnibus."

"Your pity is quite misplaced," said he, cheerfully, "I find it anything but lonesome."

"I think you must enjoy your evenings with us, or you would not take so much trouble to join us all through the winter. Do you know we feel ourselves highly complimented?"

A smile passed over the face of Mr. Tremor as he politely rejoined:

"I indeed feel myself amply repaid for all the trouble I take."

And so one would have thought, to have seen him a few minutes after, sitting by the side of Miss Smith. Judging from appearances, their acquaintance had progressed very rapidly since the night of the snow storm. She welcomed him with a smile and a warm pressure of the hand—if we are not mistaken, the little hand

was retained long after he had taken the seat she seemed to have reserved for him by her side.

At the office, no boy or man stood ready to escort Miss Smith home. On the contrary, Mr. Tremor quite as a matter-of-course took her arm within his, and walked with her to the third house from the corner, where again, as quite a matter-of-course, he went in. At what time he came out again is not exactly known.

Somehow, by means of Yankee shrewdness, or some other way, Mr. Tremor had ascertained that Miss Smith was teacher in a school some little distance from the city, which explained her daily journeys to and fro in the coach. Her evenings were devoted to the study of music and the languages, which accounted for her return so late. He had ascertained, also, that her brother and herself were the sole support of a widowed mother and two children, the boy of thirteen and a girl of ten; and this was all—a common story enough, certainly.

But Mr. Tremor's time had come. He had seen handsomer ladies than Miss Smith, and escaped with a whole heart; he had passed by richer ones, and had not given them a passing thought. But the fates had decreed that his bachelorship should end, and now he was truly over head and ears in love with Miss Smith.

O, Mr. Tremor, what will your friends say? And you have been so proud of your freedom—so happy in your state of single-blessedness! Adieu to your quiet evenings; adieu to a hundred of your little bachelor comforts. You must lay them all down at the feet of Miss Smith. As Mrs. Tremor, she will expect to know your whereabouts; she will expect to be counsellor in all your affairs. If not, perhaps, her pretty lips will pout, and her blue eyes flash a little, and her sweet voice beraise a note or two higher.

As Mrs. Tremor, she will expect to hold with one hand, at least, the strings of your purse; she will expect to go with you on little excursions to the seashore, or the country; perhaps she will set her heart upon a trip to Niagara, or to the White Mountains. As Mrs. Tremor, she may not like the monesyllable "no," in answer to any of her wishes. As Miss Smith, I presume she never hears it. In fine, Mrs. Tremor may not be in all things just like Miss Smith.

And can it be that you have brought it voluntarily upon yourself? Do you stand upon the verge of this fearful gulf with your eyes open, and make no effort to escape?

Mr. Tremor has changed his mind; he thinks he is a lonesome man; his evenings, when not with Miss Smith, are long and gloomy. Business does very well for his mind, but a dry nour-

ishment for his heart, and that part of his organization has of late began to grow troublesome. It used to sleep so quietly in its place, that sometimes, as is the case when any part of the system does not make itself known occasionally by aches and twinges, he almost forgot he possessed such an article.

He begins to think that a female companion after all may be preferable to one of his own sex, for they are not conceited and egotistical. He begins, too, to take an interest in houses, begins to inquire the price of furniture, studies the patterns of carpets, and finds to his own surprise that he has quite a taste for household matters. It is in truth a gone case with Mr. Tremor; he is engaged, and is to be married to Miss Smith.

The last act of the drama approaches; the scene nearly the same as in the opening, namely—the square of a suburban town, the hour earlier, just at twilight, *dramatis personæ*, nearly the same, lanterns and umbrellas dispensed with, for the evening is fair. There is a rustling of silks, a flashing of jewels, a gleaming of white kids and light vests in the deepening twilight; the party seem dressed for a wedding or some place of amusement; they seem merry, too, as at the opening of the drama; but the merriment is subdued, for there are people coming and going on the street. The roll of an omnibus is heard in the distance. It approaches—empty.

"How many will your coach carry?" says one.

"As many as can get in," is the reply.

So they all get in, seven ladies and five gentlemen; ten cents a head, then says the driver to himself, for he has learned not to count his passengers till they are all inside; and the coach moves on.

"It is very singular," says one, "that he should see his lady that very night for the first time in this coach."

"His time had come," says another.

"He will be lonesome no more," another said.

"I fancy he is in somewhat of a tremor about this time," says the first speaker.

"Well, I rejoice in his good fortune," says another. "It would be a pity for such a fine fellow to live and die a bachelor."

"You've got caught in the trap yourself, and like to see others in the same predicament," says a single lady of the party.

"We will have no disparaging remarks against matrimony to-night," is the reply, "for reason and revelation say it is not good for man to live alone."

The most violent passions have their intermissions; vanity alone gives us no respite.

I SHALL MEET THEE AGAIN.

BY JULIUS C. CONVERSE.

I shall meet thee again! O, could I but see
Through the veil of mortality shrouding my sight,
My mind, all untrammelled, would wander with thee,
O'er the realm of the pure, in a world of delight.
No more to reflect on the dead, buried past,—
No more to lament for the lost, far away—
But to live and revel in glories that cast
A halo divine round the altar of day.

I shall meet thee again! Though sad was the hour
When thy form, in its youth, was consigned to the tomb;
There's a thought, to my heart of mysterious power
To afford a bright ray in the midst of its gloom;
For I know that the grave, with the mold and the worm,
Can never enchain the free spirit to earth;
It shall grow and enrich the pure, life-giving germ,
Beyond the bright stars in the home of its birth.

I shall meet thee again! when the veil that now darkens
My spirit's glad vision, hath vanished away;
For a voice unto which is instinctively harkens,
Calls up through the portals of holier day.
I shall meet thee again! O, the joy of that meeting,
In a world where the raptures of hope never die;
Where the soul never mourns over joys that are fleeting,
I shall meet thee again, in thy home in the sky!

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

It is just twenty years since Ezekiel Grit left the granite hills of his native State, where from his tenderest years he had been employed in sowing and mowing and plowing "side hills" so steep that they had to employ a special breed of oxen, with the off-legs half a foot shorter than the near ones, and came down to New York with the determination to "make his ternal fortune." He now has a town house among the upper ten, with a marble boy in front, spouting Croton, where he gives balls that rival Mrs. Potiphar's, and has a country-seat at Newport that cost him eighty thousand dollars. It was he who last season drove a four-in-hand of blood bays, and it was his liveries, blue and silver, with aiguillets that made such a sensation in Broadway week before last. Last winter he went to Paris, where he gave such tearing balls, and had such splendid turnouts, that Louis Napoleon intimated that if he couldn't live in a quieter style he had better return to his native land. He now talks of building a steam yacht, to eclipse the North Star, to be named after himself, and to waft his fame from the shores of the Baltic to the waters of Japan.

The foundation of his fortune was laid in a little ready-made clothing shop. Fearing not

the competition of the Israelites, he established himself in Chatham Street, the very focus of the Hebrew camp. There he would stand at his shop door, soliciting, or rather commanding, custom; his sharp nose and ferret eyes contrasting with the hooked beaks and jet-black orbs of his rivals. It was very difficult to pass his door. Stories were rife of pedestrians bodily seized upon by this commercial vulture, carried into the interior of his eyrie by force of arms, and compelled to change their raiment from head to 'oot at his bidding. It was even reported that an elderly Quaker, soberly attired in a drab broad-brim, with a cinnamon-colored surtout reaching to his heels, and indigo corduroys of ample width, was waylaid and abducted by this human spider, and turned into the street again so metamorphosed that his own mother would never have known him, inasmuch as the poor Friend had been forced to accept a second-hand Leary hat, a sprigged waistcoat, a claret coat with gilt buttons, spring-bottomed black doeskins, varnished pumps, and any amount of copper cable chain suspended round his neck. The next day, a body thus attired was found floating in the East River. It is by no means certain that it was the mortal remains of the Quaker, since the dress was that of a class and not of an individual; but if it were that of the Quaker, may we not suppose that he committed suicide from remorse at having so violated the right proprieties of his order? and if so, does not more than one half of the "deep damnation of his taking off" rest on the man—may we not say the fiend?—who tempted him to err? But what cared Zekiel Grit? His business was to "look out for number one," and he did it most effectually.

One day a cadaverous-looking young man tottered into Zekiel's shop, panting for breath, and motioned for a seat. An arm-chair was brought him, and he instantly sank into it, his hollow eye and sunken cheek, together with the peculiar pallor of his countenance, betokening approaching dissolution.

"Garments, sir? Coat, sir? Anything you like. Sha'n't go out of my shop without being suited—in color, cut, fit and price,—what'll you have?" said Zekiel, bustling up.

The stranger made no reply; he merely waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Wants a coat—a black one? Bring a black coat, Jim. Number thirty-five will fit him—superfine. Here you are, sir."

The clerk brought the garment, and Zekiel held it up for the stranger's inspection. Alas! he scarcely looked at it.

"Stand him up, Jim!" cried the trader, anxiously. "You take hold of that side—I'll help him on this. Off with his coat! Now for the new one. Easy, Jim! There, sir! Fits you like a book. Sit him down, Jim."

Attired in his new garment, the stranger sank back into the chair to rise no more. He had died in a fit. A card in the unfortunate man's pocket disclosed his name and address. His friends came for the remains, and in due time Mr. Zekiel Grit received from the administrator, on presentation of his bill, thirty dollars for "one superfine fashionably-made black dress coat." The heir wore it at the funeral!

The occurrence was noted as follows in all the papers—Zekiel paying for the paragraph:

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—We regret to learn that our worthy townsman, Mr. Garret Browser, died suddenly yesterday while trying on a new coat, at the shop of Mr. Zekiel Grit, No. —, Chatham Street, who has on hand a large and fashionable assortment of ready-made clothing of the best qualities at reasonable prices; also broadcloths, German, French, English and American; vestings, cassimeres, doeskins; also, every article customary in the gentlemen's furnishing line. Clothes made to order at the shortest notice. Terms, cash. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Who shall say, after reading the above, that Zekiel did not possess a peculiar faculty for "looking out for number one."

HYDROPATHY.

A good story is told of a lady who was entertaining a party of friends in a new house, into which she had just moved, and of which she was quite proud. She had taken them through the various apartments, from kitchen to garret, and expatiated in glowing terms upon the peculiar advantages of each. At last they reached the bath-room.

"Here," she said, "you see we have a bathing tub; here are two faucets, one for hot and the other for cold water. Here is the shower-bath; you have only to step in so, and the water comes down when you pull the string, in this manner," said she, suiting the action to the word; and sure enough, it did come down in a perfect torrent, drenching her to the skin.

It is impossible to imagine a more complete picture of bewilderment than she presented, at the consequence of her absent mindedness. In spite of the sympathy her friends expressed, it was a very hard matter for them to preserve sober faces. The lady was obliged to undergo an entire change of clothing, and lament the ruin of a new silk dress, to say nothing of suffering from a cold for a fortnight afterwards. We believe she hasn't repeated the experiment.—*Home Gazette*.

We can never die too early for others, when we live only for ourselves.

HE BUT CAME HOME TO DIE.

BY S. W. HAZELTINE.

They laid him in the grave to-day—
I saw them lay him there;
I would that I were by his side,
This grief I cannot bear.
For years he has a wanderer been
On a far distant shore;
And now, though he has just returned,
He dwells on earth no more!
How aches my heart—how burns my brain—
My hopes all withered lie;
For brother who hath just returned,
He but came home to die!

He wrote us from that distant shore
That he would soon come home,
To view again the pleasant scenes
Where once he used to roam.
O, joyful news! it filled my heart
With deepest, sweetest joy;
And never once I thought that death
Would mix with it alloy.
And ere he came, how very slow
The sluggish days moved by;
Ah, little thought I then, that he
Was coming home to die!

He came at last! what bliss was mine
To clasp again his hand;
And welcome him with tears of joy,
To his dear native land!
To see the love-light in his eye—
E'en now I see his look.
And hath he passed fore'er away?
The thought I cannot brook!
Alas, we scarce had welcomed him,
Before we saw him lie
All cold, and still, and pale in death—
He but came home to die!

He but came home to lay his bones
Beneath his native sod!
To take him hence, though just returned,—
Such was thy will, O God!
We hoped to have him stay awhile,
To make our hearts rejoice;
That we might drink again his smiles,
And hear his pleasant voice!
But I will murmur not, my God,
For thou'rt more wise than I;
But O, my heart is crushed, for brother
Only came home to die!

THE MUMMY WHEAT.

This grain, which is the same that Joseph garnered up in the days of the Pharaohs, is said to be superior to any other known. At this late day, it has been given back from the hands of an Egyptian mummy that has been dead more than three thousand years. Nine grains were taken from a sarcophagus at Cairo, and being sown, germinated like new wheat, yielding enormously. One root produced two hundred grains, so that one seed produced two thousand. This is the wheat for Kansas or California.—*Western paper*.

REMEMBER THE NEEDY.

BY ALBERT O. CLOUGH.

Endely now the storm-king rusheth
 From his frozen, wintry lair;
 And with wanton malice husheth
 Nature's music everywhere.
 And the merry voices, humming,
 Borne along the summer gale,
 Blend the breeze that marks his coming
 With a sad and mournful wail.

Summer's smiles-- that crowned with gladness,
 Filled with joy the poor man's cot,
 Beam no more, while gloom and sadness
 Mark with sighs his darkened lot,
 Gentle reader, hast thou power
 Now to soothe the stricken one?
 Heed thee well, lest thy rich dower
 God shall claim for deeds undone.

Angel hearts will then be near thee,
 Nestling closer to thine own,
 And a voice within will cheer thee,
 With a heaven-inspiring tone.
 Bounty cast on life's broad river,
 Humble though the deed may be,
 Is a jewel, blessed giver,
 Added to the crown for thee.

THE STUDENT OF GOTTINGEN.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

In the suburbs of Gottingen there stands, to this day, a small stone dwelling house, built in the fashion in which all German houses were constructed three quarters of a century ago, and exhibiting a wonderful degree of preservation from the assaults of time. Behind it there still remain the vestiges of a garden, and the ruins of a summer-house,—both declaring that gardening, on an extensive scale, was once conducted by the inmates of the dwelling. The fence before the house—which is of wood, supported on stone posts—presents at the present time a most dilapidated appearance. The bars between the posts have sunk in many places, driving the palings into the earth, and bending or breaking them, while in others the posts themselves have broken off, or been prostrated by tempests. But the house itself appears to have defied the action of the elements. Not a particle of stone has peeled or broken off, to deface the fair symmetry of its angles, and the stone gables still frown above the narrow windows, as perfect as when fresh from the hands of the mason.

A half century ago, dear reader, this house was occupied and this garden cultivated by Marc Switzer, a talented, industrious and capable man, once gardener to a German prince of immense

domains, then a retired old man, living upon the fruits of his early industry. Old Marc's wife had been long dead, at the period when our story opens, and Marc himself was nearly used up, notwithstanding the sobriety and activity of his youth. But he had two solaces to his declining years, a lovely daughter, Amelie, the very image of his departed wife, and a manly son, Carl, who inherited, with his father's honesty and industry, a large share of his mother's mental attributes.

As soon as Marc's years and infirmities prevented him from attending to the garden which he had carefully planted and assiduously nurtured, in the rear of his comfortable dwelling, he yielded (not, however, without many a sigh) its management into the hands of a hired man, named Kreutz, and gave to his son Carl a little spot of ground which he required him to till, and for the proper cultivation of which he was alone responsible. Carl continued his gardening avocations almost uninterruptedly, until he was of the proper age to attend the gymnasium, when he abandoned his agricultural pursuits, and devoted himself to study.

During the whole of his course at the gymnasium, from the first day on which he recited to a master, to the time, long afterwards, when he was prepared to enter the university, he acquitted himself to the admiration of his masters, and the delight of his aged father. Old Marc used to say that he should die happy, if he could see his son pass the courses at the university as honorably as he had done those at the gymnasium, for then he would be the first man in Germany.

Our story begins just after the establishment of Carl at the University of Gottingen, and we introduce the reader into one of the numerous lecture-rooms of that venerable institution.

Upon a bench, in the middle of the spacious room, sits Carl Switzer, attentively listening to the abstruse sentences which drop from the lips of the lecturer. Tall and muscular, and of a noble, generous, manly cast of features, he would attract attention anywhere, as one of Nature's master-pieces. A mass of bushy hair, as black as night, surrounded, or rather encircled his head, and a moustache of the same raven hue, exquisitely curled, ornamented his lip. His dress is simple and unpretending, not mean, however, and cut in the style which would have declared him anywhere in Germany, a student of Gottingen.

Reclining rather listlessly upon the bench by his side, is a young man, in every respect his opposite, as far as external appearance is concerned. His figure is slight and delicate, his

moustache nearly auburn, and his dress rich and tasteful. Like nearly all the young men by whom he is surrounded, he exhibits unequivocal symptoms of being egregiously ennuyé. Yawning furiously, he suddenly exclaims, in a loud whisper, to his companion :

"Carl, I believe Clarencon to be the most wearisome beast in the whole of this colossal menagerie."

"Hist ! I shall lose the train !"

"Egad, if I could find it I would fire it, and explode the whole institution, if possible !" and, making a pillow of Carl's pile of manuscript, he stretched his limbs upon the bench for a siesta.

The young man's opinion of Clarencon appeared to be endorsed by nearly all of the assembled students. At least nearly all had adopted his horizontal posture. A few, however, among whom were young Switzer, hung with their faculties all absorbed upon the theories which fell from the lips of the subtle metaphysician.

At last he closed. Those who had been taking notes folded their manuscripts, those who had been taking naps unfolded their legs and arms, and all prepared to depart.

"He is done," said Carl, rousing his comrade.

"Thank God !" quite fervently responded the sleeper, shaking himself.

Just as the young men were ready to go, a billet, projected from an unseen quarter of the room, fell at their feet. Carl stooped to pick it up, and as his eye fell upon the address, he started, and glancing suspiciously around the lecture-room, passed it over to his companion.

The note was directed, "Count Orville de Koxinstadt, calling himself a student of Gottingen." Tearing it open in wonder, the youth read, "Beware of Kreutz !" That was all.

"This is incomprehensible !" he exclaimed.

"From what quarter did it come ?"

"I am at a loss to conceive !" replied Carl.

"It surely has no reference to Amelie ! I would sacrifice half of my estates, however, to have her beyond the limits of this licentious town, with its reckless students."

"I believe that warning comes from no friend," said Carl, in the deep and measured tones of his eminently fine and manly voice ; "first, because the writer reveals his knowledge of your rank, evidently to excite your alarm, and secondly, because it is anonymous."

"At least I shall keep watch over Kreutz."

"Doubtless," replied his friend.

They were now in the streets of Gottingen, and in half an hour presented themselves at the door of the stone cottage which we have described as the property of Marc Switzer. Amelie

welcomed them with a joyful smile. She always smiled whenever Carl returned from his lectures with his noble friend. If she had known that he was noble, perhaps the welcome might not have been so cordial. She only knew that he called himself Orville, and a student of Gottingen.

We will not stop to describe Amelie. Be content to know, dear reader, that she was as beautiful as a bright May morning, and as noble as she was beautiful.

"Kreutz provided for me a rare entertainment this morning," observed Carl's sister, as they sat conversing in the little parlor which looked out upon the front garden, bounded by the fence with the stone pillars and white wooden palings. "He introduced to me a young friend of his, who understands not only the technicalities of his craft, but can appreciate, also, the poetry of gardening."

"Ah !" ejaculated both youths, in a breath. It was doubtless an unusual thing for a stranger to intrude upon the quiet retirement of old Marc's household.

"It was delightful," continued Amelie, "to hear such truly beautiful and noble sentiments from one who wore so plain a garb. Kreutz wished to show him the improvements he had been planning, and desired me to accompany himself and his young friend through the garden. Each bud and blossom seemed to inspire the young gardener with some new poetical emotion, to which he gave utterance in the choicest speech."

"A prodigy of a gardener !" said Orville. "His name ?"

"Yes, sister, his name ?" asked Carl, suddenly turning from the window, through which he had been intently gazing.

"Kreutz called him Orland."

"Had he dark hair and eyes ?"

"Yes."

"His figure slight and tall ?"

"Yes, Carl."

"Had he small hands, unlike a gardener, and were his features small and feminine ?" continued Carl, with the pertinacity of a lawyer extracting testimony from a witness.

"Yes, brother. You have seen him ?"

"Yes, he just passed, in a coach and four."

"Impossible !" exclaimed Amelie, going to the window. "How could you have noticed all his peculiarities of person ?"

"I have seen him before. Besides, the horses walked, and he spoke from the carriage window to Kreutz, in the garden."

"Ha !" exclaimed Orville, "that was a friendly warning,—*'Beware of Kreutz !'*"

"Orville," said Carl, in a whisper, "saddle a horse, and allow not that coach to escape you."

"It shall not," said his friend, kissing Amelie's hand and hurriedly taking leave.

"Amelie," said young Switzer, taking his sister's hand, "your young gardener's visit bodes us no good. I could be more explicit, but I do not desire to alarm your fears. I must be absent this evening. My duties to my club would render it dishonorable for me to desert it to-night. Do not allow Kreutz upon any pretext to absent himself. Do not answer any summons at the door. Endeavor to interest our poor old father with the details of Kreutz's gardening, and make the old man happy, as you well know how to do."

"Why was Orville so much disturbed, and why did he depart so suddenly?" asked his sister, after she had promised to heed his advice.

"Because of his solicitude and affection for you, I suppose," replied Carl, wickedly; "there, I can tell you no more!" and leaving the half vexed girl, he quitted the house and proceeded to the club-room, which was in a distant part of the town.

It was a small room in which Carl's club met, more than twenty feet square, filled with benches and tables, promiscuously distributed and studiously disarranged. On one side was a desk of oak wood, innocent of paint, and stained with beer, which served as the throne of the presiding functionary. Below this, on either side, were a few benches, which some genius with order preternaturally developed had placed in regular rows. Before them were tables, stained, like the above mentioned desk, with much beer, and exhibiting the results of the club's extraordinary proclivities to pounding.

When young Switzer arrived, the room was already full, and the president was explaining some point of difficulty which had arisen at their last assembling, and which had been referred to his decision.

When this matter was adjusted, pipes and beer were placed upon the tables, and a song was sung, while they imbibed, with the true German spirit, from the brimming mugs. As soon as the song was finished, the pipes were lighted, and the members of the club quietly puffed nebulous masses of smoke to the ceiling, as they sat waiting for the disputants in the approaching controversy to open the debate.

Presently a man from the remotest corner of the room arose with an immense meerschaum in his hand, and commenced to speak.

His figure was slight and tall, his eyes and hair as black as a raven's wings, and his features

delicate and feminine. He began in a tone of voice so low as at first to be hardly audible, but as he proceeded his accents became louder, and he displayed a voice of unsurpassed mellowness and richness.

As he arose, Carl Switzer arrested the mug of beer which he was raising to his lips, and looked earnestly at the speaker, as if to assure himself that his eyes were not deceiving him. No, he saw before him Amelie's poetical gardener, and the delicate looking proprietor of the coach.

One of Carl's companions, observing his emotion and attributing it to a wrong cause, said:

"Never fear him, Carl; his creed is as untenable as his acts are hypocritical."

"Not that," replied the student. "I am not afraid. Would that I could fathom the mysteries of his actions as easily as I can expose the sophistries of his arguments."

Just then, Carl saw Orville enter the door, and assume a position where he could view the speaker, without being particularly conspicuous, and he felt more at ease.

The *soi-disant* gardener, as he warmed with his subject, gradually assumed a style of eloquence so fervid, and so apparently heartfelt, that he carried with him the sympathies of his auditors, notwithstanding every word he uttered was at war with their convictions. His sentiments were mainly in conflict with that spirit of liberty, which is inherent in every German breast, and which needs but the addition of a spark to rouse the fire of enthusiasm, which is unquenchable and irresistible. But notwithstanding the unpopularity of his theories, such was his eloquence of tone and of action, that he bore with him, on the full tide of his matchless oratory, the hearts of each one of his listeners, and when he finally took his seat, he was greeted with an outburst of enthusiastic applause which shook the ceiling, and made the club-room ring again.

Scarcely was he seated, when Carl arose. In his deep and manly voice, he began to recapitulate the arguments of his opponent. Clearly and concisely he laid them down, divesting them of all the meretricious ornament of rhetoric, which had clouded their meaning and concealed their sophistry. As soon as he had stated them distinctly, and exhibited them in their proper light, he began to answer them. He made no attempt, by means of vehement appeals and fervid declamation, to enlist the feelings of his audience, before he had convinced their understandings; but he subjected each argument to the rules of fair induction, and demolished each position by exposing its logical fallacy. He had nearly completed this logical exposition of his

adversary's quibbles, and was about to make an appeal to their hearts in favor of the principle of liberty which his speech had so grossly outraged, when, to his dismay, he perceived that his antagonist had left the room. At the same moment he observed that Orville's place was vacant. Not wishing to close abruptly, however, he was about to proceed, when a pistol shot from the street re-echoed through the room. Dashing his pipe on the table before him, he rushed to the door and into the street. Directly before the building was presented a scene which the street lamps rendered clearly discernible.

A coach, with four horses attached, was forcibly stopped by Orville, who firmly grasped the leaders by the bridle. His hat was laying at his feet, and his hair fell in dishevelled masses about his face. The footmen were shivering with terror, and the man in the dicky appeared to be the only one who preserved presence of mind. At the open window of the carriage appeared the form of a man in a slouched hat, with a pistol in his hand. As Carl appeared at the door, the pistol was discharged at Orville, but without effect.

Rushing up to the carriage window, the young student seized the rascal by the throat, and drew him, by main strength, through it. Then, holding his face to the light, he discovered Amelie's gardener,—the delicate proprietor of the coach and four,—his adversary of the club-room! and, inspired by a feeling of intense disgust, he hurled him to the earth, and indignantly placed his heavy foot upon his bosom.

Scarcely had he completed this manifestation of his contempt, when a voice of agony from the coach exclaimed:

"Carl,—Orville,—save me, save me,—for the love of Heaven!"

"I am here to rescue you," said Carl, and opening the carriage door, he bore his fainting sister from the vehicle. As he did so, he was met by the villain whom he had prostrated to the earth.

"Hope not thus to conquer me in single combat, as you have done in debate," he shouted; "I am Orland de Lavois, the invincible in love, argument, and war!"

"Defend yourself, arrogant pretender," said Carl, drawing, and releasing his sister into the hands of the students, who began to press round.

At that moment a shot, from the man in the dicky, struck the miserable Lavois in the breast and he fell, staggering backwards, in the act of drawing his weapon.

All the crowd gazed in astonishment in the direction in which the deadly messenger had

come, and perceived Orville dragging Kreutz from the box.

As soon as they had reached the ground, Carl strode up to his father's gardener, and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed:

"Caitiff,—explain instantly your share in this villainous transaction."

"I will," said Kreutz, humbly.

The students formed a circle,—Carl and his sister, Orville and Kreutz, in the centre. The street lamps shone brilliantly, lighting up the dark figures. It was a singular and picturesque spectacle.

"The other day," began Kreutz, "as I was working in my master's garden, this man," pointing to the corpse before him, "entered in the guise of a gardener, insinuated himself by his soft-spoken hypocrisy into my confidence, learned my affection for my master's daughter, and determined to make use of it for his own base purposes. Under the pretence of favoring my suit, he arranged with me a plan for carrying off Amelie, as if she were to be *mine*, instead of *his*. He agreed to furnish a coach, if I would hazard driving it. I readily assented. I was to call for the coach this evening, at the stand, and in order that I might procure the proper one, as he professed—that is, *his own*,—he drove past my master's house this afternoon, for the purpose of showing it to me. I was to procure the coach and drive down to my master's house, where he was to have everything ready for abducting Amelie. I did so. Amelie was placed in the coach, and I took the street which conducts to the Berlin road—Berlin was our place of destination. When I had reached this point, somebody seized the leaders. Instantly a pistol was fired through the window, and I saw the hat of the man at the horses' heads fall to the ground. You know the rest. Mein herr Orville had just explained to me Lavois's duplicity, and how he had warned him against me, when by an uncontrollable impulse, I seized my pistol and shot the traitor dead. I am at your mercy!"

It is needless to say that after this honest explanation of his position, Kreutz was pardoned.

The next day Orville de RozinStadt avowed his attachment to Amelie, and laid at her feet his rank and his estates. Carl became a distinguished ornament to his country, as a scholar and philosopher. Kreutz survived his disappointment and continued long to cultivate the gardens of his worthy master. Old Marc is long since dead; while he lived his gardens were an ornament to Gottingen. Had he survived to see the present ruinous condition of his once beautiful grounds, it would have broken his heart.

ATHANATA.

BY J. GRANTON ALLAN.

The rill of Zoe musically flowing
Through Zoe's valley ever gushingly,
Smiled on the guardian palms beside it growing,
Bearing their crests in majesty on high,
And the sweet odors from the thousand flowers
That starlike glittered from the emerald plain,
Coyed with the breezes, which with soothing strain
Came murmuring past the branch embosomed bowers.

While far away, arose Hadean mountains,
Raising aloft their thunder-blasted heads,
There bloomed no tree—and flowed no sparkling foun-
tains

Mid the scorched rocks and sun-parched river-beds.
Beyond, mid horrid vales, with sluggish motion
Rolled the black waters of the stream of death,
Numbing the senses with its icy breath,
As it passed onward to the eternal ocean.

By Zoe's rill I met my love at morning;
Sweetly she smiled, then darted swift away:
All eager prayers and fond implorings scorning,
She fled, nor would she for a moment stay.
I sought her mid the forests that environ
With verdant wall fair Zoe's emerald vale,
I sought her mid the tempests that assail
The dark Tartarean mountain tops of Iron.

There, gazing, gazing through the awful storm,
Which when I reached the summit, burst around,
Beyond the stream of death, I saw her form,
I heard her voice—it came with solemn sound:
"Mortal, thy loved Athanata may never
By thee in Zoe's blissful vale be wooed—
To thine Athanata—the only road
Lies o'er the waves of death's enrolling river."

POISON VS. LOVE.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CELESTE CHASSERON was a brilliant brunette, with black, sparkling eyes, cherry cheeks, pearly teeth, and a cloud of dark curls. She was petite but round in figure, and indisputably "a little beauty." This charming creature (alas that Fortune is so inconsistent) might be seen daily in the establishment of M. Montemart, hair-dresser, Rue de —, Paris. Yes! The occupation of this perfect Venus was to wield the curling iron.

Now it so happened there lived in the same city, a wild young student, by name Cecil Kerne, of a very good but not noble family, and who, having nothing else to do, was forever peeping and prying round in search of adventures, meeting, by the way, with plenty of them. One evening having an engagement out, our young student entered the first hair-dresser's shop, and announcing that he was just then in a great hurry,

requested to be served as quickly as possible.

"Here, Celeste," said the master; "you are the most expeditious—attend to this gentleman."

Celeste came forward, and saying, "This way, if you please, sir," opened the door of an ante-room. Cecil seated himself and resigned his head to the hands of the fair Delilah. In the coolest manner possible, he begged her not to hurry at all, as he wished great pains taken, and then looked steadily in the mirror at the lovely reflection. The "great hurry" rapidly subsided, and never was gentleman so hard to suit in the whole of Celeste's former experience. But at last Cecil was forced to acknowledge himself suited, and reluctantly fled from Paradise, casting many a wistful look behind. Throughout the whole evening he kept up a running series of blunders, and in reply to a lady he was flirting with most assiduously, and who asked his opinion of a declared rival's beauty, he absently replied with enthusiasm—"Yes, the most lovely, bewitching creature in existence!"

It was wonderful after this the vast amount of champooing Cecil suddenly discovered his hair required—then it was such a remedy for the headache—and about this time Kerne became a perfect martyr to that complaint,—and more wonderful than all, it did no good if the cure was applied by any other than Celeste—no one was so gentle in their touch as she, etc., etc. Then the time he spent in looking at various articles exhibited by Celeste, and the money he spent in paying for those articles—yes, Cecil was desperately in love, and as his charmer was very hard-hearted and cruel, he began to ruminate upon revolvers and prussic acid.

To his dismay, on mentioning these last named items to the incorrigible fair one, he was mockingly derided, miserably laughed at, and sent home in despair. But although the young lady affected to hold herself so high, she was by no means displeased with the state of affairs. Cecil Kerne was not a lover to be scorned, as the young tease very well knew, and in her heart she fully returned his affections, as after a sufficient length of time she intended to own; but after he left her, she began to be uneasy for fear he should execute some of those dark, terrible threats, heroic twenty is so profuse in uttering.

Celeste had feared that Cecil's intentions were not honorable, but resolved to prove him—therefore when he next mentioned the subject, asked if he had obtained the consent of his family to this step. Cecil confessed that had never entered his head, but at the same time declared any opposition would be fruitless expenditure of time and breath, his mind being made up on the sub-

ject—yet as nearly a year must elapse before he would be of age, they might as well wait until then—they were both young, and so Celeste formally engaged herself to Cecil Kerne. But as his intended bride, her present occupation was not in keeping with her prospects. Cecil had a dashing cousin, a widow, and who consented to receive Celeste under her protection, and being somewhat romantic, was greatly in favor of the secret engagement, and gave the young people pretty much their own way, never discouraging the brilliant schemes they laid for the future.

Matters progressed swimmingly. Cecil almost entirely absented himself from the gay circles he had frequented—and being very witty and handsome, was much missed. There was no one who supplied his place in getting up picnics, tableaux, and the hundred and one gay nothings, which in proportion to their nonsense require a ready wit to carry them on successfully. Now it was evident Cecil Kerne could not be spared, and sundry young ladies clubbed together and resolved to win back the luminary. But from ignorance of the cause of Cecil's sudden change they were destined to defeat. At last rumor whispered of his engagement to a beautiful young girl, a friend of Madame Montin's, Cecil's cousin, and report said, of unequal birth.

Indignation was roused that one of the *canaille* should bear off the pet of the day, and a council was held. Aurelie D'Argentour, a beauty and an heiress, declared she would make him her humble servant, and laid a wager on it. The next time that she encountered Cecil, therefore, she bestowed the most flattering attention upon him; this was such a rare and wonderful circumstance, that it set Kerne thinking; nor did the mischief stop here. He went into society oftener, and Celeste began to reproach him for frequent absences; the consciousness of deserving them irritated Cecil; and yet he was drawn on by the skilful Aurelie, and at last became her shadow.

Celeste renewed her reproaches and Cecil grew angry. Anger put new thoughts into his mind. Aurelie was a great match, of an ancient family of nobility, a beauty, and an heiress; she certainly showed him marked favor, and why should he not aspire to her hand? If he was successful, what a triumph! How all his acquaintances would envy him—yes, he would make the trial. When from her manner he was quite sure he had but to speak the word and Aurelie was his, Cecil began to think what he should say to Celeste. Fortune, however, smoothed his path.

Finding reproaches of no avail, Celeste resorted to threats, and in a moment of anger threatened to break the engagement. Cecil replied, nothing would suit him better.

Celeste was thunderstruck, but at last had recourse to woman's never failing argument—a hearty cry. When convinced that was of no avail, she quietly wiped her eyes, packed up her possessions, and went back to the shop to work, as composedly as if not a day had passed since she left. Cecil immediately sought Aurelie and formally proposed. That young lady threw herself back in a violent fit of laughter; when Cecil begged to know the cause of this untimely mirth, she replied:

"Is it possible you were such a fool as to suppose I would entertain a thought of you? really it is too good to keep—it will be the best joke of the season!"

"But the encouragement you gave me," stammered Cecil, in his turn amazed.

"I should like to know what you call encouragement?"

"Did you not allow me to attend you on every occasion—parties, concerts, theatres, and even church?" indignantly queried Cecil.

"O, the amazing simplicity of this youth! And pray did I not allow my footman the same privilege?—and now I think of it, his place is vacant, you would suit me admirably—what do you say?"

"That I have been grossly insulted, and if you were not a lady it should not end here: as it is, you have my sincere contempt—I have the happiness to wish you good morning;" and in another second had left the house.

Cecil, after his first storm of indignation was over, applied himself with the utmost attention to his studies. In consequence of this, he was gradually dropt by his fashionable butterfly acquaintances, who ceased to think of one their inferior in rank, after he ceased to be useful. But little Cecil cared—he had an humbler, but more sincere circle of friends, and enjoyed himself sufficiently. Sometimes at the balls which he in company with several other young men got up, he would think of Celeste, and the pride he should have taken in exhibiting her to his friends, but he frequented the establishment of M. Montemart no more, for Celeste was not there, and no one knew whither she had gone.

Four years passed away, and Kerne was struggling hard to arrive to some notice in his profession as a physician, when one day as he was wending his way along the streets, a magnificent equipage rolled by. With a sudden halt it stopped, and as he stood admiring it, to his

amazement he became aware that a lovely lady inside was beckoning him toward her. In a state of bewilderment he crossed over, when who should it be but Celeste! As young, as beautiful as ever, and more refined, looking like a princess in her elegant dress and surroundings. The little creature was as delighted to see him, and as fond of him as ever. She shook hands most cordially, and explained matters by saying:

"I am now married to the Marquis de B—. I have everything I could wish and am very happy—but come and see your old friend some day—I shall always be at home to my former acquaintance," and handing him her card, she bowed and rolled on.

Cecil stood still in astonishment. "Who would have thought the little creature would make out so well? A *marquise*! Well! well! Fortune's a funny thing—but I'll go and see her at any rate—a poor fellow like myself must neglect no opportunity to raise himself. And she used to dress my hair! In my palmiest days I never aspired to the acquaintance even of the flag end of nobility, and she catch a *marquis*! Truly things turn out strangely."

True to his word he soon paid his friend a visit. He was shown through a tunnel of footmen into a magnificent and luxurious apartment, where *madame la marquise* was seated in the most charming of *negliges*. Cecil almost started back. Could this brilliant, aristocratic woman be indeed the little Celeste he had cast off? But she rose and welcomed him with delight, and then chattered away most charmingly awhile. At last she exclaimed:

"But I promised to explain my wonderful good fortune to you. Well, as you know, I went back to M. Montemart's, but I did not stay there long. I became acquainted with a nice, good person, an elderly lady, who was about to set up a furnishing store, and wanted me as a saleswoman. So we joined our wits together, and became very successful. One time there came a middle aged gentleman to the shop, and he bought a great many things—but I suppose they did not last him long, for he came very soon again, and after that, every once or twice a week there was something he had forgotten to get the last time. At last he told me that although he was a nobleman and very rich, there was one thing that he could not buy. He had a house, he said, and servants, equipages and estates, but he had no wife to crown the whole, but if I pleased, he thought he need no longer remain single. Well, I *did* please, and—so you see me here!"

Cecil expressed himself delighted with good fortune, and then told his own position. Celeste begged him to visit her often, and promised to introduce him to her husband. Cecil left her more desperately and hopelessly in love than ever.

Kerne went often to see her, and the Marquis de B— interested himself for his wife's friend, who began to rise rapidly. In about two years after the renewal of their acquaintance, Celeste became a widow. Cecil was as despairing as ever—such crowds of suitors as besieged the *marquise*. Was it likely a young, handsome woman of twenty-two, who had her choice of the highest titles, would think of a young physician just starting in the world?

But he gained courage from the fact that she refused them all as fast as they offered, and believing she truly loved him, though fearing she was satisfied to keep him a friend, and retain her liberty, he prepared for a grand strike. Providing himself with a small package of powdered sugar, on the wrapper of which was written "*ARSENIC*" in very legible characters, Kerne set out to offer himself to the *marquise*.

He found her alone, and lost no time in making known his errand. As he expected, Celeste answered:

"Why, my friend, are you not content with my esteem?—you cannot love me, for when I was younger and more blooming, you cast me off—no, no, remain contented as you are."

In conformity with his plan, Cecil struck an attitude, and producing the paper, exclaimed:

"Cruel Celeste! behold your work! Consent to my entreaties or I swear to swallow this poison on the spot!"

"No! no!" cried Celeste in alarm; "stop an instant, rash man—will you condemn me to everlasting misery?"

"Do you consent to marry me?"

"No, Cecil, but I will be your most devoted friend."

"Farewell then, and forever!" cried Cecil most pathetically, and in the twinkling of an eye before she could interfere, Cecil had swallowed the entire contents of the paper.

"O, stay—stay, Cecil!" shrieked Celeste, in an agony of tears; "I promise to marry you—instantly—any time you choose!"

"It is too late!" feebly moaned Cecil, staggering to a sofa; "I shall soon be gone—I already feel the faintness of death—oh!"

"No! no! You shall not die!" distractedly cried Celeste, flinging her arms about his neck; "I will call assistance—it is not too late."

"Stop!" said Cecil, staying the hand she had

reached toward the bell-rope, "I will not suffer any assistance until you swear to be my wife."

"O Cecil! I will do anything, everything in the world for you! how can you doubt it?"

"You promise then?"

"Yes—yes! a thousand times yes! But release me, every moment is precious."

"Calm yourself!" coolly replied Cecil, rising, and adjusting his cravat before the mirror, to the infinite amazement of Celeste; "there is no necessity for a physician—it was all a *ruse*—powdered sugar—nothing else, on my word. Ah! ah! Don't be angry, my dear! All is fair in war and love!"

Celeste was forced to confess herself outwitted, but for the life of her she could not be angry, so she did what every sensible woman in her place would have done—kept her temper, her promise, and a most devoted lover for life.

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.

The latest measurements of our fresh water seas are these:—The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160; mean depth 988 feet; elevation 627 feet; area 32,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 360 miles; its greatest breadth 108 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 587 feet; area 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 574 feet; area 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation 555 feet; area 6000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation 262 feet; area 6000 square miles. The total length of all five is 1585 miles, covering an area altogether of upwards of 90,000 square miles.—*International Journal*.

RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.

The religious belief of the fourteen persons who have filled the Presidential chair in the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public worship, and the evidence afforded in their writings, may be summed up as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, and Taylor, were Episcopalians; Jefferson, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Fillmore, were Unitarians; Jackson and Polk were Presbyterians; Mr. Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church; and President Pierce is a Trinitarian Congregationalist.—*Boston Transcript*.

There are, in certain heads, a kind of established errors, against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these persons than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their steadfast adherence to non-sense.

THE WIND.

BY J. H. RAYNE.

I'm unconfined by mortal's bounds
But fly with ease my spacious rounds;
O'er land and sea,
With jocund glee,
I take my flight
By day or night;
O'er brooks and streams
I breathe a sigh,
Where soft moonbeams
So gently lie.
And then away on airy wing,
Through rosy bowers, I laugh and sing.

O'er smiling fields—through cloudless sky,
 Oft times in pleasant mood I fly;
 And with a song,
 I waft along
 The laden bark
 Like a meteor's spark;
 But awful scenes
 Are my delight,
 Where lightning gleams
 With fearful light—
 When hills and valleys, bending, shake
 And sturdy mountains, trampling, quake!

With maniac joy 'tis then I rise,
 And hurl the forests through the skies;
 And plough the ground
 With doleful sound—
 With terror sting
 Each living thing;
 And by their manes
 The mountains seize,
 And o'er the plains
 Whirl down the trees,
 And laugh to see the strong man quake,
 O'er desolations that I make!

Then for the ocean swift I go,
 With wildly mad, relentless flow;
 Rolling the waves
 For mortal's graves;
 And rend each sail
 With horrid wall;
 And flip the masts
 Over the sea
 With the fearful blasts,
 This, this is glee!
 And when engulfed, the sailor dies,
 I sing his requiem through the skies.

MAN BORN TO LABOR.

Man was born to labor, and is so organized that he cannot be happy or healthy without some steady occupation. And if labor and occupation are necessary to the healthy state, how much more necessary must they be to a mind diseased? Half the crimes committed against society originated in men's not knowing how to employ their faculties in some useful pursuit. Solitary confinement cannot remedy the evil, and leaves the convict, after he has served his time, as helpless as before.—*Auburn Gazette*.

CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Land of gold!—New England greets thee,
O'er the mountain and the main;
With a sister's smile she meets thee,
Youngest of our household train;—

She, mid rocks and storms was oradled,—
Mid the shout of angry fies;
Thou, in sudden, dreamlike splendor,
Pallas-born, to vigor rose.

Many a form her bosom nurtured,
Dwells beneath thy sunny sky,—
And these warm memorials brighten
All the links of sympathy.

Children of one common country!
Firm in union let us stand,
With combined endeavor earning
Glory for our native land.

Climbs of gold and climes of iron,
Climes that reap the bearded wheat,
Climes that rear the snowy cotton,
Pour their treasures at her feet,—

While with kindling exultation,
She, who marks their filial part,
Like the mother of the Græchi,
Hoards her jewels in her heart.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"Who is that charming looking girl that is dancing with Lieutenant Mowbray?" inquired Hal of his friend Caswell, who was at that moment intently eyeing her through an eye-glass as she glided so gracefully down the merry cotillon, while her partner seemed perfectly on tiptoe with delight as he bore the fair creature upon his arm to the upper drawing room.

"At any rate," replied Caswell, "the lieutenant is completely 'smashed,' as we should say in vulgar phraseology. Did you see how intently he looked into her eyes, and how obsequiously he bowed an assent to her proposals? There's no chance for us, Hal; the beautiful Juliette is undoubtedly lost now—the heiress will soon be pledged to that fellow."

"Pray tell me, Caswell, who is Juliette Morris? I've heard there's a history attached to her which reads rather romantically. Do tell me if you know anything of it?"

"I merely know that she is the adopted daughter of General Morris. Report says that some years ago, the general had a graceful and accomplished daughter, who was smitten by a severe malady and died very suddenly; that the general

and his lady grew frantic under their bereavement, refusing all consolation and shutting themselves out from all society. But that the following year they were induced to take a journey in their own carriage, to try the effect of new scenery upon their disquieted hearts; that a little playful schoolgirl was frolicking in front of the hotel where they stopped, who bore a striking resemblance to their daughter; that she too had anuburn ringlets, a sunny face and a merry heart, just like their own Juliette; that they summoned the little blushing girl to their apartment and prevailed on her to take a seat in their carriage to show them the spot where she lived; that it proved to be the humble residence of a hard-working farmer, whose wife was busily plying the little wheel, spinning flax to make her Julia a homespun dress; that there were but two children, Jared and Julia, the brother being some years the senior of his sister.

"How the strange proposition was made to adopt this only and dearly loved daughter by General Morris, what promises were pledged, and what inducements held forth that it lay in their power to transform the rustic Julia into a dainty little toy, to clothe her in silk and educate her in a palace, and eventually to marry her to a nobleman and bequeath heaps of dollars to her as a dowry; how the old farmer could have his mortgages paid off, and his little red house repainted and newly shingled. I say, how far such intimations went to reconcile the couple to part with their daughter, we may infer from the result rather than any positive statement transmitted to us; for after considering General Morris's proposal for the space of three months, they acceded to it, and Julia assumed the sobriquet of Juliette, laid aside her rustic garb and went to reside in the palace.

"The child was at first delighted with the change; but by-and-by the inmates of the little red house used to appear to her in dreams, and these re-awakened sentiments of filial affection were always greatly increased by the reception of occasional letters from brother Jared, describing the new aspect of the cottage, and the probability that before they should meet she would have a new sister-in-law to love; for Jared thought of attempting to make good his sister's loss.

"But Juliette did not always promptly reply to these letters. Mrs. Morris had a shade of jealousy about her mothership, and endeavored by every possible stratagem to divert her darling from dwelling upon the picture of her childhood's home. Still, some outbursts of natural affection would manifest themselves, and when a letter

came saying 'that her father had died and Jared was married, and her mother yearned to see her own daughter,' Juliette grew wild with anguish, and would weep in defiance of being thought silly by her foster parents.

But Juliette had a tasteful little room which she called her own—she often sat there and meditated. She felt she was under great obligations to her rich parents, but then she felt there was a vacuum, a sentiment, a sort of undefinable want which another object might fill. She was at this very time mentally asking herself, "what does the lieutenant think of me?" for budding womanhood at sixteen cannot stand the glances of adoration without returning similar ones where a mutual interest is enkindled. Again she sat abstracted, and thought followed thought so rapidly, Juliette was not at all impressed with the flight of time. "If he does not think of me more than others," was her mental cogitation, "why did he look so imploringly in my face and press my hand so affectionately when he took leave of me, and whisper, 'to-morrow I shall see you again, my dear.' And then if his love is awakened, what claim have I to it? A false position is mine. How ill-suited is a poor farmer's daughter to connect herself with the elegant, fascinating and high-born Lieutenant Mowbray. And what if when engaged my poor old mother should appear in her homespun garb and call me her child; or my rustic brother should bring a rough looking, uncouth maiden with him who should call me *sister*; how would my mortified feelings be over-tasked, and his sensibilities shocked?"

And as she was thus ruminating, a summons came for Juliette to answer to the inquiry of a stranger who desired to see her. It was *her mother*; and she called her child, and caressed her, and pressed her tenderly to her heart, and wept just as lady mothers would weep in drawing rooms; and Juliette started back from her embrace, for the bell rang and Lieutenant Mowbray had called, and as he passed the stranger in the hall he saw the features bore a strong resemblance to Juliette's, and suddenly there flashed into his mind that he had seen the mother of the lovely girl, and then he remembered a strange mystery hung about her history; but he saw his lovely idol turn repulsively away, and a feeling of shame suffused her cheeks, lest he should catch the fact and turn from her forever; and to shut out her mother was not so dreadful to her as to lose an interview with her lover!

Lieutenant Mowbray did not then offer himself to Juliette, as she had hoped. He felt that, much as he adored the fair face, he wanted a

sincere heart. His fears were awakened lest vanity and foolish fashion had gained a lodgement in Juliette's breast. His interview was tender and affectionate; but it was not all the fair girl craved to meet her love. That was an enigma to her. Surely she knew he did not recognize the scene in the hall, nor spy the features of her mother. But were you quite sure of this, Juliette? If so, what means that letter which reads thus, directed to "Miss Juliette Morris," with the lieutenant's stamp upon its seal.

"My dear friend, yesterday I should have written my *beloved friend*; but the emotions which then swayed my purposes are changed to-day. Yet, Juliette, I must confess to you I have loved you as I never did any other human being, and there have been moments when I longed to make the declaration to you; but my desire to evade nothing and conceal nothing, deterred me. I have no boast of ancestry; my parents are poor, humble and obscure, but hearts as worthy beat beneath humble roofs as those who inhabit gilded palaces. I have longed to tell you that in my childhood the pattering rain at midnight gave a sweet lullaby to my slumbers in a lowly attic; that my boyhood was spent in toiling to support my parents, and that my manhood still acknowledges a claim they make upon me, which I am proud to own while they call me their son. But, Juliette, I am convinced you would be mortified to be their daughter; you could not honor nor respect their gray hairs; I could not take you to the lowly paternal mansion to receive their blessing, and so you cannot be my wife, which I had fondly hoped would have been your appellation. Nobody should love another who despises the parent who bore them and kindly watched over their opening years. It is with deep pain I wrote the above; but, Juliette, I wish you to understand I am no rude coquette who would trifle with your affections, but an honest lover, who feels himself obliged to offer an explanation for the attentions I have rendered you. It only remains for me to bid you farewell, hoping you may reflect upon the true parental obligation, and one day become attached to a man to whom your mother's presence may not be a mortification; for we are all equal in the sight of Heaven, if pure in heart, let our outward condition be what it may. Still your friend,

G. MOWBRAY."

Years passed on and there were sad traces of suffering upon the features of Juliette; society had lost its charm; there was a languid utterance, an invalid step, a morbid melancholy, which no efforts of General or Mrs. Morris could dis-

pel. Feeling constantly disappointed in their hopes, it was natural their affections should wane, for the true maternal instinct is seldom found in a foster parent.

At length Juliette proposed to return to the littered house of her childhood. She longed to unburden her sorrows and yield herself up to the luxury of disappointed love. And she had no fears of a welcome reception, she had no dread of coarse manners, or of laying aside the drawing room etiquette so far as it was superficial and hollow. She had pondered so long upon Lieutenant Mowbray's letter, that she had become regenerated by its contents, and Juliette Morris was no more seen in the fashionable world, or admired as the daughter and heiress of General Morris. Her foster parents felt they never had but one true daughter; and Juliette felt she had only true parents who dwelt in her childhood's home.

And where was Lieutenant Mowbray? Among the choicest of his papers there was *one note* which he esteemed as sacred. It was the penitent confession of folly which Juliette had sent to him in reply to his letter. There was something so touchingly beautiful in its appeal, so entirely frank in its disclosure, so condemnatory of her own conduct and so noble in her surrender, that many a time had the lieutenant repented himself of his haste and resolved to throw himself upon her love. That he lived on indifferent to her history or uninterested in her fate, we may not fairly infer; for Juliette's return to her rural home created quite a sensation in the fashionable circles where she had moved.

Most people, however, commiserated with her foster parents, called her conduct ungrateful and unnatural, and trusted people would learn a lesson thereby, never to transplant a weed hoping to make of it a blooming flower. But for poor Juliette little sympathy was manifested; she, who had struggled so long with suppressing her natural instincts; who had been educated to believe that rank and fashion take the precedence of worth and obscurity; that gay, showy flowers command more admiration than the spring violet or the little heath blossom that is sheltered in the lowly valley; and who, having acted her part as thus directed, and resisted her nobler instincts, and thus returned heart-broken like the delicate flower nipped by the untimely frost; for this poor, crushed, bleeding heart, the world of fashion had no pity, and what wonder is it, if Juliette quitted it in disgust?

Lieutenant Mowbray had a love for the simplest rural pleasures. He delighted to roam in forests, to watch the last rays of the setting sun, to climb mountains, and with his gun and faith-

ful dog to kill the game and dress it in the rude cabin. It was on one of these expeditions two or three years after he had abandoned Juliette, that he found himself on the back side of a comfortable farm house just as twilight came on. He called at the door to ascertain if he could be lodged there for the night. The busy hum of the little wheel was swiftly performing its evolutions, yet a voice was heard above its monotonous hum, saying, "Yes, mother, I learned a great deal there, for I was taught to discipline my affections."

The words fell upon Lieutenant Mowbray's ears; the sentiment entered his heart. It was the voice of Juliette; he had found her mountain home; again he recognized the stranger woman whom he met in the palace; but Julia was not ashamed of her *now*. There was a shriek and Julia looked into his face and swooned in his arms. The mother looked on in amazement, but when the silence was broken, and the two hearts that had loved each other during the whole period of separation again met, shall we tell how deeply Julia blushed, and how, when the causes of those blushes were understood, her spirit resumed a blitheness which it had not felt for years, and her soul a peace from which it had long been estranged.

No duty was now irksome, no task difficult, no condition mean, where true worth resided, and from that little red cottage there went up a voice of praise and thanksgiving.

There was a consummation of the holy bands of wedlock. Lieutenant Mowbray conveyed his bride to the rustic home of his parents, where the proceeds of his toiling manhood had given them every rational comfort. "And now," said he to Julia, "bestow upon thy mother the same enjoyments with which I have furnished my parents;" but as they returned back to give the bounty and receive the blessing, the worn spirit of the affectionate mother had dropped its hold upon the frail tenure of life, and all that affection could now do was to raise two marble shafts in yonder grassy mound, whereon were two simple inscriptions commemorating the humility and purity of spirit which was now transferred to the society of saints and angels above.

Jared was left with his devoted wife to occupy the same paternal roof and till its broad acres; and Lieutenant Mowbray bore away a treasure which he more highly prizes every day he possesses her, and General and Mrs. Morris have since asked the privilege to call the beautiful bride their own daughter; so she will undoubtedly become the *rich heiress* after all her varied discipline.

BITE THE BITER:

—OR,—

TWO VICTIMS OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

THEY chanced to be riding up Broadway and Bleeker street, late one afternoon—two of them—a “lady” and a “gentleman.” The *true* lady is the same in New York that she is everywhere; and the *true* gentleman is none other in Gotham, than what he is elsewhere. But, as there are genuine and counterfeit bank notes, or true and bogus bullion—so do the terms we have quoted too often apply to things which are more deeply indebted to the milliner and the tailor—fuss and feathers—than to nature or good qualities, for the appellations that are accorded to them by the public.

The coach was full! Though it rained in torrents—still *that* omnibus was *full*. And the poor crabs that jogged along with it moved on as though they really anticipated the trivial modicum of oats and straw which their considerate owner deigned to vouchsafe them, once in twenty-four hours.

The “gentleman” was one of the light-fingered fraternity, who are so common in York, and the “lady” who sat next to him, was fashionably and showily dressed. He remarked to her (at a venture) that it was “rather stormy”—and she said, “yes sir, very.” This was their introduction, and the ice being broken, they proceeded to get better acquainted as they rode slowly along.

The lady soon discovered the profession to which her suddenly acquired acquaintance unquestionably belonged, and she suspected, at the same moment, that he had resolved upon making himself more intimately acquainted with the contents of the natty little reticule she sported at her side, than she desired! Her purse and one or two trifling packages of small value were inside of the bag, but the purse was empty and the parcels were of small account; so she turned her attention entirely to retaliating—for this was a game that two could play at; and this “lady” chanced to be *au fait* in shop-lifting and like accomplishments, to a degree that had astonished faster men than the “gentleman” who had now intended her for his victim.

While the well dressed scamp was busying himself with his own operations, the woman slid a small pair of keen scissors through his watch-band—as the coach suddenly turned the corner

—and dexterously secured his lever! Entirely unsuspecting of this matter, and intent upon his own purposes—for the coach had already nearly terminated its route—the fellow thrust his hand glibly into the reticule, while the woman’s face was turned aside purposely to give him the opportunity she knew he was seeking. The result was what he anticipated.

“Mercy!” exclaimed the fashionably dressed lady; “what was that?”

“What, madame?” responded the other.

“I beg your pardon,” she added, seeming to apologize, “but I declare I thought some one’s hand was in my reticule.”

“I guess not,” said the knave, who had secured the pretty purse. “I guess not. I should have noticed it, I’m sure, if such an outrage was committed here. Besides, you know, this is the ‘Safety Line.’ I presume it means safety from such accidents as these might be.”

“No, I was wrong,” continued the woman, examining her bag, as if very carefully. “No, it’s all right. The contents are all there,” she added, though she saw at a glance that her empty purse was gone. It was carefully stowed away in the gentleman’s outside pocket!

The lady pulled the strap, bade the rogue good day, and jumped out of the coach, turned into an alley-way until the omnibus had passed up, out of sight, and then retraced her steps a block or two, hailed a cab, and rode home.

The “gentleman” stopped when the stage did. Then he sprang into a ‘bus bound down town, for the business of his little trip had been accomplished, and returned to his lodgings, quietly, to examine his shrewdly obtained booty.

The purse was entirely empty, with the exception of its containing two or three shop-bills, placed there by its original owner to give it a plethoric appearance, and the thief saw that he had had his labor for his pains. “Better luck next time,” he muttered, hurling the purse, that cost but five shillings, into the grate. “Now for the opera! I can do a better trade there;” and placing his hand upon his vest, to consult his watch, he found nothing there but about two-thirds of its delicate chain. The guard had been severed neatly, but his lever was *non est*!

The sharper wondered! Who could have thus imposed upon him? And when did it happen? He was very sure he had his watch in his vest pocket when he got into that coach. It could not be that *lady*, that very modest, pretty, innocent woman, could have been guilty of this downright robbery of his person, and that too in a public coach, in broad daylight. O, no! And yet he was certain that he had not been near.

enough to any other person in the omnibus, save her.

"I didn't make much by that little affair, to be sure," continued the light-fingered scoundrel at last. "She's got my watch as sure as I'm a gentleman!" And he might have added, much surer! "Well, much good may it do her." And he sallied forth into the street to look after another victim.

The woman had a prize. Next day she concluded it wouldn't do to keep the watch in her possession, nor did she want it, either. So she doffed her finery and fashionable "furbeloes," donned a hood and old shawl, and repaired to a Chatham Street Jew, for the purpose of disposing of her cunningly earned lever.

"You may give me whatever you choose to for the watch," she said; "I cannot afford to keep it any longer. What is it worth?"

"Vell," said the Jew, "I duzzhunt vant to purshas no zuch vatches."

"Why not? What's the matter?"

"It'sh brash, ma'am."

"Brass!" exclaimed the disappointed woman.

"Yish—brash, all over. Aint worth over twelve shill'ns. Ve don't want 'em at no prishe, mum."

"But the *works*—the inside, Mr. Veli, they're worth something, surely."

"No, ma'am. The cashe is galvanized, and the votch don't go, you shee."

And no it didn't!

It was thus about an "even thing." The lady went home as she came, for no pawnbroker in town, and she tried a dozen, would give a dollar for the pinch-beck turnip. She was a little angry (as a lady might naturally be supposed to be under such aggravating circumstances), but she chuckled, nevertheless, as she reflected that the rowdy didn't make much more than considerable out of his robbery of her reticule, any how!

It is hard learning old dogs new tricks, and quite as difficult a thing to learn such people as these, much. But the gentleman was satisfied that a "well filled purse" didn't mean much, when the filling was composed of worn-out shop bills! While the lady was now more firmly established than ever in her long settled opinion, that though—

"Much is true, that's bought and sold—
Yet, all that glitters, is not gold!"

A man who does not possess a particular talent, satisfies himself by despising it; he removes this obstacle which stands between him and merit, and by this means he finds himself on a level with him whose labors he is afraid of.

A SNAKE STORY.

"During the Florida war," said the speaker, "I was with the American army. One day I shouldered my gun and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp, I saw something a few feet ahead, lying on the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length, and about one foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log, that I paid no attention to it; the fact is, I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log, and nothing else. You see, I never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is, I never should have believed it, if I had. Well, between me and the log, as I took it to be, was a miry place which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground ahead of me, and springing upon it, lit right on the top of—what do you suppose?"

"A boa constrictor," said one.

"No."

"An anaconda," said another.

"No."

"What could it have been," said a third.

"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.—*Southern paper.*

BIRDS SPEAKING ENGLISH.

A traveller in South America, speaking of the birds of his native land, says it is pleasant to notice that into whatever strange countries they may have wandered during the winter, and whatever strange tongues they may have heard, they nevertheless come back *speaking English*. Hark! "Phæbe! Phæbe!" plain enough. And by-and-by the bobolink, saying, "Bob o' Lincoln," and the quail, saying, "Bob Whise." We have heard of one who always thought the robin said, "Skillet! skillet! three legs to a skillet! two legs to a skillet!" A certain facetious doctor says the robins cry out to him as he passes along the road, "Kill 'em! cure 'em! physic! physic!" —*English paper.*

POOR PUSSY.

After the battle of Alma, as Lieutenant Derriman, accompanied by some of the members of Lord Raglan's staff, was walking over the field, he came to a Russian officer badly wounded, on the ground. He asked Lieutenant Derriman to give him some water, which was done; he then put his hand into the breast of his uniform, and brought forth a small cat, quite a kitten, and presented it to the lieutenant, who intends to take care of it as a trophy of the battle of Alma. Is it the national knout that makes the Russians fond of the cat?

COMMERCE OF RUSSIA.

England, with 28,000,000 inhabitants, exports products to the value of \$450,000,000; France, with her 36,000,000 inhabitants, \$250,000,000; while Russia in Europe, with 67,000,000 inhabitants, exports but \$50,000,000. The exportation of Russia consists almost entirely of raw material. Of the vessels which frequent Russian ports, only one-sixth part belongs to Russian subjects, and the commerce of the principal seaports is in the hands of foreigners.

SONG.

BY W. H. CONANT.

There's music in the sea,
That dashes on the shore
When the crested wave returns
To lave the beach once more.
But the harp's silver sound
From the mansions above,
O the music of heaven
Is the music I love.

There's music in the clouds
So airy, light and free;
They seem to glide along
To hidden mystery.
But the harp's silver sound, etc.

There's music in the storm
That sweeps along the vale,
When the winds their revels hold
In the fierce and wintry gale.
But the harp's silver sound
From the mansions above,
O the music of heaven,
Is the music I love.

LA TARANTULA.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

CHAPTER I.

ST. GERONIMO'S DAY.

It was scarce past the meridian of a warm summer's day, when from the inn of old Gaspar Varni, underneath the heights of Sorrento, might have been heard the sound of viols, and the deep notes of the bassoon ringing clear from amidst the clash of merry voices. Music and careless mirth, the never failing concomitants of an Italian holiday, were here in full ascendancy; for the birthday of the portly host happening to fall on the anniversary of St. Geronimo, the yearly festival which served to celebrate the two in one, was a matter of no small interest to the villagers. The dining-room was filled almost to suffocation, and it were a matter admitting of doubt, whether the chagrined few who chanced by lateness of arrival, or other causes, to be excluded from seats at table, were not to be envied rather than pitied in the endurance of their deprivation.

Such a doubt, perhaps, was entertained by an individual dressed in a peasant's frock and a slouched hat, who, pausing in the open doorway, regarded the mixed assembly with a half smile, not wanting a certain superciliousness which in other circumstances would have provoked instant observation. Now, however, the full swing

of common enjoyment rendered every one blind to what the looker-on took no trouble to conceal. Nor did he at all lower his disdainful regard, when a veteran clad in a sort of military undress, arose from the opposite side of the tables, and waving a wine-cup in his hand, drew on himself the general attention.

"Comrades," he said, "I give to you, Napoleon! my noble master, who, six years ago, delivered me with his own hand the shoulder-knot of a sergeant of the guard. Napoleon!—the soldier's true friend, and the greatest man on earth. Green be his memory forever!"

The words were scarce out of his mouth, when a youth, some twenty years of age, sprang up and hastily replied:

"What right hast thou, Jean Maret, thus to celebrate in our midst, the praises of our tyrant? Dost thou deem our spirits dead to all generous emotion? A curse on the usurper who hurped our country with fire, and poured out the blood of its children like water! May just Heaven pour down indignation on his head!"

This speech produced an instant commotion. Angry words were banded back and forth, and bright steel already flashed in the light, when the sturdy voice of old Gaspar surmounted the din:

"What means this tumult?" he cried. "Shall a few wine-warmed words thus set you all agog, my merry men? Come, you forget yourselves in giving way to such causeless rage. And thou, Gulielmo, leave thy saucy quips. How darest thou thus spoil good cheer?"

The youth, with a grieved countenance, turned to go.

"'Tis not," he said, "that I fear for threats, especially from Master Jean. Yet since thou commandest, I needs must yield."

So saying, he passed out of the door, while the tumult having ceased, a whisper went round the room:

"Gaspar has a fine daughter; 'tis she who commands through him."

The mirth, for a moment rudely stayed, again proceeded. Goblets clinked and wine flowed merrily, till the host, striking his hand on the table, again addressed the company:

"Good people and neighbors all," he said, "I pledge you here my future son-in-law. Drink deep then; the wine is good, I trust, and at all events the toast merits our good will."

The wine was forthwith lifted to lip, and at the word, the generous liquid, blushing with deeper hue than even did the landlord's jolly nose, was drained to the uttermost drop, and the cups, turned bottom up, were replaced on the board. As the ring of the metal ceased,

Master Jean, grizzle-haired and scarred with the marks of war, rose up and grimly smiled around.

"Mates," he said, "I am not apt at making fine speeches, though I can *feel* as many thanks as another. I'll give you then, our jolly host and his sweet daughter. Than he, no better rules the roast between here and the salt sea. And what maiden can compare with her in loveliness?"

This speech was received with the most decided applause by the rest of the company, who seemed eager to evince their approbation of all things at present said and done, by steadfast application to the festivities of the occasion.

Meantime, far removed from their boisterous cheer, sat within her little chamber the maiden, weeping at thought of the dreaded marriage-day, towards which the hours were rapidly hastening.

"O, Gulielmo!" such were the thoughts which she murmured, "shall I be able to support life forever removed from thee? Alas! the fate which so ruthlessly severs our mutual loves!"

Meanwhile, Gulielmo roamed the hills, his heart swelling with sadness. What use in longer adherence to home and the lowly shepherd's lot? No, he would no longer tamely submit to poverty and the contempt which it entailed on its victim. The moment was now arrived when he must bid adieu to Rosa, loved in vain, and to Sorento, spot hitherto so loved and lovely. Thus musing, he began to trace on the sandy soil a rude outline, which certainly bore a striking resemblance to Rosa's pretty features.

"Well done, Master Gulielmo!" suddenly exclaimed a stranger voice.

The startled youth looked up, and in so doing cast his eye on a face which seemed not altogether unknown to his remembrance. The stranger possessed a visage bold and finely formed, a piercing eye, and a strongly-marked mouth set beneath a classic nose; while his tawny color told a life exposed to daily wind, and sun, and rain.

"Art thou a student of the art which is our country's pride?" continued the latter, "or does love inspire the skill which thou hast here displayed?"

"I am no student," Gulielmo replied; "and yet I daily try, in my unknowing way, to counterfeited the forms which I see."

"It were pity then," rejoined the other, "that such as thou should idly waste those talents which when duly trained would surely bring their owner fame and wealth. Suppose for instance that some great lord, or other noble patron of the arts, should send thee a couple of years to Rome;—but I forget. Perchance the

maid whom thou hast pictured here, might interpose her pretty face to spoil so fair a plan?"

"Alas!" said Gulielmo, quickly, "she is not for me. And though I see that you are jesting, I tell you truly that I would go where any chance might lead me, so that I might never see her or Sorento again."

"I do not jest," answered the stranger. "Indeed, I know your story already. I was present just now at the inn, when you and Jean Maret fell at variance. And, friend Gulielmo, I know of a certain lord who I am confident will do you the office which your talents require. He is a Russian prince, of generous hand, although of a somewhat rough exterior. Take courage; perchance affairs may have a better turn. And if the Russian, as no doubt he will, shall take thee under his wing, mayhap old Gaspar's purpose may yield some grace to thy ill-prospered love. Hie home then, and wait a little for the flood of fortune. I've faith that thy ill-luck will shortly change to good."

The stranger turned away. Gulielmo, in mute surprise, watched his steps a while, and then hastened along the winding path which led him back to his own cottage door.

CHAPTER II.

PAS SEUL BY MOONLIGHT.

The moon hung high in silver light above the village and the quiet fields which lay beyond, when a gallant train came in order down the unfrequented street. Appareled gaily, each cavalier wore *roquelaurs* and belt, and in their midst they bore a prisoner—the veteran Jean. Reaching at length the grassy market-place, they halted and formed a ring, in the midst of which they placed their captive. Some of the number drew from underneath their short cloaks instruments of music, while others cleared their throats as if about to sing. Presently there stepped apart a masked form, who thus gave command in a rude sort of rhyme:

"Holla, my merry mountaineers,
Prepare a festive lay;
Our gallant friend will measure trip
While we a song essay."

Each other masker thereupon drew a rapier, and turned its point to centre.

"Unbind the captive, give him room;
Now, friend, pray mind your play.
Strike up, my lads, and heed your time,
And merrily troll away."

At the word, the others commenced in deep, hoarse voices:

"An old graybeard a wooing came,
Ha! ha! ha!
With plenty of brass, but little brain,
Tira la la!

Merrily round we go,
Merrily.
All in a circle O,
Cheerily!

Right joyful was the gaffer gray,
La la la!
And who so blithe as he I pray?
Tira la la!

Merrily round we go.

Alas! the change of time and tide,
Ah! ha! ha!
That gaffer's joy to grief should glide,
Tira la la!

Merrily round we go."

"Trip on, friend Jean," the leader said; "thou laggest wretchedly. Let me spirit thee with this good steel rod; 'twill move thee most famously."

Jean Maret, in spite of himself, discovered great agility on this occasion. He could hardly have moved with more readiness in the rustic cotillon among the village lads and lasses. Nevertheless, not a few oaths escaped him, doubly provoked as he was by the composure of his tormentors, and the laughter of the surrounding spectators. But swifter still flew the brisk burden, "Tira la la."

"Good people all," the chief now said, "we have piped this man to play, and now that we the pipes have tuned, 'tis fair his purse should pay."

"Villain!" replied the veteran, testily, "ye shall not have a doit!"

"Good luck, our friend's not satisfied," returned the mask. "And yet we've done our best. Well then, Jean Maret, we will offer you a change. Doubtless you have seen the dance which is inspired by the bite of our famous black spider. Let us see if our good steel may not be able to supply the place of the spider. Come then, my lads, strike up 'La Tarantula.'"

Again Jean was forced to display his powers of agility, as flew the music and the accompanying voices, onward and still on, with ever-increasing rapidity. At length his obstinacy was overcome, as much by the absurdity of the affair as its personal inconvenience.

"Cease, cease," he cried; "have done with this, and the money you demand shall be forthcoming. A pack of fiends were better companions, I trow, than your blackamoor troop. Let me on, then, and I will lead you to my cash-box, and after you have there satisfied yourselves, I

pray you to go your ways like honest thieves, as you are."

"Take heed what you say, Jean," replied the chief masker. "We are honest, that is true enough, and we only want a fair payment for our services. Our band never performs for a less price than a thousand crowns, nor will we ask more than this of a worthy soldier like yourself. So lead the way, my friend, we follow close on your steps."

With jingling steel and shrilly pipe, the troop retraced its course, till on arriving at the lodging-place of Jean Maret, the latter paid down the needful scot, indulging himself while counting out the coin in various hearty oburgations which seemed to add no little to the amusement of his hearers. Meanwhile, from mouth to mouth, among the villagers, who gathered round the scene, passed the whispered murmur:

"Sartello, the bandit chief, and his followers!"

The person thus indicated turned to the shrinking crowd, and lifting the mask from his face, he addressed them thus:

"Good friends, our play is finished. The players through me, desire to make you their most respectful bow, thanking you for your good company. We rejoice to see that you are pleased with our endeavors for your amusement, and will hope that when next we chance to meet, we may therein be as fortunate as now."

At the word, each of the troop made a low obeisance, and with their leader, quickly retreated from the village. By slow degrees, the streets were cleared, though here and there a few lingered along to talk over the occurrences of the night. It was not till near the dawn of morn that the village again became quiet, when in the early dew, a carriage drove swiftly up to the inn, the door of which the coachman, having leaped from his seat, banged with might and main. At length old Gaspar thrust his night-capped head from an upper window.

"What means this cursed din?" he angrily exclaimed.

"Come down—come down!" the coachman replied, in a gruff voice. "Here is Prince Reklorvstt waiting at your door."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the landlord, withdrawing his head in a fluster. "It can be no common prince, this, with such a jaw-breaking name. Here Francesco, Rosa, wife, all of you! hurry, haste down stairs as quickly as you can!"

The household were quickly astir, the doors were unbarred, and Gaspar presented himself before the prince, who had just descended from the carriage. The Russian lord—for any one

would have known him as such by his appearance—possessed a long beard, thick eyebrows, and eyes, whose look was chiefly a chilly and impenetrable stare.

"He must be monstrous rich," thought Gaspar; "he has such a bearish way with him."

The coachman, who seemed also to serve as interpreter, now addressed the host in tolerable Italian, easy enough to be understood, though interspersed now and then with some queer sounding words.

"The prince wishes to breakfast. Quick then! bring a turkey, a quart of brandy, a cup of fat, a good cheese pie, and a reindeer's tongue."

The landlord was filled with astonishment and respect.

"O, servant of a mighty lord!" he said, "our larder is to-day somewhat scant, for crowds of guests have scoured our house of all its choicest fare. But we will give you the very best we have, if you will deign to accept it."

The coachman seemed disturbed, but consulted the prince, who answered him with a frown and a growl of foreign words.

"Mine host!" rejoined the interpreter, "the prince doth condescend to accept. But be sure, whatever else fails, that the brandy is good."

The coachman and his master now engaged themselves in a harsh-sounding conversation, wherein one would have judged that the vowels were far less plentiful than the consonants. Near half an hour thus passed, when—wondrous speed—a half cooked fowl was placed on the table, together with olives, grapes, and sour brown bread. The Russian lord upon seeing this rare repast spread before him, gave vent to what sounded very like a Sclavonic invective, but nevertheless plunged his knife into the midst of the fowl, and carved and growled, and growled and eat, apparently bent on the most murderous havoc. Meantime, his servant turned to Gaspar.

"The prince hath heard one of your village youths, by name, Gulielmo Massani, commended much for his high talent and great pictorial skill."

"Ah!" murmured Gaspar, to himself, "heard one ever such elegant discourse?"

"The prince last evening met upon the road an old acquaintance, who told him much concerning this lad; recounted his whole history, and told how he drew wonderful resemblances of birds, and beasts, and men."

"'Tis true," replied Gaspar. "Strange that I should never have thought of it before."

"So, therefore, the prince offers to patronize the gifted youth, and send him a couple of years

or more to Rome, where he will be able to make himself a perfect artist, and get fortune at such a rate that he can soon roll in gold."

"San Dominic!" said the host; "surely Gulielmo's luck has turned. They say that Jean, last night, was robbed of more than half his store. and so, I do not know—but Rosa—"

"You're right," interrupted the other speaker. "Two hundred crowns are yours, provided Rosa waits two years against Gulielmo's safe return."

"Ahem!" exclaimed the somewhat surprised landlord. "How comes it that you know of this? And yet the girl grieves sorely. I will take you at your word."

The courier nodded and spake to his master, who, with a pompous air, told in his open hand the glittering gold, which was soon transferred to Gaspar's eager grasp.

"And now where is this same Gulielmo?" inquired the courier. "Bring him hither as quickly as possible. I doubt not, when he hears of his advancement, that he will leap for joy."

The youth presently arrived. The courier informed him of the matter in hand, while the prince nodded his head most graciously, and smiled so grim a smile that all the servants looked on dismayed.

"Haste," said the courier to Gulielmo, "pack up your knapsack as quickly as may be, and bid Rosa adieu, for it is time that we were on the road for Rome. There thou shalt undertake the painter's art, and work for fame and bread. And, if all works prosperously, you shall soon be able to wed the fairest maid of all the land."

An hour passed; the carriage drew up before the inn door, the host delivered his most obsequious bow, fair Rosa bade farewell to her lover, the prince and Gulielmo entered the stately vehicle, and, with a loud crack of the coachman's whip, the travellers set off for Rome.

CHAPTER III.

THE STUDENT'S RETURN.

THE two years had elapsed, when on a bright June afternoon, a weary pilgrim halted within a grove which overlooked the village of Sorrento. He gazed around for a moment, as if in expectation of some one, and then sat down upon a mossy stone.

"It was here," said he, "that he bade me wait on my return. And yet—"

"He is with you," said Sartello, leaving the scraggy laurel behind which he had concealed himself. "What cheer bringst thou from Rome, my gallant lad? Certes, thy look is loflier and manlier now, whatever fortune thou hast had."

"Kind friend," replied the youth, "I may say that I have had both good and ill fortune; though mostly good, if thou dost agree with my opinion. I bring, through intercession of the pope, a pardon from our king. And thou and thine, if henceforth ye are pleased to remain at peace, will be accepted by the law which now holds your lives forfeit."

Sartello grasped with a vice-like pressure the hand which the youth held out.

"I am well repaid, Gulielmo, for what little I have done in thy behalf, since thou hast thus brought me my heart's desire. No more will we roam the land, outlaws from honest men. We will till and toil, and freely live, scathless and void of care. But of thyself, what speed? say quickly."

The youth frankly smiled.

"My pocket is rather low," he said, "although my hopes are not. I have gained some honor, whatever its worth may be. And now, how fares the gentle maid whom I so long to see?"

"Ah," replied Sartello, shaking his head sadly, "these women are indeed a puzzle. I fear much that Rosa's mind has changed since your departure. Absence, as the poets say, is love's worst bane. But let her go, Gulielmo; fairer charms than hers will soon ease your pain."

Gulielmo stood for a moment as colorless as marble.

"Is this the reward," he said, at length, "of all my weary toil?"

"Pray comfort yourself," replied his friend. "I may as well tell you the worst at once. They say that her wedding-dress is prepared. Jean Maret's gold and the importunities of old Gaspar, have been too much, fancy, for her fickle resolution."

A single tear fell from Gulielmo, notwithstanding the proud compressure of his lips.

"Let it be so," said he. "I will make no words about it. Neither will I shun her sight. I will face it out, and shame them who think to flout me thus."

"Bravo, my lad!" exclaimed Sartello. "I find that you are of the true stuff. So come along; the hour is already near, when she is to change her name. I feared at first to tell you the tale, but am glad to learn that my fears were needless."

Gulielmo's burning cheek might have shown the pain which raged within his breast; but, nevertheless, he accompanied Sartello with a firm and confident step till they reached the inn where the guests had already begun to assemble. In the porch, by the side of Jean Maret, sat

Rosa, with a few flowers in her hair, her countenance as sweet to view as the first blush of a May morn. But when she met the fiery glance which Gulielmo cast upon her, she seemed abashed, and half turned toward her companion, with a silent appeal of the eyes. The priest now arrived, and all was made ready, Gulielmo looking on with a heated brain, and a feverish sickness gnawing at his heart. He was only able to see a single lovely face, in which a sudden sadness seemed to dim its former smiling grace.

"Why wait we?" bluffly exclaimed Jean Maret. "The priest awaits, the bride is ready. Gulielmo Massani, come forward; Rosa has chosen you as bridesman."

"Scoundrel!" replied Gulielmo, "dare no jests with me, else your life may fail you before your wedding is over."

"My wedding may be near at hand," returned Jean; "but I fear much that Rosa will hardly be my bride. Go, fair maid, and lead this stubborn youth hither. If all else fail, I think that thou wilt be able to hold him captive."

Rosa sprang from the porch to meet Gulielmo. Flinging her lily arms about his neck, her head reclining on his breast:

"Thou art mine," she said; "whether poor or rich, it is the same to me. Pardon this deceit; it was not my will to give thee needless pain."

"How is this?" Gulielmo was with difficulty able to say. "Your bridal—"

"Come, your place!" interrupted Jean. "There, take her hand. How dull you are! It seems to me that after all I should make the readiest groom of the two."

"Not so!" exclaimed Gulielmo. "But I must not allow you to be deceived, however little my tale may profit me."

"Hold then a moment," Sartello cried. "Your hand, friend Jean; I think you bear no ill-will. Or if you do, the settlement we'll postpone, till this present affair shall be concluded. Here, then, in this bag which I deliver you, you will find a thousand crowns, a forced loan to aid Gulielmo's studious years; and with the sum, five hundred crowns by way of interest. I enacted the Russian on a certain occasion,—a counterfeit lord,—and yet not altogether so, as you will own when you have heard my story. Four years ago, I held the title of Prince of Cornaro, where I, in the midst of a beautiful country, upheld the privileges of a lord. But one luckless day I joined a secret band, which sought to change the rule by which Italy was swayed. We failed, and I was forced to fly my native towers, to roam the mountain depths as the chief of lawless men. My wide estates were

confiscated to the service of the crown. But this noble youth has now obtained for me a full pardon from the king for all past misdeeds. The sovereign also freely restores me to my former rank and possessions."

He ceased, and every voice was raised in applause.

"Hail, Prince of Cornaro!" was the general exclamation.

"Prince," cried Jean Maret, "I give you thanks for the thousand crowns. The odd five hundred I will give towards Rosa's dowry."

"Nay," rejoined the prince; "the half thou mayst; it is all that thou canst be permitted, for I desire to find some room to add to Rosa's store."

"Ha!" said old Gaspar, with a laugh. "Although not rich, her suitor is yet certain he brings her riches."

"Good sir," replied Gulielmo, "I can show you but little coin, it is true; yet you may perceive some gain will be mine if you but choose to read this obligation."

Thereupon he delivered a slip of parchment into the hand of the host, who turning it once or twice round in the vain attempt to decipher its intention, passed it to the prince, saying:

"I pray your excellency to read it. My eyes are somewhat weak, and indeed my scholarship is not so good as it once was."

"Know all (read the prince, after naming the date), that I will pay to order of Gulielmo Massani, or his lawful heirs, four thousand crowns, with interest, as soon hereafter as demand may be made.

BENVOLIO."

"The Cardinal Benvoglio," said the prince. "Indeed, the lad hath prospered well. But come, the wedding lags. First, let us tie this youthful pair, and after that we'll join the revel on the green, where Jean and I will teach you all how to dance 'LA TARANTULA.'"

GOVERNMENT CHARACTERISTICS.

Governments have a moral character as patent and as paraded as the device on their banner folds. The elder Rome was an unscrupulous robber. The elder Greece was an exquisite voluptuary. Russia to-day is a sturdy and selfish churl. France is an ambitious and unprincipled man of fashion. Spain is a wasted, and wrinkled, and scorned courtesan, in the decay and decrepitude of her dissolute army. England is a half breed between the Pharisee and the prize-fighter. And America is a well trained yet most passionate youth, of whom it is altogether a problem whether the manhood be a fine Christian gentleman or an unprincipled ruffian.—*Rev. Charles Wadsworth.*

DO WHAT GOOD YOU CAN.

BY LOUIS N. BUDICK.

I would not pass from earth away,
And leave no trace behind;
I wish to feel that I have been
Of service to mankind:
For what is life, without a heart
To sympathize with those
Whom stern misfortune hath assailed,
And crushed with bitter woes?

I envy not the proudest king
That sits upon a throne,
Who hath not charity to make
His subjects' wants his own;
Nor would I for a moment yield
That treasure of the soul,
Which ever teacheth peace and love,
To gain the earth's control.

How grateful should the rich appear,
With wealth at their command;
That they can stretch toward the poor
A firm and helping hand;
And if it chance to be our lot
To grace a lowly sphere,
Yet noble acts we may perform,
Though trifling they appear.

A kindly word—a gentle smile—
A sympathizing tear,
May raise the sinking, fainting heart,
And banish clouds of fear;
Ah, we should so attempt to live,
While here on earth we stay,
That fearless we may be when Death
Shall summon us away!

FRESH AIR.

Horace Mann has well said: "People who shudder at a flesh wound and a trickle of blood, will confine their children like convicts, and compel them, month after month, to breathe quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours in a day the lifeless and poisoned air of some of our school-rooms. Let any man, who votes for confining children in small rooms and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only four times over; and if medical aid be not on hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards."

Let us pay to God by worship and piety the rent of the dwelling he gives us in this world, and the price of the benefits he allows us to enjoy. For a little faith he grants us the earth we cultivate, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the ocean we navigate, fire, the powerful material of our labors, in a word, the entire world, whence he permits us to send happy colonies to heaven.—*St. Clement.*

SPIRIT-RAPPING POETRY.

BY D. M. F. WALKER.

Why don't he come? O, I am sick!
 Say, is his spirit here?
 Hark! don't you hear that little stick
 "A rapping" on the "cheer?"

Why don't he come, my Willie dear?
 Pooh, now grieve up your lip!
 Just look, one foot at least is here,
 Do see the table tip!

Why don't he come? I'd like to know!
 Be still and hold your tongue;
 Do look! just see that lightstand go!
 'Tis almost on the run!

Why don't he come, and come to-night?
 O, what a stupid fool!
 Just see that pen and paper write,
 They must have been to school!

Why don't he come? I fain would sing,
 Hold on, you silly loon;
 Why, don't you hear that fiddle-string,
 "A-playing off" a tune!

Why don't he come?—mischievous lout!
 I'll drive him out of town!
 Just see, he's pulled my needles out,
 And let my stitches down!

THE FORGED CHECK,

— AND —

THE STOLEN JEWELS.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

I WAS passing home from my duties as book-keeper in the counting-house of an importing firm, in New York city, one evening, several years ago, when my steps were suddenly arrested by feeling the pressure of a hand upon my shoulder, as I hurried along. It was in the busy season of the year, and I had been detained out later than was customary; and as the passage through which I was hastening homeward, was none of the pleasantest—though it afforded a shorter cut to my lodgings than through the more thickly travelled streets above—I was startled, and turning instantly about, I beheld the face of a young man whom I did not recognize at the moment, but whom I subsequently found to be a person with whom I had in previous years been acquainted, somewhat.

"I've been looking for you," he said, "and I want your assistance. I am in trouble."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Don't you remember Ned Willetts, Barclay?" he said, in a low tone.

I looked at him again, and answered:

"Yes, to be sure I do. But what in the world are you doing here in the dark, alone, Ned, at this time of night? And where have you been, too, these five years back?"

"I'll tell you all about it, Barclay, if you'll give me the opportunity."

"Where are you stopping?"

"Nowhere. I've been in town since noon only, and must leave very shortly again. I am in trouble, and need aid and advice. Shall I go home with you?"

"Yes, yes—come along," I replied. And he took my arm as we hastened on together to my rooms. He said little more then, and not until I had become seated with him, in my little parlor, where we were alone, entirely, did he unbosom to me the details of the dilemma he was in.

I remembered Ned Willetts as a fine boy, when we were schoolmates together, and I recollected him as he grew up to manhood, as a noble-hearted, enterprising young man, of thorough probity, honesty and business tact. He went his way, however, at seventeen or eighteen years old, and I went mine; we had not met, I repeat, for some four or five years. He was still a splendid-looking fellow, now about three and twenty years old, and to all appearances, as far as I could judge, had improved in his person and manners alike since I lost sight of him, five years previously.

As soon as the gas was let on in my room, I noticed at once that Ned was excited, and his face and eyes showed that he had been without rest for an unusual time, apparently.

"Where do you hail from, Ned?" I asked, at length; "and what have you been about? You are in the fog, you say. What has happened?"

"To begin at the beginning, Barclay—though I must be brief, for you will soon see that I am pressed for time—I come from Baltimore, where I have been engaged in book-keeping, and was cashier in a large jewelry establishment for three years and more. There was a young lady—"

"Hallo!" I exclaimed; "a woman at the bottom of it all, eh?"

"Don't stop to interrupt me; you shall see in a few words, as fast as I can come towards it, how it all happened," responded Willetts. And I therefore permitted him to proceed, without further serious checks or queries.

"There was a beautiful girl came into the store some months ago, to make some trifling purchases, and I chanced at the moment to be in the front of the establishment, while one of the clerks waited upon her. I had never been

struck with any woman's appearance before in my life, and I should scarcely have noticed her, but for her peculiarly sweet tone of voice which, once heard, you nor I could ever forget, Barclay."

"Very likely."

"Well, she went out, and I saw nothing more of her for a week; when she again called at the store. I saw her thus, and twice—thrice, I think afterwards—before I spoke with her. The young clerk had learned her name, and took the liberty one day (at my suggestion) to introduce me to her. I was greatly pleased with her fine features and musical voice, and I became better acquainted with the lady after a time."

"I see; a love affair," said I.

"Well, wait. I called on her at her father's residence, and at length, after a year's acquaintance, I proposed to marry Cornelia Dufonte—that's her name—and she accepted my offer, with her father's approval. She had no mother, and they boarded at a very convenient and respectable house, near my place of business. I exchanged my lodgings, took a room at Mrs. Redlon's, where they dwelt, and soon became intimate with Mr. Dufonte, of course, who, at the proper time, and when I was ready, was to become my future father-in-law."

"Yes."

"I never knew, and never asked what was Dufonte's occupation. I did not know but he had an income that supported the expenses of himself and daughter. I didn't know but he was in some quiet profession or business that afforded him the means; and I am certain Cornelia never knew anything whatever about this, except what her father volunteered to tell her, which was very little. However, I cared as little as I knew about it. My own position was a good one, and I knew that when I got ready to marry his daughter, I should be ready to support her. I never thought anything about Dufonte's business, until, the day before yesterday, I was called upon to witness a scene that has nearly destroyed my life, I assure you, so sudden and awful in its consequences has it turned out!"

"What is it, pray?"

"Well, I went home from the store as usual on Tuesday evening (it is now Friday night), and found Cornelia in the deepest distress; and you can judge of my consternation, when she informed me that a forgery had just been discovered, in which I was implicated, and certain jewels were missing which I was supposed to be in possession of!"

"Where had you been?" I inquired.

"I had been absent, twenty miles out of town, during the day, and did not calculate, when I left, to return until the following morning. I finished the business that called me off, however, at night, and immediately took the cars for home again. Search had been made for me in the meantime, and those who met with Cornelia were injudicious enough to hint their suspicions to her, in regard to me, without once looking into my details. The forgery was committed upon the name of my employers, and the jewels were missing from our store, you perceive."

"Well, what followed? How were you implicated?"

"A portion of the jewels have been found."

"Where?"

"In my room, where I boarded."

"Are you the sole occupant of the apartment?"

"Yes; and when I went away, I locked it, and had the key in my pocket!"

"And this forgery? How is this?"

"Curious; like the rest. The check is precisely *ours*, and there are two missing from the back of the check-book."

"Who has charge of this book?"

"No soul but myself. I alone have access to it, except when it is looked at by my employers, in my presence, as I hold myself accountable for the accuracy of the cash account. I therefore never trust it out of the safe, save when in temporary use."

"The jewels were found in your locked-up room, in your absence, you say?"

"Yes."

"And you had the key of it?"

"Yes."

"And when you returned home, and learned what was transpiring, you ran away; and here you are, eh?"

"Yes. No, no! not exactly that, though I now see that this is a bad feature of the business. I ought not to have left home a moment. I see; it is unfortunate; but really this mistake never occurred to me until this moment. I wish I were safely back again," continued Ned, very thoughtfully. "But then I could do nothing there. You see, Barclay, I'll tell you what I thought," continued poor Willets, hurriedly; and then he suddenly stopped, and looking me straight in the eye, said:

"Of course, Barclay, you don't for a moment harbor the thought that I am guilty of all this mischief?"

"Well, Ned, if I judge you by your antecedents, and my knowledge of your excellent moral character when I knew you years ago, I

say *no*, emphatically. But to be candid with you, if you are to be judged by the circumstances of this case by itself, I should say without any hesitation, that, as you have thus far represented yourself, it looks as though you were in a dreadfully tight place," I replied.

"So I am, Barclay; so I am. But, as I was about to say, I thought of you instantly. I knew you were in the same sort of position here that I occupied in Baltimore, and I knew we had been friends, and you could and would advise with me. So I hurried on, without any one being made aware of my purpose or route, to confer with you, and see what could be done. For myself, I have no fears whatever, I assure you. But, Barclay, between us, I think *I know who is the real forger and robber!*"

"Possible!" I exclaimed, astonished; "where is he?"

"In Baltimore."

"What the deuce are you doing here, then? Why did you not denounce him, and save your own credit?"

"No, no, Barclay; wait till you hear all. I am engaged to be married to Cornelia Dufonte, and in a few weeks we intended to have been wedded. You are my friend, the friend of my early years; and you will be discreet, when I tell you I am satisfied that *her father* is the man who has committed these two outrages!"

"What!"

"—sh! Don't breathe too loud. I feel certain of it; and I will tell you how and why I suspect him."

"Go on, then."

"When I have been hard pressed with labor, in the busy season of the year, I have sometimes taken my file of cancelled bank-checks home, at evening, for examination at my leisure, when the monthly bank account was made up. The old man has frequently assisted me in this work, and thus had the opportunity to ascertain the character and form of our checks. Two months since I missed one of the cancelled blanks; but as it had been paid at bank, and was of no use, I did not suspect what might have become of it. It was printed in blue ink, and the firm's cypher only was engraved upon the corner. I now see how easily it may have been copied and counterfeited and the signature attached, by a skilful hand. No one but he had the opportunity to do this. Then, as to the robbery, Dufonte had often called to see me, of course, at the store, where he would tarry sometimes an hour at a time. He has chosen his opportunity, I have no doubt, and purloined the jewels. But what renders the whole transaction the more infamous

is the fact (as I believe it to be), that when this affair has been discovered, he has unquestionably found access to my room in my absence, by means of a false key, and deposited a part of he gems where suspicion must inevitably light on me, to save himself!"

"Well, Ned, your story is a plausible one. God grant you a safe deliverance from your dilemma! But can it be possible that the man who knew you to be engaged in marriage to his daughter, could be so villainous as this?"

"He is a coward you see, Barclay. How he has obtained the means hitherto to keep up his apparent respectability, as I have already said, I do not know; but I am now convinced that he is, *sub rosa*, a dishonest man. This fact (if I am correct) cannot, ought not to injure Cornelia in my esteem, for she is as guileless as she is affectionate and beautiful. I will vouch for her."

"What then do you wish to do, Ned?"

"I would avoid an explosion and its consequences, and save him and her if possible," said Ned, anxiously. "For I am sure if my suspicions prove to be correct, Cornelia would die of shame and terror at her father's error and the disgrace that must follow."

"How can I aid you then?" I inquired.

"Well, the forged check is for six hundred dollars, and the lost gems are said to be valued, at a venture, at about five hundred more. I have saved something over six hundred dollars out of my salary for the past two years, with which I intended to get married. This happiness I will forego for the present, and I can thus make good the amount of the check. Now if you will loan me five hundred dollars, I will pay for the lost jewels, arrange the whole thing with my employers (who are reasonable men), and to whom I will frankly explain all my suspicions, and thus save him and her, and myself. Will you assist me? I will pay you within the next eight months, on my honor, Barclay."

I could not withstand this appeal, though I had not seen my former friend for nearly five years, and I had no means of knowing that his whole story was not a *ruse* to swindle me out of five hundred dollars neatly! Such things had been done. I lived in New York city, where similar operations were every week as plentiful almost as blackberries in August. But the most important bar to my wish to gratify my friend, was an almost insurmountable one. I had not one hundred dollars at that moment in the world, to say nothing of five times that amount! And I said:

"Ned, I appreciate your uncomfortable fix, but I swear to you, I haven't got this money."

"Can't you get it, Barclay?"

"Well, when?"

"To-night. I must fly hence or return by to-morrow's boat. I can't, must not, ~~won't~~ go back to Baltimore unless I can see my way out of this peril before I turn my steps thither! No, never! never!"

"I don't know about this, though, Ned," I continued, on reflection. "Come, take a glass of Madeira with me, and let us see how far you ought to go to save this scoundrel."

"No; thank you, Barclay. I haven't tasted a drop of wine for seven years. Excuse me; but for Heaven's sake, strain a point and procure me this money. I arrived here this afternoon, and watched for you three long hours, for my only hope is with you. I saw you leave the store, for I would not venture in under the circumstances, lest something might occur to involve me in the future in this affair, and I did not want you to suffer from having been seen in my company."

This honorable and considerate act I could not but value, though it might never have caused me trouble under any circumstances, and I replied, quickly:

"Ned, at what hour to-morrow morning do you desire to leave town?"

"At nine o'clock, by the Camden and Amboy line."

"The money shall be ready," I said. "Give me your note on demand for five hundred dollars with interest, and I will raise the cash for you."

He quickly drew up the note, tarried with me over night, and I crossed over to Jersey City with him next morning at half-past eight, after placing in his hands the money he wanted. Poor Ned! he seemed happy enough when I finally shook his honest hand at parting, with the prospect before him of being able soon to extricate himself and Dufonte from present jeopardy.

At Baltimore, very little had yet been said about the trouble. Ned Willetts had been away two days, and the suspicions against him had been increased from his continued absence. Dufonte was sullen and quiet (as usual), for he was always an uncommunicative man, and nobody thought of him as being privy to this double-dealing; but Willetts returned at last in safety.

His first interview, after reaching home, was with Cornelia, whom he satisfied clearly of his entire innocence of the suspicions that existed against him, though it was passing strange to her mind how the jewels could be found within his room, while it was locked up and he had the key, unless he carried them there in some way.

As to the forged check, she knew nothing of it. But leaving her, he repaired to his employers at once, where he proposed to lay the whole case open to them, and beg them to accept remuneration for the pecuniary loss, and hush the matter up, under the peculiar circumstances. But he arrived too late!

The forged check had that day been traced out, and Dufonte was directly implicated, greatly to the relief of Ned's employers, who confided in his integrity to the very last moment, notwithstanding the circumstances were so decidedly against him. He laid his plans open to his employers at once, explained to them the delicate position he suddenly found himself placed in, and offered them the money to cover all their loss; but they would not accept it, nor would they think of taking a sum from Willetts at any rate, knowing as they did how ill he could afford to submit to this sacrifice.

Besides this, it was out of their power to enter into any such arrangement without subjecting themselves to the charge of aiding in compounding a felony, since the officers of the law had taken the subject in hand, and were then searching for Dufonte, who had been quietly warned by Willetts that trouble was brewing for him, and unless he could make a bold stand, he had much better be out of the way.

Dufonte was an Englishman, as the event proved, and had married in this country. He was a man without principle, cunning, shrewd and speculative, and he had contrived thus far, by hook or crook, to keep his head above water and educate his only child, Cornelia, whom he never informed regarding his business or prospects; he was tempted in an unguarded moment to procure the check from Ned's file, and afterwards counterfeited it; and when the opportunity offered him to seize the little box of jewels at Willetts' store, he added that wrong to his first serious error. He did not expect to be trapped, but finding himself cornered, he entered the book-keeper's rooms by means of a skeleton key, and left the larger portion of the gems in Willetts' bureau (where they were afterwards found), in the belief that he could manage the ugly affair best, at last, and could better afford to assume the peril that awaited him! We have already seen how Ned, in his generosity of heart, made returns for this contemplated injury. Had it been in his power, he would have saved Dufonte at heavy cost to himself; but this was impossible now.

Returning home again, he sought Cornelia, and found her busily engaged in packing up a trunk of clothing. He instantly urged her to

take the earliest means to communicate with her father, if possible, and beseech him to fly without delay. He then explained everything to his affianced, and showed her that this course alone could serve to avoid future disgrace. He placed in her hands three hundred dollars, and bade her pay it over to Dufonte, lest he should lack ready means with which to escape, and he reassured Cornelia that she should be duly cared for, meantime, and that he would marry her very shortly, thus placing her beyond the reach of present care or harm. Cornelia found her father secretly (as they had agreed upon), within the next two hours, when she paid him the money and parted with him amid the deepest grief. But there was no other way. The officers were after him, the laws had been grossly violated, and he knew it! He fled to England forthwith, and saved himself and his child the pain and disgrace that must surely have attended his arrest and conviction of his two crimes.

Two months after this, a carriage halted at the door of my lodgings in New York, and there stepped out from it a young gentleman whom I instantly recognized as my friend Ned, again, who was accompanied by a sweet-looking girl, attired as a fashionable bride. I saw the sequel instantly. He handed her into our house, and presented her to me as his wife. It was Cornelia Dufonte. They had been married three days previously, in Baltimore, and were now on a wedding tour towards Niagara. She was a magnificent woman, truly, and I was not surprised that Ned should have been thus attracted to her. He called me aside, paid me five hundred dollars, and two months interest, took up his note, and left me a few minutes after, for one of the North River boats; he was then bound to Albany.

The robbery and forgery were finally suffered to be forgotten. Ned informed his employers that there was no doubt the guilty man had left the country, and the pursuit was at his request given up. So frankly and candidly had Ned managed the whole affair from the outset, that no injury ever occurred to him personally. His employers abated no jot of their previous unlimited confidence in his honesty, and would never listen a moment to his offer to indemnify them for their loss. They sympathized with him, however, like men and Christians, as they were; and as the amount was trifling in reality to them, and they were thoroughly satisfied that my friend could not have prevented the occurrences under ordinary circumstances, they finally charged the deficits to "profit and loss" account, and referred to the unfortunate affair no farther.

Old Dufonte has never been seen in this country since. Mr. and Mrs. Willetts are now living in a small town in Pennsylvania, contented, happy, and well-to-do in a pecuniary way. And surrounded by a pretty family of children, they have long since forgotten the temporary trouble that succeeded "The Forged Check, and The Stolen Jewels."

WONDERFUL PENS.

Dr. Warner, some years ago, happened to be in the shop of an eminent stationer in the Strand, London, when a member of the House of Commons purchased a hundred quills for six shillings. When he was gone, the doctor exclaimed—"O, the luxury of the age! Six shillings for a hundred quills! Why, it never cost me sixpence for quills in my life." "That is very surprising, doctor," observed the stationer, for your works are very voluminous." "I declare," replied the doctor, "I wrote my *Ecclesiastical History*, two volumes in folio, and my *Dissertation on the Book of Common Prayer*, a large folio, both the first and second copies, with one single pen. It was an old one when I began, and it is not worn out now that I have finished." This relation was spread abroad, and the merit of this pen was esteemed so highly that a celebrated countess begged the doctor to make her a present of it. He did so, and her ladyship had a gold case made, with a short history of the pen written upon it, and placed it in her cabinet of curiosities.

Byron wrote his celebrated poem of the *Bride of Abydos* in one night, and without mending his pen. The pen is yet preserved in the British Museum.

John Elliott translated the entire Bible into the Indian language, and wrote the whole of it with one pen.—*New York Sun*.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.

The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets during the daily traffic, re-appear in the shape of swords and guns. The clippings of the travelling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithery or cast-off woollen garments of the poorest inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterward in the form of dyes of the brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredients of the ink with which we write was possibly once part of the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer matches. The dregs of port wine, carefully rejected by the port wine drinker, in decanting his favorite beverage, are taken by him in the morning in the form of seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets, and the washing of coal gas, re-appear, carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavor *blanc mange* for her friends.—*Scientific American*.

There is this good in commendation, that it helps to confirm men in the practice of virtue. No obligation can be of more force, than to render to eminent virtue its due merit.

SONG.

Ah, canst thou think that time has stole
The light affection round me flung?
No, years have fled, but round my soul
It still has fondly, wildly clung.
My fortune, fame and friends have flown—
The minions of a sunny hour;
But still my love has stronger grown,
Like ivy round some mouldering tower.

There is a change that all must feel,
A change the world will ever make;
The visions that so fondly steal
Around the heart in youth, must break.
But do not say that Time has wrought
A change within a heart like mine—
Love starts at the unhallowed thought,
And threatens to desert thy shrine.

My love is not the trembling light
That falls upon some careless stream,
To sleep awhile in beauty bright,
And then withdraw its silvery beam;
Then do not think, now fate has set
The seal of misery on my lot,
That I can all the past forget,
For thou canst never be forgot.

THE LAME MAN'S MESSAGE:

—OR,—

NEPHEW AND NIECE.

BY AMOS WINSLOW, JR.

It was winter in the great city. In one of the common streets was a well-filled store, and the owner stood behind his desk reckoning up, perhaps, and comparing his "profit and loss," while a number of clerks were busy in waiting upon customers. This owner was a young man, not more than five or eight-and-twenty, and he seemed to have an eye to business, though whether his gaze was regulated by any well governed principle remains to be seen. He was a spare-built, fashionable looking man, with a pale face, a low brow, and a profusion of artificially curled ringlets hanging about his temples. He had very dark eyes, but a close observer could have seen that they were of a greenish hue, and that their light was all outward and fluctuating. His lips were thicker than looked well, and his mouth was larger than he wished it was. He was very fashionably dressed, and a vast display of jewelry bedecked his person.

Such was James Merton. His father and mother had both died, and he had been left with only some one or two thousand dollars with which to commence life. He came to the city and obtained a clerkship. He was shrewd and unscrupulous, and he made some money, and at length he managed to marry an heiress. With

her money he had set up a store, and was now, to use the language of his own coining, "doing a smashing business." It was a "smashing" business.

James Merton stood there behind his desk and watched his salesmen.

"Mr. Peters," he called, in a low, business-like tone.

The person whom he addressed was a young salesman that was at that moment trading with a well-dressed old lady.

"Does that woman want some of that velvet?" Merton asked, as Peters came close to the desk.

"Yes, sir," very deferentially returned the salesman.

"She is a stranger?"

"Yes sir."

"We may never see her again. Probably some one from the country. Get off a piece of that number five if you can. Remember, it is the nicest of Genoa fabric. Eight dollars if you can. Be careful, now."

Peters went back and sold the lady three yards of the velvet, "number five," for seven dollars and fifty cents a yard. It was a superb looking piece of goods, and apparently figured with the most sumptuous materials. James Merton's "profit" column received an addition from that sale of twelve dollars. That was the character of the business part of the man.

It was drawing towards the close of the day, and the young merchant took out his bank book and ran it over, and then he looked at the list of "notes payable." He found that on the following day he must pay a note of twelve hundred dollars. He reckoned up all his available funds, and he made out four hundred and some odd dollars. There was a cloud came over his brow, and that cloud grew deeper as his eye rested upon the record of other notes, the maturity of which was not far off. "I wish a hundred old women would come in and buy velvet," he muttered to himself, but that couldn't be expected, so he put on his great coat and started out. In half an hour he returned, and having shaken the snow from his coat, he hung it up, and then sat down by the stove. He had been to some dozen of his friends, but not one of them could promise to assist him. The truth was, they didn't like the "smashing" character of himself or his business.

Mr. Merton had sat thus some fifteen minutes, when he was aroused by hearing some one inquire for him. He looked up and saw an old man hobbling towards him on a crutch. It was a very old man—eighty at least—and very lame.

The snow stood in great masses upon his garments, and he seemed cold and fatigued.

"Is this Mr. James Merton?" he asked.

"Yes," surlily replied the merchant.

"You don't seem to recollect me," resumed the old man.

Merton looked up and a ray of interest shot across his face.

"This isn't old Varney Bolster," he said.

"Yes it be," returned the old man.

"And where are you from?"

"From Ohio."

"And how is my uncle?"

"Dead."

"Dead!" uttered Merton, starting up. "Did you say dead?"

"Yes. He died a month ago."

"Fortunate, by Jove."

"What!" cried the old man, in blank surprise.

"Ah, you misunderstood me," quickly spoke Merton, but yet with much perturbation. "I meant that it was fortunate I had the news."

Varney Bolster looked keenly into the young man's face, and a close observer could have seen that there was a dubious expression upon his time-worn features.

"Are you acquainted with my uncle Moses's affairs?" at length asked the merchant, in low, anxious tones.

"Yes."

"Has he made a will?"

"Yes."

"Ha! And do you know its contents—its purport?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

The young man breathed heavily as he asked the question, for he knew that his Uncle Moses had nearly a million of dollars to dispose of.

"His will—and he made but one—gives nearly everything to you."

"To me!" cried the youthful speculator, clapping his hands with sudden emotion. "I thought so. I knew the old fellow would do the handsome thing. By Jove, but I'm safe, now. Let the brokers and note-shavers whistle now. The old man lived a long while—but better late than never. And so he is dead at last. I hope he was buried decently."

"Your uncle was buried decently, sir, for he had friends about him that cared for him," reiterated the old man, looking with contempt upon the unfeeling nephew.

"O, and so should I have cared for him, if I had been there," said Merton; "but since I wasn't, what's the use of making long faces at

it. The old man couldn't possibly have asked to live any longer. But what's to be done now? Must I go on to Columbus? I think he did not move from there?"

"There's where he died. But you need not go on unless you see fit, for his executors, or some one empowered by them, will be here in the course of a week to see you."

"So, so. Well, old Varney, I'm truly thankful to you for your information. I have a little brandy in my counting-room. Wont you take a drop?"

"No sir."

"But it's cold, and 'twill do you good."

"A good bed would suit me better."

"Haven't you engaged your room at the hotel, yet?"

"No."

"Then it's time you were about it. You'll find any quantity of 'em about our city."

"Then you have not gone to housekeeping, yet?"

"Certainly."

"And could I not find a shelter beneath your own roof?"

"Why, bless me, old Varney, the very sight of such a lame old codger would throw my wife into hysterics. She is a most sensitive person."

"But not very sensible," distinctly pronounced the old man.

"Be careful, sir," said Merton, showing a mark of anger. "Remember of whom you are speaking."

"You forget, James, when you were a boy, and I used to dandle you upon my lame knee. You didn't shun me then—and even at that time my hair was gray."

"Never mind that. I am busy, now. Much obliged for your information. If you are in need, you may—"

But the old man did not wait to hear any more, and so the merchant did not finish his sentence. The outer door closed upon the retiring form of the lame messenger, and then James Merton once more put on his coat. He moved quickly now, for his spirits were up.

In half an hour more he had told the news of his uncle's death to many of his business neighbors, and he had the promise of more than money enough to meet his to-morrow's payment.

In a very fashionably furnished house, and in one of the drawing-rooms of said house, sat two females. One of them was the wife of James Merton. She was a tallish woman, and a few years older than her husband. A single look at

her would assure any one that she had been reared in idleness. She sat now upon the piano stool, but she was not playing. She was leaning languidly upon the instrument, and her long hair was hanging in curls about her face and neck. She was, perhaps, pretty, but there was nothing intellectual or winning in her countenance. Her face was a pale, cold blank, with nothing written upon it save indolence and indulgence.

The other female was not more than twenty years of age, and if she was not so beautiful as some, she was at least interesting in the extreme. Her's was a face that improved upon acquaintance. One did not see all its beauties at the first glance. Her true loveliness was not to be seen until you knew her heart and her soul, and when the holy purity of those were known, then her face looked beautiful indeed. Her hair did not curl, nor were there any pearls or precious stones in it. No pearls flashed upon her person, and the only ornament she wore was a plain golden ring upon one of her fingers. It was the dying gift of her mother, and, save a good name and a virtue of spotless purity, it was all she inherited. Her name was Adelia Williams, and she was a cousin to James Merton. She was the only child of Moses Merton's only sister, and James was the child of Moses Merton's brother. For nearly a year Adelia had lived with her cousin, but she occupied the place really of a menial. To be sure she sat with her cousin's wife, but she was very useful to her ladyship.

"Adelia," said Nancie Merton—that was the lady's name—"move these books away and shut up the piano. I shall play no more. And then you may put some more coals upon the grate."

Adelia did the work thus laid down, and then resumed her sewing. But she was soon called to trim the lamp, and then to fix the fire again, and then Mrs. Merton wished her to fix the pillow upon the lounge so that she could "repose."

At about seven o'clock James Merton came in. There was a well satisfied look upon his face, and he smiled very blandly as he greeted his wife.

"I think you must have made an excellent day's business," said his wife, after she had arisen to a sitting posture. "I haven't seen you look so good-natured for a long while."

"I have done a good business," said Mr. Merton, emphatically. "I have a note of twelve hundred dollars to pay to-morrow, and I have raised the money."

"Borrowed it, I suppose," said his wife.

"Exactly."

"I see nothing very gratulatory in that. You'll have it to pay."

"So I shall," uttered James, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction; "but I have the means. The flood-gates of wealth are thrown open, and the tide is setting upon me. Guess how?"

"How can I guess?"

"True—how can you. But I'll tell you. My uncle Moses is dead!"

"Dead! Uncle Moses dead?" uttered Adelia, with quick pain.

"Yes,—and what is there wonderful in that? He was old enough to die—four-score years is long enough for any man to live."

"He was very rich, I think," said Mrs. Merton, hopefully.

"Yes, worth a million, at least."

"And how has he disposed of it?"

"Left it all to me—all, all, to me."

"Are you sure, Mr. M?"

"Yes. Old Varney Bolster has come on, and he told me all about it."

"Poor old Varney," murmured Adelia, looking up. "How I should like to see him. Has he come home with you, James?"

"Come home with me?" returned the merchant, elevating his eyebrows. "Of course not. He looked a little too shabby to bring here."

"I'm glad you didn't bring him, I'm sure," remarked Nancie.

"And he is very lame, too," said Adelia, in a meaning tone.

"Is he? How thankful I am he didn't come, to be sure. The sight of a deformed man throws me into convulsions."

"Yes," resumed Adelia, with a sidelong glance at her cousin, "poor old Varney is very lame, or, he used to be, and the doctors said he always would be, for his knee was fractured."

"Mercy, Adelia, don't speak of such frightful things," uttered the sensitive wife, with an excellent shudder.

"Yet," persisted Adelia, "it is worth while to know how he became lame. Once a mad, frightened horse was rushing towards a precipice, and there was a boy upon that horse's back. Varney Bolster rushed before that plunging horse and stopped him, and saved the life of the boy, but in doing so, he broke his—"

"Stop, stop, I command you," cried Mrs. Merton.

"I was only going to add that if Varney had not stopped that horse, you would never have had James Merton for a husband!"

The young merchant looked daggers at his fair cousin, and so did the merchant's wife; but

the word was spoken, and James Merton remembered how that poor old man had once saved his life. But Adelia was silent, now, and the storm soon passed over.

"You are sure your uncle has left you his property?" said Nancie, at the end of a silence which had lasted for some minutes.

"O, yes. He has always spoken of me as his heir, and this old lame man has seen the will; and he moreover assures me that some one will be on from Columbus shortly, to fix up matters. We will have that new house, now, wife, and our circle of acquaintance shall be somewhat altered."

"It must be," returned the lady. "But," she continued, with energy, "Miss Williams must either leave us now, or else pay more attention to your wishes."

"Ah, what now?" inquired Mr. Merton, gazing first upon his cousin, and then upon his wife.

"I told her I should speak with you on the subject. That country fellow has been here again."

"What, Walter Seaton?"

"Yes, I think that is his name."

"Is this so, Adelia?"

"It is," replied the maiden.

"And what do you mean by such conduct? I have told you that you should not see the fellow here at my house."

"He came, and surely I was not going to drive him away. He is an upright, honorable young man, and his society is pleasing to me. He was a schoolmate of yours, and—"

"Enough, say no more," interrupted Mr. Merton. "I suppose you would have the fellow for a husband, if he should pluck up the courage to ask you."

"He has asked me, sir."

"What! Has he had the audacity?"

"He has—and I told him—"

"What?"

"That I loved him, and that I would be his wife just as soon as he could feel able to go to house-keeping."

"Well, that is fine, truly," uttered Merton, with a blank look. "You will make a splendid wife for a common day-laborer."

"Mr. Seaton is a carpenter, sir, and his occupation is not only honorable, but it is lucrative."

"Very," said Merton, sarcastically. "But," he added, in an altered tone, "there are some stern realities to this business. I have been asked more than once already, if I made a practice of associating with *that carpenter*—for it was

known by some means that he was a townsman of mine, and once a schoolmate. He has been seen coming here, and he has been known to remain a whole evening. Now I have just one word more to say. If Walter Seaton comes here again, and you admit him to the house during our absence, you will leave my roof never to return. I am determined to have some control over my own premises. You know that you can make an eligible match, if you choose. There is my clerk, Peters—he has hinted to me that he would marry you; and he will be a wealthy man, for he has shrewdness and business tact; and now that I am wealthy, of course I should be willing to assist you some if you complied with my wishes."

"I am well acquainted with the character of Mr. Peters," returned Adelia, "and I know him to be a shallow-minded, superficial, unsteady, dishonest person. Even in your own store he has practised duplicity and straight-out deception."

"You had better beware," uttered the young merchant, with a flush of anger upon his face. "Keep a little more guard over that tongue of yours."

"O, my cousin, I know what I say. A lady of my acquaintance went into your store only day before yesterday after some rich velvet for a bonnet pattern. She told me of this herself. Peters waited upon her, and he showed her a piece of stuff which he told her was double-napped, royal-dressed Genoa velvet, and that the weight of pure silk in a yard of it was worth more than most fine velvets. He asked her eight dollars a yard for it. Now that lady happened to have a brother who was engaged in the same business, and he has brought some of that same kind of stuff home as a curiosity. It was not worth more than three or four dollars at the outside. You should look to your clerks with more—"

"Silence! I am aware of Mr. Peters's character, and what you now say is false. I want to hear no more. You have heard what I have said, and you may govern yourself accordingly. Remember, you either drop the acquaintance of Seaton altogether, or else you leave my house. You can do as you please."

James Merton was considerably perplexed when he began to speak, but he worked it off, and by the time he concluded he had worked himself into a state of majestic dignity. But Adelia was not so much moved as he had expected.

"I can go," she calmly said, "for I have not been idle here, and shall not probably have to

work any harder, let me go where I will. I believe I have paid my way since I have been beneath your roof, so you have not much claim upon either my gratitude or my obedience. But let this pass now. It is not a fit time for such work when we have but just received the intelligence of the death of our noble-hearted old uncle." •

James Merton had his mouth made up to reply to this, but he did not. The truth was he felt very angry with his fair cousin, but the news he had received of his uncle's demise counterbalanced it, and in a few moments more he told Adelia that she might leave the room; and after she was gone he and his wife spent a long while in planning for their future course. Nancie was very pleasant, now, for the golden sun that had just arisen upon her warmed her heart with an effervescent heat of gladness. Not one word was spoken, nor one thought entertained of the goodness of him that had departed, nor did they speak of the death-stroke other than as a stroke of luck for them.

It was on the day following the events just recorded—or rather on the evening of that day, that a young man sat by a table in a plain but well-kept and quiet boarding-house. He was somewhere about four-and-twenty years of age, and upon his countenance were revealed those unmistakable characteristics that denote the studious, intellectual man. He was a person of fair proportions, and as the rays of the lamp fell upon his features, and dwelt among the clustering curls of nut brown hair that swept back from his high brow, they revealed a face of more than ordinary manly beauty. Such was Walter Seaton. He had left his native village, after having learned his trade, and come to the great city to work. He came not to hunt up work, but to fulfil an engagement. He had, in days gone by, been a schoolmate of Adelia Williams, and even when they were but children they had talked of love, for Walter learned his trade of Adelia's father. It is no wonder, then, that they should meet now, and that they should renew the pledges of their childhood.

On the present evening Walter had one of the small sitting-rooms to himself, for the rest of the male boarders had gone out to places of amusement. He sat there and pored over his book, and while he was reading, one of the servants came in and announced that a young lady wished to speak with him.

He quickly started to the door, and there he found Adelia Williams. He waited upon her

into the sitting-room, and as soon as they were alone, the young man inquired with some signs of surprise, what had called her out on such a cold night.

"I shall speak plainly," she said, with some perturbation, "for I know that I may look for counsel to you."

And thereupon she related a part of the scene that had occurred at her cousin's. Walter moved nearer to her side when she had finished, and taking her hand, he said:

"Dear Adelia, I am almost glad your cousin has spoken, for now our proper course of action is made plain to us. I have between twelve and thirteen hundred dollars in the bank, and we can as well commence our united work of life now as at any time. I am sure of the best of wages, and my employers spoke no longer ago than last week of letting me have one of their houses. They learned by some means that I had some thoughts of marriage. There is a pretty little tenement out on the new avenues, which I can have for one hundred fifty dollars a year, and I know it would suit you. It is in a quiet location, and among the most pleasant people. What say you? Come, we may as well fulfil our destiny now as at any time."

Adelia hung down her head, but it was not with confusion. She only meditated upon the proposal to which she had listened. At length she said, and she looked very happy as she spoke:

"You know best what we had better do. All is, if we are married now, I will do all I can to economize and make your burden light. I will be governed entirely by your decision."

"Then," uttered Walter, with a glow of happiness upon his features, "we will go at once to keeping house as partners for life. So shall it be, dearest, and God grant that we may be long spared to each other."

The happy youth had just placed his arms about the maiden's neck, when the door-bell rang again, and shortly afterwards the door of the sitting-room was opened, and an old, lame man entered. He stopped near the table and hesitated.

"Is this Walter Seaton?" he asked, leaning heavily upon his crutch.

"It is, sir," returned the young man, quickly rising and placing a chair near the fire.

"I thought I should find you alone," continued the lame man, as he sat down in the proffered chair. "But perhaps you don't know me."

"It is good old Varney Bolster!" cried Adelia, with unfeigned joy.

The old man started.

"What!" he exclaimed, lifting both hands.

"Is this my little Delia—my little Delia Williams?"

"Yes, Varney," returned the fair girl, hastening to the old man's side and throwing her arms about his neck. "Yes, it is your little Delia. Don't you remember me?"

"I do now, you blessed child," answered the old man, while the tears started to his eyes, as he felt the warm kiss of the innocent, warm-hearted girl upon his cheek. "But how did you know me so quickly?"

"O I knew you were in the city. My cousin told me so."

"Your cousin?"

"Yes, James Merton."

"Ah," uttered Varney, while a cloud swept over his wrinkled face. "Then you have seen James?"

"Yes, I live with him."

"And did he tell you that your uncle was dead?"

"Yes," murmured Adelia, sadly, as she sat back in her chair. "He told me. O, I had hoped I might see uncle Moses once more, for he was such a good kind uncle to us all. But he is happy now—for such as he cannot be else than happy in the spirit-home. Did he speak of us before he died?"

"I heard him speak of all his friends. But did James tell you of your uncle Moses's will?"

"Yes."

"I am almost sorry you should have been forgotten in that will."

"O do not speak of that," said the maiden, earnestly. "Uncle Moses has done much for us. Only think how kind he was to my mother. For over a year he supported her wholly. He has done much for us, and I should be ungrateful indeed could I now cherish a single regret on account of his will. I can only regret that he did not live longer to enjoy the property he has left behind him. But he was well cared for? He died happy, did he not?"

"Your uncle died very calmly," returned the old man, regarding the lovely girl with beaming, moistened eyes. "But tell me why you are with your cousin?"

Adelia related to him how she had gone to live with James after he was married—how she had gone to help his wife, and how she had lived there ever since. She spoke more freely to her present listener than she would have done to even her own uncle, were he living, for old Varney Bolster was always regarded as a kind of confidant by all his acquaintances. Bolster was no relative of the Mertons, but he had lived with Moses from a boy. Moses Merton's father

had taken him from the poor-house when only about ten years old, and he had been a faithful domestic in the family ever since. Adelia used to love him when she was only a child, because he was so kind and good to her, and though it had now been over ten years since she had seen him previous to the present occasion, yet she felt perfectly at home with him. To be sure the old man had altered some, but not to Adelia, for she knew him by his kind smile and his unfortunate knee, more than by any well-remembered lineaments of his face.

By degrees the old man drew out the maiden's whole life-story, and also discovered why she had come out on her present visit, and he smiled an almost roguish smile when he found out that she had planned soon to become a wife.

"Never mind," said he, as Adelia blushed. "I have known the stock from which Walter descended, and I believe it is good; but I know something of him, for this evening, when I went to his employers to hunt him up, they took the trouble to praise him prodigiously — O, you needn't hang down your head so, Walter, for surely 'tis no evil to have good men speak well of you."

Some more conversation was held on by-gone times—Adelia wept calmly in memory of her good uncle—and the old man told how they had lived in their western home. And at length the maiden said that she must return. Of course Walter was to accompany her as far as her cousin's house.

"And I'll go too," said the old man. "It will be dull to be here alone, and this cool air without does me good."

"But your lameness," suggested Adelia.

"Pooh, that's nothing. My old crutch is faithful."

And so they started—and on the way Adelia whispered to Walter, and told him that when they were married, old Varney should come and live with them—and Walter said yes, very heartily. And the old man asked what they were talking about, and Walter, when he found that he must let it out, confessed what Adelia had proposed to him. And then the old man said he would come, for he should have no other home.

In due time they reached the house of the young merchant, and Adelia asked them if they would not walk in and rest. Walter immediately said "no," but the old man, said "yes."

"I will go in," he added, "for I wish to see James Merton. Which is the room in which they usually sit?"

"This is the one," said Adelia, pointing to

the front windows, through the damask curtains of which the light was shining.

"Then let us go in, and I want you to follow me— Don't refuse, Walter, for I want you to witness what James Merton may say. There is one small bit of business left in my hands. You shall not suffer. Come," he said, as they somewhat hesitated.

The old man ascended the steps as he spoke, and tried to open the door, but the night latch was down, and he rang the bell. A servant came, and he pushed his way into the hall. The attendant would have resisted, but she saw Adelia and she went back to the kitchen.

"This is the door!" said the lame man, pointing to the one on the right.

"Yes," returned the maiden, trembling violently, for she feared that some exciting scene was coming.

The old man pushed open the door and entered. James Merton and his wife were upon the lounge, still engaged in planning for the laying out of their immense fortune. The merchant started to his feet, and his wife uttered a scream of terror at the appearance of the old lame man.

"What!" gasped James, and his face flushed, and his hands clenched. "How is this? You here, sir? What! And you, too, vagabond?" he continued, as he saw Walter. "Get out of my house instantly! Do you suppose I keep an open lazzaretto?"

"Do not be in a passion, young man," calmly said Varney, as he seated himself after having led Adelia to a chair. "I have one matter to speak about, that I kept back before."

James Merton looked with flashing eyes upon Adelia, who had now removed her bonnet, and then he looked upon her lover. Then he turned his gaze upon the old man, and in an almost hissing tone, he said:

"This is a strange piece of business, sir. Do you suppose that just because you brought me the news of my uncle's death, you are entitled to come thus unbidden to my house? It is fortunate for you, sir, that I and my wife were alone, for had we had visitors, my servants should have put you both out of doors— Be not alarmed, Nancie," he continued, turning to his wife. "You shall not be harmed. The unmannerly dogs shall soon be sent off."

At this kind assurance, the sensitive lady somewhat recovered, and then her husband turned once more to the lame man.

"Now what is your business?" he asked, in no very polite mood.

"Why," returned the old messenger, "I have

come to converse with you concerning your uncle and his will."

"And what about his will? Was it not all in my favor?"

"Yes."

"And was it not duly signed and witnessed?"

"Yes."

"Then what more is there?"

"Why, sir, there is a proper respect due to the memory of one that was as kind and good as was he!"

"What business is that of yours?" exclaimed James, in angry tones. "I'll thank you to meddle with things that concern you."

"But that concerns me, for your uncle was my best friend, and I—"

"Shut up your blab, old bald-head, or else I'll clear you out from my house! Do you suppose want you to come here and preach to me! By the powers of darkness, your presence is bad enough, without further insolence. And now if you have nothing further to communicate of interest to me, you can depart. And as to you," the young merchant continued, turning to Walter, "you may consider yourself fortunate that I now give you an opportunity to get off with a whole skin!"

Walter Seaton started half up from his chair, and then sank back again. His hands worked nervously, and his face was very pale; but he did not speak. He had too much sense to trust his indignation with words.

The old man gazed steadily upon Merton, and his lip quivered.

"Come—are you going?" the young trader cried, starting up.

"O James!" uttered the old man, arising from his chair, "how sadly are my hopes in you blasted. I knew you were reckless when young, but I thought not that you could be so utterly heartless, now!"

He had arisen without his crutch, and he stood proudly erect! His keen eye flashed, and his broad chest was expanded full and bold. All present started as if a thunderbolt had fallen and burst at their feet. They knew now that Moses Merton stood before them! James sank quivering into his seat, and Adelia sprang to her feet.

"Uncle, uncle!" she cried, in rapturous tones, "O, it is my good uncle Moses—I know it is. Not dead—not dead—but come back to see us once more."

"Yes, you blessed child," cried the old man, catching her to his bosom. "Yes, my own, sweet Delia, 'tis your uncle Moses."

James Merton gazed with a vacant stare upon

the old man for some moments, and at length he found his tongue.

"You must derive a vast deal of pleasure from such deception," he faintly gasped, holding on upon the arms of his chair, as though for support.

"How have I deceived you, James?" returned Moses Merton, calmly.

"You have lied to me."

"You speak plainly, but not truly. have not spoken one false word."

"Did you not tell me my uncle was dead?"

"Yes."

"And was not that false?"

"No. Your uncle Robert died in my house a month ago. He was my youngest brother."

"But you told me my uncle Moses was dead."

"I did not."

"You did! And you said he made his will in my favor."

"If you will take the trouble, James, to remember how we spoke on the evening when I found you in your store, you will see the matter differently. I came in and told you that your uncle was dead. You recollect, perhaps, how you received the intelligence. I told you the truth. You asked me, after a while, if I was acquainted with the affairs of your uncle Moses, and I told you yes. I told you that he had made a will, and that it was in your favor. In this I told you the truth, for your uncle Moses has made a will, and to you that will makes over nearly the whole of his vast property. And now wherein have I spoken falsely? Every word I have told you is literally true."

"But you deceived me," gasped the trembling culprit. "You deceived me."

"How did I deceive you? Ah, my guilty nephew, I will tell you, but before I do so I must tell you one other thing. Some time ago, after I wrote to you that I was very ill, and might never reach the home of my youth again, I received a letter stating that my niece, Adelia Williams, was dead. Then it was that I made my will, and left everything to you. But afterwards I not only learned that my beloved niece was living, but that it was you who wrote the letter announcing her death! What say you to that?"

"False, false!" gasped James.

"Ah, but I know that you did write the letter. When I heard that there was an Adelia Williams living with you, which I learned from a merchant that was out our way, I feared the truth. I got the letter, and I knew that the hand was a disguised one, and I detected your

chirography in a moment. Do not deny it, James, for it will not avail you. Do not add falsehood to your already accumulated sins."

The young merchant did not speak. His wife had fainted, and Adelia had gone to her assistance, but the husband did not move towards her. He was utterly confounded and stricken.

"Now," resumed the old man, "I will tell you how far I have deceived you. Six months ago poor old Varney Bolster died, and one month ago my brother Robert died. I was left then without a friend to care for me of my own, and I resolved to come back here. I had learned of your treachery in the writing of that letter, but I had some faint hopes that there might be some mistake—that you might have thought her dead, or something of that kind. I knew that you were quite young when you saw me last, and I believed that old Varney's crutch and his lame leg with it, would be disguise enough. I meant to do as I did, and I did it that I might learn your true character more surely. I had a vast heap of wealth to dispose of, and I meant to know the real traits of the one who should inherit it. I have found one who is not only worthy of it all, but who will know how to use every blessing that Heaven may send upon her. Come, Adelia, my task is finished. Come, for you may be assured you will not be wanted here—Farewell, James. Perhaps, sometime, if you truly repent, and are in need, and will come humbly to me, I may help you."

And as the old man thus spoke, he picked up his crutch and placed it under his arm. He needed it to assist him in his walk no more. Adelia took his hand and followed him out from the room, Walter Seaton leading the way. James Merton did not look up—he dared not. He was crushed—hurled from his high hopes of worldly glitter and show, down to the lowest depths of woe and shame.

We have but a word more to tell. James Merton struggled on, and was too proud in his shame to ever ask his uncle for assistance; and perhaps this very thing kept him from becoming bankrupt. But his after life was embittered by the memory of the prize he had lost, and the deep soul-crime he had done.

Uncle Moses bought a splendid home, and thither went Adelia and Walter as its keepers, and with them the old man lived. He lived long enough to know that his niece and her husband were well qualified to take care of his wealth, and to dispense its flowing blessings upon all about them, and to them he left it, and the love in which they are now held by all, shows plainly that they are making good use of their wealth.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE FASHIONS.

Who would be out of the fashion—yet who can give a reason for most of the fashions he or she adopts? The grand desideratum with the framers of our “lendings” seems generally to be, to render them as unfit as possible for the purposes they should fulfil. One will hardly dispute that the real object of a bonnet is to cover the head—but no lady will deny that it is the height of *mauvais ton* just now to wear a bonnet on the head. They are now graceful decorations to the back of the neck, admirably contributed, in rainy weather, to collect the “pelt-ing of the pitiless storm.” With such an article of dress at one extremity and a pair of kid slippers at the other, a lady is certainly well prepared to face the rigors of our northern climate.

But it must be confessed that gentlemen are equally well prepared to meet the eccentric rudeness of the winter. The male Talma stops some inches short of the extremity of the coat-flap, probably to show the quality of that garment and the tenuity of the legs that support the person of the exquisite. And in order to show the logical harmony of the fashion, we have surtouts with the waists gradually creeping to the shoulders, and skirts emulating the “street-sweepers” worn by the ladies. The rage for pictorial embellishment has invaded pantaloony. Some exquisites wear pictured umbrellas upon either leg: others rejoice in a display of foliage, with pumpkin vines twining round their nether limbs, and decorating their waistband.

We saw one gentleman the other day with his legs full of window-sashes—another perambulated quite a vintage. It may be, there are other more magnificent combinations of nature and art, but to our taste, a young man about town, with his shirt bosom and collar covered with alternate trotting-horses and figurantes, an almost tail-less sack with enormous hanging sleeves, a horticultural pair of pantaloons, and boots of the newest fashion, is one of the most striking spectacles which modern civilization can present.

How enviously must those little gentlemen in shabby red uniforms who reside upon the summit of hand-organs, eye him as he passes! But above all, what fell execution must that gorgeous figure do on the hearts of the piles of flounces and pretty bare heads that sail along Washington Street, in all the glory of fashion! Can there be those who forswear the worship of the divinity, and rail against her edicts?

THE MORMON TEMPLE.

The great Mormon temple which the mor-mons are building at the city of Salt Lake, is described as being a wonderful structure, covering an area of 21,850 square feet. The plot on which it is located is forty rods square, and contains ten acres of ground, around which a lofty wall has already been erected, to be surmounted by an iron railing manufactured by the Mormons themselves at their iron works in Iron county, Utah Territory. The temple building will have a length of one hundred and eighty-three and a half feet east and west, including towers, of which there are three at the east end, and three at the west, and the width will be ninety-nine feet. The northern and southern walls are eight feet thick. The towers spoken of above are cylindrical, surmounted by octagon turrets and pinnacles, and having inside spiral stairways leading to the battlements. Beside these, there are four other towers on the four principal corners of the building, square in form, and terminating in spires. On the west end will be placed in alto relievo the great Dipper or the Ursa Major. As regards the interior arrangements, there will be in the basement a baptismal font, fifty-seven feet long by thirty five wide, and on the first floor, a large hall one hundred and twenty feet long by eighty wide, while on the third floor will be another of the same size, besides numerous other rooms for various purposes. Around the outside of the building will be a promenade from eleven to twenty-two feet wide.

IMPROVING.—A gentleman writing from California concerning the habits of the people of that thrifty State, which got its growth before most States cut their first teeth, says: “Old boots and shoes, and old clothes, are mended now, and not thrown into the streets less than half worn, as formerly.”

MINISTERIAL.—The amount paid in salaries to the Boston clergy, of all denominations, is estimated at the annual sum of \$240,000. The Methodists pay the smallest salaries, the Unitarians the largest.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day; never do that by proxy, which you can do yourself.

FLOWERS AND PERFUMERY.

Some idea of the importance of perfumery as an article of commerce, may be formed, when it is stated that one of the largest perfumers of Grasse, in France, employs annually 10,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 60,000 lbs. of cassie flowers, 54,000 lbs. of violet flowers, 20,000 lbs. of tuberoses, 16,000 lbs. of lilac flowers, besides rosemary, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon, orange, and other odorous plants, in like proportion. Flowers yield perfumes in all climates, but those growing in the warmer latitudes are, it seems, the most prolific in their odor, while those from the colder are sweetest. Though many of the finest perfumes come from the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico and Peru, the south of Europe is the only real garden of utility to the perfumer. Grasse and Nice are the principal seats of the art. From their geographical position, the growers, within comparatively short distances, have at command that change of climate most applicable to bring to perfection the plants required for his trade.

On the sea coast his cassie grows without fear of frost, one night of which would destroy all the plants for a season; while nearer the Alps, his violets are found sweeter than if grown in the warmer situation where the orange tree and mignonette bloom to perfection. England, however, can claim the superiority in the growth of lavender and peppermint; the essential oils extracted from these plants grown at Mitcham, in Surrey, realize eight times the price in the market of those produced in France or elsewhere, and are fully worth the difference for delicacy of odor.

PROPERTIES OF GLASS.—Glass, in ductility, ranks next to gold. Its flexibility, also, is so great, that when hot, it can be drawn out like elastic thread, miles in length in a moment, and to a minuteness equal to that of the silkworm. It is so elastic that it can be blown to a gauze-like thinness, so as easily to float upon the air, and a globe of it, hermetically sealed, if dropped upon a polished anvil, will recoil two-thirds the distance of its fall, and remain entire until the second or third rebound.

A HINT.—Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

OFTEN WANTED, RARELY FOUND.—Next to a policeman, there is nothing so absent as presence of mind.

INTERESTING RELICT.

The bullet by which General Joseph Warren was killed at Bunker Hill in 1775, is still preserved. It is an ounce ball, and was exhibited by Alexander H. Everett, on the delivery of an oration at Charlestown, June 17, 1836, in which he exclaimed: "This is the one, fellow-citizens, which I now hold in my hand! The cartridge-paper, which partly covered it, is stained, as you see, with the hero's blood." This ball is now deposited in the Library of the United States Historic-Genealogical Society, with the original affidavit of Rev. William Montague, formerly pastor of Christ Church, Boston, who made oath that he obtained the ball in London, of Arthur Savage, once an officer of the customs of the port of Boston, who gave Mr. Montague this account of the ball: "On the morning the 18th of June, 1775, after the battle of Bunker or Breed's Hill, I, with a number of other royalists and British officers, among whom was General Burgoyne, went over from Boston to Charlestown to view the battle-field. Among the fallen we found the body of Dr. Joseph Warren, with whom I had been personally acquainted. When he fell, he fell across a rail. This ball I took from his body, and as I shall never visit Boston again, I will give it to you to take to America, where it will be valuable as a relict of your revolution."

LONDON THEATRES.

There are twenty-five saloons and theatres for dramatic representations open in London, from October to August generally, which employ together at least 3000 persons on their premises, without including the number engaged at their own houses or work rooms, in the various arts of decoration and costume which the stage requires. The audiences nightly resorting to these twenty-five theatres, amount to about five thousand on the average, without reckoning the extraordinary resort to them at the seasons of Christmas and Easter, and during the first run of a successful novelty.

A MODERN CRESUS.—The late Richard Ben-
yan de Beauvoir, of Englefield House, Berks, England, has left, it is said, in real and personal property, upwards of thirty-seven millions of dollars.

BENEFACTION.—Audubon's Birds of America, a complete set, has been presented to the City Library by a gentleman of this city.

CHEMICAL TEST.—The chemist must be a funny man, for he has a *retort* for everything.

YOUNG AMERICA.

If we personify and typify Young America, shall we depict a gentleman of eighteen or nineteen, with pantaloons of many colors, a bob-tailed coat with hanging sleeves, a black hat with the brim turned up with white beaver, French kids, and French boots, a fuzz like the down of a Callow duck upon his upper lip, beneath which floods of mephitic smoke are belched from the tube of a cigar? Shall we paint him pale and haggard, from late hours and hot punch, gazing with blood-shot but insolent eyes upon the passer-by? Shall we exhibit him upon the Neck or the Avenue, braced back in a Jenny Lind trotting-wagon, with a tight rein on a "flyer," making play? Shall we show him quizzing his grandfather, or mimicking the "paterfamilias" behind his back? No, thank Heaven! this, though the type of a class far too numerous in our cities, is not Young America.

Young America is cast in a lighter mould than Old America, but is as glorious as the youthful Apollo, full of beauty, hope and fire. Striding after a plough upon the upland, with elastic step and cheerful countenance—shouldering the rifle on the western prairies—reining the steam horse on the iron roads, unravelling the web of science at the midnight hour, steering the wind-winged ship across the ocean, dashing the rainbow tints upon the canvass, carving life out of a pulseless marble, striking at intervals the trembling lyre, thundering in the forum, pleading at the bar, kneeling at the shrine, there we behold Young America in his various occupations.

It is an age of intense vitality—Young America embarks in boundless enterprise. It is an age of speed—Young America spins it with the fastest. The conservative—we plead guilty to the charge of intending to write old foggy—shakes his head at this bustle, and speed, and generous life. He has not yet got used to railroads; he don't see how an individual can make fifty thousand dollars per annum honestly; clipper ships of two thousand tons, that go from Liverpool to Boston in fourteen days, can't be safe. He can't possibly realize California. To him it is a fabled land, like the realm of the Grand Moxo, that figures so largely in Sir Walter Raleigh's time; then the boys, men and women of to-day are not what they used to be; the world is coming to an end, etc. Tell him that the average duration of life is longer than it used to be, that diseases formerly fatal are now within the control of men of science, and if we are a slighter race, we are suited to the times, and built to "run with the machine," the old gentleman shakes his head incredulously. Peace to the old

fogy! It will be so with ourselves. The glory, the greatness, the activity, the enterprise, the beauty that surround us in our prime will ever be to us the acme of human attainment. We cannot forever be swept along by the tide. The time will come when she will step ashore upon the bank, and let the younger voyagers pass on, contenting ourselves with criticising their manner of carrying sail, and framing old foggyism into moral maxims.

THE CHOLERA.

It is estimated that since the year 1817 the cholera has swept off fifty millions of the world's inhabitants. It has done its direful work everywhere: on the borders of the White Sea, on the slopes of the Himmalahs, and on the sands of Arabia. In 1819 it passed in silence and safety by a city which stood upon the plain, where its ravages were expected, but clambered up a rugged rock to invade the citadel of Jara-gurth, in India, which is built upon an isolated rock, at a height of one thousand feet above the plain. It did not pause for the military cordons of the czar. It burst through the troop of sixty thousand men by which Prussia thought to resist its progress; nor did it heed the triple cordons of Austria, but descended into the streets of Vienna, and destroyed more of the nobility and people belonging to the upper classes of society than it had at any other place.

VANILLA CREAM AND TOUGH GOOSE.—G. G. Foster, who is sketching "Philadelphia by Gaslight," in the Sunday Mercury of that city, thus describes a young couple he saw in Parkinson's saloon: "Yonder in the corner is a young man with his sweetheart—there is no mistaking the relationship—every gesture and every whispered tone reveals it. They are eating the delicious vanilla cream of love—the tough goose and pickles of every-day life will come by-and-by."

QUICKSILVER.—The production of quicksilver in California is getting to be a large business. Great quantities are shipped to South America and China.

BRITISH FINANCES.—The total income of the British Government during the year ending the 5th of January, 1852, was £58,962,512. The expenditures amounted to £55,769,252.

JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the synagogue rolls, there are more than 120,000 Jews in the United States.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

That fine chant of liberty, the *Marseilles Hymn*, has been suppressed in France, and the man who dares to utter its spirit-stirring notes, is thrown into prison, before he has time to finish a stave. The air substituted and patronized by Louis Napoleon, is *Partant pour la Syrie*, composed by his mother, Hortense, Queen of Holland, and well known by Sir Walter Scott's version of the accompanying words, commencing :

"It was Dunois, the young and brave,
Was bound for Palestine."

This air the band of the French regiment of Guides, now giving concerts in England, for the benefit of the wives and widows of British soldiers, lately played at Sydenham Palace. The audience were delighted, but they clamored very naturally for the *Marseilles Hymn*. Thereupon the French Illustrated Journal comments as follows :

"A correspondent writes that the crowd of spectators called for the *Marseilles Hymn*. We fancy that our friend, who does not understand English very well, thought he heard this *dreadful chant* called for. The visitors of Sydenham Palace could not have committed this impropriety; they must have known that the band of the Guides has no more to study the *Marseilles* than 'Long live Henry the Fifth' Each period has its music."

The time was when no band that could and did not play the *Marseilles Hymn*, would have been suffered to march at the head of a French regiment. But now for the sublime notes of the war-hymn, they must dole the humdrum strain of Queen Hortense's air that just suits a barrel organ. Heinrich Heine said he came to France to drink champagne and hear the *Marseilles* sung. *Tempora mutantur*—the vintage has failed and the *Marseilles* is pronounced shocking!"

POOR FELLOW.—The editor of a country newspaper thus takes leave of his readers : "The sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no time to be pathetic. Major Nab'em says we are wanted, and must go. Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for. Heaven may forgive you, but I never can."

SINGULAR INSURANCE.—Six majestic elm trees, in front of a dwelling in Marlborough-Massachusetts, have been insured by their owners, in the sum of five hundred dollars, against loss by lightning or fire.

A REVENUE CUTTER.—A householder who runs away without paying his taxes.

EFFECT OF FEAR.

Boachet, a French author of the sixteenth century, states that the physicians at Montpellier, which was then a great school of medicine, had every year two criminals, the one living and the other dead, delivered to them for dissection. He relates that upon one occasion they tried what effect the mere expectation of death would have upon a subject in perfect health, and in order to this experiment they told the gentleman (for such was his rank) who was placed at their discretion, that as the easiest mode of taking away his life, they would employ the means which Seneca had chosen for himself, and would therefore open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet without lancing them, and set them in a foot-bath, and spoke to each other as if they saw that the blood was flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless; and when, after a while, they uncovered his face, they found him dead.

CUPID OUT WEST.

The young god of love, in his old age, seems to be getting reckless as to the direction in which he flings his fatal shafts. In Somerset, Ohio, a short time since, two girls were so captivated with the war-whoop and dances of a band of Indians who were exhibiting in that town, that they eloped with two of them, and proceeded as far as the town of Putnam, when they were overtaken by their angry mother, a widow lady, who called on the police to rescue her daughters from their newly chosen husbands. Finding all her efforts of no avail, she at length yielded to the solicitations of a third dusky warrior, and joining her fortunes to his for better or worse, accompanied her daughters on their western tour!

PRESENTIMENT.—The present emperor of the French, when in this country, remarked, it is said, to a gentleman at West Point, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, "My sphere of action, at no very distant date, will be at the head of the French nation. I am very sorry for it; but who can control his destiny? Fate decides these matters, and we have nothing to do but to obey her dictates!"

FINANCIAL.—The total expenditures of the city of Boston, for the present financial year, are estimated at \$4,056,741. The largest item is for schools and school-houses, viz., \$437,200.

HOGS VERSUS SHEEP.—The number of hogs in the United States is said to exceed that of sheep by nearly ten millions.

Foreign Miscellany.

In the principal streets of Paris the greater number of the shops are now closed on Sunday.

The name of the new Lord Mayor of London, who has just been inaugurated into that venerable office, is Morn.

The Free Masons in England have just completed an asylum for the accommodation of aged members of their fraternity or their widows.

The London Times correspondent in the Crimea is understood to be a Mr. Russell, an Irishman, and his salary is £1500 a year.

A new bridge is proposed to be thrown across the Thames, in London, at a cost of between £200,000 and £220,000.

The production of wine, in the wine districts of Europe, in former years, has been as high as 2,159,000,000 of gallons.

The South-Eastern Railway Company, England, have expended, in the last nine years, fifty-three thousand three hundred and one pounds, yearly, in parliamentary and law expenses.

The English government appear to be meditating an attack upon Cronstadt as early in the spring as possible. Their preparations are formidable, and should nothing occur to stop the war, we may expect warm work in the Baltic.

The English government has lately contracted with a London manufacturer for 35,000,000 cartridges and 52,000 bombshells. It will take a year to complete the contract, though five hundred hands are employed.

The consumption of wine of all descriptions in Great Britain and Ireland is rapidly diminishing. In the year 1800, it averaged one gallon to every two inhabitants; and in 1853, it was one gallon to every four inhabitants.

In 1847, a certain Count Leopold Ferri, died at Padua, leaving a library entirely composed of works written by women, in various languages. This library amounted to more than 32,000 volumes.

The emperor of France has ordered a conscription of 160,000 men, and the British army is recruiting at the rate of 1000 a week. The armies of all the nations of Germany, great and small, are on a war footing, and ready for service at an hour's warning.

The official statement of the condition of the Bank of England, made up to the 10th October, gives the amount of coin and bullion in both departments at £13,579,796, which, as compared with the returns of the previous week, shows an increase of £154,769.

The English papers are commending the efforts of a young English lady, who is organizing a corps of nurses to attend to the wants of the wounded in the Crimea. They pay her benevolence some very high compliments, and speak of her acts as deserving almost of an apotheosis.

The church edifice in which the pilgrims worshipped when at Leyden, Holland, from 1609 to 1620, is still standing, the old stone-paved floor, the oaken pews and pulpit, and the sounding-board, remaining as when Robinson and his followers were there.

At the Russian restaurants, the favorite dish is an oily cake, made of fish, with a small pot of green oil to wash it down.

Iron ore, of good quality, and in great abundance, is found in the colony of Liberia, in Africa.

A German writer observes, there is such a scarcity of thieves in England, that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

A young lady in Paris lately made her fortieth ascent in a balloon, and landing in the country the rustics maltreated her as a witch.

It is estimated that 32,000 persons have left the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland within the past six and a half years, and joined the Protestant Church.

A sheaf of wheat was recently suspended from the altar of the church in the little village of Epingham, England, on the occasion of the recent Thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest.

A magnificent free library edifice, containing about 200,000 volumes, has been built of good stone, in the Italian style, and is now open near the Pantheon, Paris.

M^{me} Taglioni is the owner of no fewer than four princely palaces in Venice, besides a beautiful villa on Lake Como, where she lives a few months of the year in grand style. She has danced to some purpose.

The most fashionable street garment worn by gentlemen in Paris, is a cloak with sleeves, closed in front by two rows of buttons. The sleeves are very wide, and the garment of middling length.

William Walker, of London, has bequeathed £1000 to the poor of his native city, Perth, the income to be expended in blankets, coals, and oatmeal in the month of November in each year, forever.

A patent for making boots and shoes by machinery has been taken out in England, and a company formed for the erection of extensive works, capable of turning out 17,000 pairs of boots and shoes per day. If this be so, alas for Lynn!

A Parisian letter writer states that Madame George Sands is about to change her name, and to assume that of Jean Paisin, her intention being to establish a weekly agricultural, literary and artistic journal, under the above fanciful pseudonym.

The cabmen of Glasgow, about 550 in number, under the influence of city missionaries, it is stated, rested on Sunday, Nov. 19th, and announced their purpose to do so in future. The measure caused much indignation among a portion of the people, and much satisfaction, we presume, to another portion.

Twenty-six years ago, a miner fell into the shaft of the Penandrea mine, in Cornwall, England, and all the exertions to recover the body were unavailing. Shortly after the shaft was closed up and the miners stopped working. In April last the shaft was re-opened by another company, and a few weeks since the remains of the missing miner were discovered. An inquest was held and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Record of the Times.

There were 190,000,000 pounds of tobacco produced in the United States in 1853.

There were 2,000,000 gallons of wine produced in the United States in 1853.

In Indiana, firemen are exempt from taxation on \$500 worth of property.

The eye of the butterfly consists of 17,000 lenses, each as perfect as the human eye.

In the United States there is one church for every 646 of the population.

The Grand Lodge of the Masons in California has passed a resolution refusing masonic honors to any brother who dies in a duel.

The total coinage of the United States Mint in Philadelphia, from January 1st to September 30th, amounted to \$43,079,121.

The annual report from the U. S. Land Office, says that the large immigration for the past year, has enlarged the land sales to the sum of \$6,000,000.

In Houston, Texas, there are seven hundred children between the ages of six and sixteen, of which number only eighty-three were attending school on the 1st of November.

The richest man in Providence is Thomas P. Ives. He is put down at \$1,825,700, and is taxed \$10,223 26. He is said to be worth about three millions.

A Yankee at Panama sought shelter at the American Consul's from the earthquake; he thought even the earthquake would respect our flag.

Billiards were invented by Henrique Devigne, a French artist, in the reign of Charles IX., about the year 1571, and at once came to be a most fashionable and captivating game.

The expenses of the Corporation of the city of Melbourne are said to be wholly paid from licenses to public houses, and the fines of drunkards, granted and imposed by the police court.

Five ocean steamers have been lost during the past year, the melancholy list being as follows:—The City of Glasgow, the Franklin, the Humboldt, the City of Philadelphia, and the Arctic.

Nebraska covers an area of 341,425 square miles—equal to over 219,000,000 of acres of land. Kansas has an area of 126,283 square miles, which is equal to over 80,000,000 acres of land.

The present number of invalids in the new military asylum, near Washington, is about forty-five; and when all the intended buildings are completed, the establishment will accommodate about two hundred. Colonel Payne, of the United States army, has been elected governor of this institution.

A ferry-boat is about to be constructed by Mr. B. R. Buckelew, of San Francisco, which is to be propelled by rotary engines, supplied with condensed air, at a high pressure. The condensed air for propulsion is to be stored up in large reservoirs at each end of the ferry and, is to be supplied to the engines, like steam.

The king of the Hawaiian islands has a cloak that cost a million dollars.

Mankind may be divided into those who work and those who live on them.

Lola Montez intends passing the winter in the Sandwich Islands.

The Mormons have been ordered to leave San Francisco by the 1st of May next.

Vatel, the cook, committed suicide because he had miscalculated the supply for a dinner.

There is a talk of tunnelling the Ohio River—cost, \$1,200,000.

They are substituting acorn-water for wine in France—a nice drink!

Miss Logan, the actress, has entered a claim to 320 acres of land in Missouri.

A gentleman in Brooklyn, N. Y., has got a gig that belonged to W. Shakspeare.

A new post-office is about to be erected in New York, at an angle of the Park.

Very few goods were imported from the continent during the past autumn.

Bituminous coal costs in England \$2 00 per ton, freightage about \$2 00 a ton to this country.

Judgment is the throne of prudence, and silence is its sanctuary.

England contains 53,000 square miles and New York 56,000.

Anthracite coal is to be exported from the United States to Great Britain.

The new Mormon temple at Salt Lake will be 160 feet by 99.

Rev. George Fletcher, an Englishman, 108 years old, still preaches.

The city government of New York occupies 250 rooms for its accommodation.

The Crimea is about the size of Massachusetts. Population, 300,000.

The population of the Turkish empire is but little greater than that of the United States.

The Rev. H. W. Beecher likens the enterprise of our business men to a lightning express, with a ten foot driving wheel, rushing to destruction.

Hon. Edward Everett has received and accepted an invitation to deliver an oration before the town authorities of Rochester, his native place, on the 4th of July next.

The Mormons are about to establish their churches and colonies in all the principal cities of the Union. All their peculiar customs, of course, will go with them.

Coal is becoming exceedingly scarce, both in Cincinnati and Louisville. At the latter point the price has been advanced to twenty-five cents per bushel.

The amount of copper shipped from the Lake Superior mines during the five and a half months ending October 14, was 2,007,636 tons, of which upwards of three-fourths came from the Minnesota mine.

The editor of a Western paper thus introduces some verses: "The poem published this week, was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in the grave many years merely for his own amusement."

Gems of Thought.

The forgetting of a wrong is a mild revenge.

The best things, when corrupted, become the worst.

A vindictive temper is not only uneasy to others, but to them that have it.

It is better to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

Other vices choose to be in the dark, but pride loves always to be seen in the light.

Passion has its foundation in nature; virtue is acquired by the improvement of our reason.

Ambition to rule is more vehement than malice to revenge.

We fancy we hate flattery, when all that we hate is the awkwardness of the flatterer.

The foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man.

To do evil for evil, is human corruption; to do good for good, is evil retribution; but to do good for evil, is Christian perfection.

Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

Though an action be ever so glorious in itself, it ought not to pass for great, if it be not the effect of wisdom and good design.

The true way to advance another's virtue, is to follow it; and the best way to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

The gifts of the mind are able to cover the defects of the body; but the perfections of the body cannot hide the imperfections of the mind.

The apprehension of evil is many times worse than the evil itself; and the ill a man fears he shall suffer, he suffers in the very fear of them.

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and so are ambitious men in the power of the blasts of fortune. Great marks are soonest hit.

It is as disagreeable for a prodigal to keep an account of his expenses, as it is for a sinner to examine his conscience; the deeper they search, the worse they find themselves.

Think before you speak, and consider before you promise. Take time to deliberate and advise; but lose no time in executing your resolutions.

The worst passions frequently border upon the best or better; the dark upon the bright; as the most frightful precipices often overlook the most beautiful scenery.

It is of the utmost moment not to make mistakes in the use of strong measures; and firmness is then only a virtue when it accompanies the most perfect wisdom.

Good breeding is the art of showing men by external signs the internal regard which we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

Affectation in any part of our carriage, is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or wanting sincerity.

He who serveth none but himself, is a slave to a fool.

He that hinders not a mischief when it is in his power, is guilty of it.

The desire of knowing secrets is naturally accompanied with another desire of telling them.

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering.

Honor, like the shadow, follows those who flee from it, but flies from those who pursue.

We are not to too nicely scrutinize motives, as long as action is irreproachable.

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks!

He who will take no advice, but be always his own counsellor, shall be sure to have a fool for his client.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

Laws should be so framed, that the public would find it more to their interest to keep them than to disobey them.

Implicit faith proves imbecility; yet improbable relations should be skeptically received, not positively denied.

Men can hardly be more mistaken than to think of gaining the esteem of others, by yielding to their wishes contrary to their own sense of duty.

Death has consigned many a man to fame, whom longer life would have consigned to infamy.

There is an odious spirit in many persons, who are better pleased to detect a fault, than to commend a virtue.

A warm heart requires a cool head, courage without conduct is like fancy without judgment; all sail, and no ballast.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he previously suffered himself to be deceived by her favors.

As fortitude suffers not the mind to be defected with evil, so temperance suffers it not to be drawn from honesty by allurements.

Precipitation ruins the best laid designs; whereas patience ripens the most difficult, and renders the execution of them easy.

Avarice and ambition are the two elements that enter into the composition of all crimes. Ambition is boundless, and avarice insatiable.

In ill fortunes and extremes, a great mind will never want matter to work upon. There is no condition but what fits well upon a wise man.

It is said that covetousness must be a miserable vice, to weary a man in procuring riches, and not suffer him to enjoy them when they are gotten.

Experience acts upon some individuals like heat upon certain bodies in nature, rendering some fluid, and others solid. So does the experience of life soften or harden the human heart.

Boasting seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds, they do not often care to do so by words.

Merry Making.

The man who run up a column of figures, tumbled down and was hurt very badly.

A lieutenant's widow writes to complain that her heart is *left tenantless*!

A breeder of Shanghais says that one of these fowls when eating corn, takes one *perk* at a time.

Mrs. Partington wishes to know if Ole Bull plays on one of his own horns!

Before you commit suicide take a cold bath. What people term despair is generally dirt.

As a proof of the hardness of the times, there is a man in Ohio who kills only half a pig at a time.

What's in a name?—"Tunis Love Snook" has been appointed by Lord Elgin, Notary Public in Upper Canada.

"Buck, what is the name of your lead horse?" "He name Xerxes, sar." "And what do you call the one behind him?" "Arter Xerxes, sar."

The celebrated "Doesticks," describing a New York boarding-house, says you can always tell when they get a new hired girl, by the color of the hairs in the biscuit.

Never set yourself up for a musician, just because you have got drums in your ears; nor believe yourself a school-teacher, merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

A young lady in Albany was lately married to Mr. Wm. Tongue. Isn't she tongue-tied? We hope she may be happy, and hold her tongue many a long year.

The Worcester Palladium observes, with regard to the inflated prices of real estate, that it is rumored that some of the speculators in real estate in that city have it in contemplation to *sell land by the pound*.

A barber in Vermont is reported to have three razors of extraordinary power. The first is so sharp that it goes alone; the second has to be held back, and the third cuts about a quarter of an inch before the edge! Sharp shavers, those.

"Mike, can you account for the extraordinary curve in this horse's back?" "Sure, an' I can, sir. Before the baste was your property, she was backed agin an Irish horse that baste her hollow, and she niver got straight since."

A country squire introduced his baboon, in clerical habits, to say grace. A clergyman, who was present, immediately left the table, and asked ten thousand pardons for not remembering that his lordship's *nearest relation* was in orders.

A man says, the first thing that turned his attention to matrimony, was the neat and skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. He may see the time when the manner in which the broom is handled will not afford him so much satisfaction.

The first American vessel that anchored in the river Thames after the peace, attracted great numbers to see the stripes. A British soldier hailed, in a contemptuous tone, "from whence came ye, brother Jonathan?" The boatswain retorted, "straight from *Bunker's Hill*."

If a man builds a corn-crib, does that give him a right to crib corn?

The epicure who finished his dinner with the "desert," of Sahara, found it rather dry eating.

Simon seated beside his sweetheart, fishing—"Sally, I wish I was a fish and you was bait. Lordee, how I'd bite!"

The Boston Bee says: "A man can get along without advertising; so can a wagon without greasing, but it goes right hard."

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" said a loafer to a gentleman. "Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

Ladies of a certain age may perhaps envy the Emperor of China one of his luxuries—his birthday is celebrated but once in ten years.

A sawyer, after sawing with a very dull saw, exclaimed, "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws."

Why should a pedler of old clothes be the most moral of men? Because he is continually parting with his bad "habits."

"My dinner don't agree with me," said a man to his wife, after an extraordinary hearty meal. "I don't blame it, my dear; I saw you *jawing* it so hard."

A young lady declared in our hearing the other day, that she would marry no one who could not keep her a carriage and horses. We presume her favorite air is "*Wait for the Wagon*."

Sulphur is so scarce in Russia that it is said the Czar is ready to contract with another celebrated prince, whose dominions abound in that commodity.

The unfortunate youth who was drowned a few days ago in a "flood of tender recollections," was slowly recovering, but yesterday he fell from the sublime to the ridiculous, and was fatally injured.

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please, mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

Fallacy of an old axiom—to say, "as different as chalk is from cheese." When we consider that cheese is made from milk, and milk is made from chalk, there is not such a great difference after all.

The famous saying of Will Shakspeare, that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends," is exemplified in the employment of some thousand pretty girls at Milford, in making gentlemen's gaiter boots.

Analysis of a Pop.—He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-sixth walking-stick, and the rest kid-gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose.

The principal of an academy, in his advertisement, mentioned his female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears;" but the printer—careless fellow—left out the *which*, so the advertisement went forth, commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."